

Poetry Series

Muhammad Shanazar
- poems -

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Muhammad Shanazar(25-11-1960)

I was born into a poverty stricken family in a village, Saib, Sub Division Gujarkhan District Rawalpindi, (The Plateau of Pothowar) on November 25,1960. We lived in a house made of stone and mud, but well maintained by my mother. I was brought up in a pastoral atmosphere very close to nature. Our village is surrounded with the thick forest which is a source fuel wood, besides grass it provides for the cattle. When spring comes and wild trees and plants blossom, the sweet scented airs make the atmosphere heavenly. The lands around the village are uneven, but the soil is fertile, the main crops sown are groundnuts, wheat, maize, and millet, some farmers also cultivate melons. These crops are the major source of income of the farmers for they sell grain in the grain market of Gujarkhan; in the olden times camels were used to carry the produce but now it is loaded on the vehicles.

In early days of my childhood majority of the farmers was living with hand to mouth. Besides farming there was another profession that the people of the village had to choose for their sons, they got them enlisted in Pakistan Army, where they defended boundaries of the country and many of them were martyred. The plateau of Pothowar got several Nishan-e-Haider: the highest military award awarded for bravery and valour.

The village we lived in, we were the two families of Nagyal but others families were forty five; they kept us engaged in litigation turn by turn to spoil our financial resources, they might take rest but we remained constantly engaged. We never shed tears over the loss but prepared ourselves for the fresh approaching calamities. Even now when I am forty eight years old our family is still under the grip of litigation, my parents could not find justice during their lives; let us expect to find it even at the age of seventy or eighty. Still mostly our agricultural land is occupied by other families that needs blood to get it released.

The people of the village where I was born in were against to educate the women; they along with the men folk worked in the farms and saved money for their dowry by selling grain and groundnuts. They did not have liberty to choose their life partner even; they were consigned to the fate by their parents. It was considered insolence if any damsel of the village expressed her likeness or proposed to the parents for the spouse, she had to accept with silence what was decided by the elders. It was the most pathetic scene to see them walking stoopingly with the bundles of green mowed grass or the big bundles of wheat being gathered to be thrashed, upon their backs. They were the uncomplaining,

forsaken patient heroines ever discovered in the history of pastoral environments.

In childhood I too collected fodder and fire wood, grazed cattle, ploughed the fields and while cutting grass and splitting wood many times I got injured myself. I can clearly recall the days of my infancy, finding around the dunghills, the cattle and ricks of fodder, I formed the opinion that it was the whole world where I came to live in. I hated dirt; when I was four or five years old, some times, I slipped stealthily out of the home and used to sweep streets of the whole village and in response I was taunted and beaten for the crime of cleaning the world.

I had a deep attachment with the pet-animals and cattle, when anyone of them died I used to remain depressed for many days, till time slackened the profundity of pain. Once we had a black dog, and we all of sudden found it missing, we all searched for it but in vain, after a week its dead body was found in the field being prepared for the crop of wheat. It happened so that one of my uncles who used to plough had forgotten to bring back a rope from the field that was used with the hooks of a plainer, and the dog had been on the watch and at last it was starved, the whole family grieved on the event as if someone dear departed from the family.

In the pastoral environment I got several experiences that show that the animals too have the feelings of pain and pleasure. Once I led my cows to the meadows to graze, often their whelps remained at home and in the evening when the mother-cows returned they were loosened to be fed with milk. It so happened that a mother-cow fell into the ditch and despite hard struggle we could not save its life and it died soon after, all the other cows returned in the evening except one that fell into the ditch and died, the other cows came around the orphan whelp and licked it with affection and when it found the mother missing, I noticed it weeping, it was shedding big, big tears onto the ground.

However, I enjoyed myself during this visionary period playing with the vivacious friends in the yards surrounded by the low walls, whom the callous tides of the time had separated from me. My parents were going through very hard times, on the first day when I was sent to the local school I was bare-footed, I had a wooden slate in my hands and a satchel on my back. I remember later on my younger brother and I were given a pair of slippers that we used to wear alternately on going and coming back from school on hot afternoons. I recall a day when I was left behind as I could not go along with the older school fellows who walked with the faster pace, I made my mind to return home but fear of punishment restrained me, so I hid myself in the bushes and when I saw the school fellows returning from the school I came back home but my elder brother

complained to the mother against me who said to me nothing perhaps she thought to afford me a chance. The next morning I too played a truant from the school for fear of castigation by the teachers, I did it for a week and each time I was pardoned by my mother and at last she taught me the lesson by beating hard that I never forgot throughout my life and consequently I never absented myself during the whole educational career and professional career too; the beating of my mother showed me the route to success.

Injustice and violence, even to the animals and plants, always perturbed me. The frequent murders around the vicinity kept me in a state of frenzy and horror. The vicinity I was born cared least for human life; weeping and wailing of the women during my early childhood upon the frequent murders stunned me into a state of frenzy. The first composition was an illegible letter which I wrote at the age of six to my father who was labouring at Askardu beside the border of China: (He had a jeep and drove between Askardu and Gilgit) . The letter was about the two murders in the locality, an old man and his young son were killed by the robbers just for Rs.4000. I neither was provided with an envelope to post it, nor was told the address of my father, therefore, it remained un-posted.

I would here like to inform the readers about my father. He often told us that he was recruited by the colonial rulers when he was only 10 years old. On the day he was recruited, he wore only a shirt given by someone from the neighbourhood considering him an orphan child. After Pakistan came into being he served in Pakistan Army as a soldier, after retirement he served in GTS (Govt. Transport Service) and then he worked as a driver and drove a jeep No.103 between Askardu and Gilgit and last of all in Civil Aviation Authority at Islamabad Airport, there he served as a Turbine Operator and later on he performed his services at ATC (Air Traffic Control) .

Constant labour of my parents and other members of the family changed our financial conditions; they took more and more interest in my education, whereas my other two brothers the elder and the younger were reluctant to continue their education. After going through the primary standard at the local school I was sent to Govt. High School Mandra where I always remained at the back of the overcrowded classes to avoid the coercion exercised by the teachers upon the children. They were interested in everything except imparting knowledge to the students, even then I had a lot of regards for them, they were not scholarly teachers, they were simple and they often asked the students to bring eggs, flour, groundnuts and butter and they happily obeyed to avoid the impending punishment and set up friendly terms so that they might be promoted to the next class without being assigned any test. Once a school teacher beat a student so hard the he became unconscious, his mouth began to foam and the teacher to

bring him to senses started to jump over him and he did it seven times, I could not understand the trick, latter on I knew that it was some kind of incantation that superstitious people used to bring someone to senses.

In SSC examination I got failure twice, and on the third attempt I went through with the lowest grade: I mean Third Division. Here I intend to relate a very thrilling incident that once I took my admission form to the Headmaster of the school, to get it attested, his name was Muhammad Abraham, he rebuked and insulted me just for placing my hands on the edge of his office- table. I was hurt a lot; see how time changes and spins the circumstances. After qualifying Master in English, I was posted at Govt. Institute of Commerce Kahuta; there in an institution of a private sector, I found an opportunity to teach the students of M.A English. In the meanwhile the same headmaster Muhammad Abraham was also transferred from Govt. High School Mandra to Govt. High School Kahuta. He was a keen learner and he intended to resume his studies in English Literature, he attended my three lectures on Shakespeare's Hamlet, but as soon as he learned that the teacher was in fact his student, he did not come back to attend the class again.

During the stay of my father at Islamabad, he kept me along and I studied there in Rawalpindi and passed F.A, B.A, and M.A while living there at Islamabad International Airport. When I was at leisure, it was my habit to rove in front of the International Arrival or Departure and when ever I saw Englishmen or women I tried to converse with them with faulty expressions, and often I was encouraged, they made corrections and sometimes I was shunned, but the craze of learning English always gripped my mind. While living at Islamabad International Airport I planted nine poplar trees which later on grew gigantic, sky kissing, when ever I visited the spot they brought into my mind the memories of those days but they have been removed as expansion of the airport required so.

After appearing in the M.A examination, in 1983 I got myself recruited in the Police Department as a constable, if my recollection is not faulty, the number I was allotted was 1319/C. I was then sent to RPTC (Rawalpindi Police Training Centre) now changed in to a park. The training period was nine months; it was the most crucial period I had to go through. We were more than 500 hundred trainees; some came from other regions of the Punjab, Choorkana, Faisalabad Rajanpur and D.G. Khan etc. I could not forget the dismal experience that I had to go through on the very first day when we reported at the training centre. All the Drill Instructors gathered us in the large ground and the CDI (Chief Drill Instructor) instructed them to show us different places of the centre for example: Canteen, parade-ground, mess, and mosque etc. they were having in their hands sticks and belt, they began to thrash us all and led to the different

spots of the centre. The instructor mercilessly chased and the recruits ran ahead, it was a painful scene, many of them fell on the ground and other ran over trampling them. After half an hour all were gasping and showing one another the injuries they had sustained. It seemed we have entered into the zones of hell and we were the most wretched creature of the world. During the training we were not allowed to eat our meals outside the centre, at noon and in the evening we were distributed the lunch and the dinner: two loaves and dal of chana (cooked gram) or some times curry of beef. We often stood in a long queue keeping our plates in hands and the cook on the turn poured the dish into plates keeping himself at the distance, but sometimes it fell onto the ground or on the clothes but we were not compensated, we had to eat what we had been given, the loaves were often burnt. Later on the instructors began to grow friendly, and they allowed us to disappear from the centre after getting Rs.50/ for each day. During this period we were tortured physically and mentally and no training was imparted to us; at the centre there was not any device or training method which could make the recruited constables good policemen or even good men. However, I befriended many recruits who proved vivacious friends and so drudgery of the period was slackened. After the training I was sent back to the district and then from the police line I was transferred to SSP office where I was assigned a job of clerical nature. Thank God, in December 1886, I was appointed Lecturer in English, in the Department of Education (Technical Wing) . After holding this position for seventeen years, I was promoted Assistant Professor in 2001, now serving at Government College of Commerce at Kahuta.

I was severely shocked on the deaths of my parents. My mother died in a road accident, my father and uncle killed one another for a disputed piece of land; differences among the brothers were created by the diabolic characters of the society, I heard their laughter of triumph on their deaths. Lot of money I earned and lot of money I spent but can not forget five hundred Rupees which were charged by a corrupt Head Constable standing beside the mutilated dead body of my father on 30th June,1990 in Tehsil Headquarters Hospital Gujarkhan. The Head Constable had been one of my colleagues and was deputed to arrange postmortem, it was the whole amount that I had with me; later on I had to borrow the money to bring back home the dead body of my father.

Since my childhood, poetry had been touching my heart. I felt soothed listening to the songs when they were broadcast. I started seriously writing poetry with specific philosophy behind it in 1998. I chose English for expressing the voice of conscience. The Government of Pakistan's Ministry of Education awarded me for promoting children's literature in Pakistan. I am the author of three books 'i- Gems, ii-The Cold Stars iii- The Dance of Darkness'. It was my good luck that in December 2002, I found Voices Network north Carolina U.S.A, the forum

evaluated my work and suggested for me the International Special Distinction "Poet in Residence" and Voices Network placed me among the great poets of the world. After recognition, I decided, to render my whole existence to bring about educational revolution in the world through poetry. In December 2007, Poemhunter: a literary international circle of France chose me one of the top 500 poets in the world, the selection was made in the supervision of Feroze Shakir: prominent cameraman and poet of Bollywood. My several poems were selected to be readout in international gatherings and processions against war along with the work of great poets. I also have been chosen one of the great poets by the Society of World's Poets (Greece) . All this seems to me incredible. I reached here creeping through the crisis, as I experienced, "Poetry is an expression of heart piercing thoughts combined with the emotions flowing from the Greater Mind to the Receptive Mind when both function at a certain indescribable fleeting frequency. The Receptive Mind works wonders performing the task of centuries during these ephemeral moments revealing the curtailed truths of the time and place in which Man exists." So far I have written more than 250 poems a few among them are about the mind baffling realities, regarding Man's links to the extraterrestrial world, the secret working hands, the workings of the human soul, and the perception of the human mind. My poems contain enough material for the psychological study of human existence.

I am an optimist regarding the results and objectives to be obtained through poetic endeavor. The prime objective I am working for is to make humanity aware 'A single dropp of human blood possesses more worth than all treasures the Earth contains'. I firmly hope that all other members of the caravan of poetry will join the mission; let us make the world perfumed and fragrant by bringing changes into the minds, let us pick thorns, make the paths clean whereupon our children and grandchildren will walk, only a poet possesses the eyes and sees them laming with bleeding feet, if thorns are not removed. I exhort the intellectual leaders to work on uni-direction; there is no time to concentrate on the romantic, amorous feelings or existence of love when human life is under the shadow of missiles and nuclear and chemical flying dragons. Literature to create awareness among individuals, as well as nations, to protect the world, its resources, its beauties and spheres for the coming generations is the noblest deed ever demanded. There is no greater responsibility for the men of literature than to work for the collective cause irrespective of caste, creed or colour. I am of the firm belief that behind all major changes and revolutions there had been the functioning of the greater minds; if it is so, let us use the force of our powerful pens to make the world understand, 'Giving good men to the posterity is much better than hoarding gold and wealth, the cause of disruption.'

'love' Is Not A Vain Word

With a pride, with a delight
I have inscribed
The word 'Love' on the slate
Of my heart and often think
For whom I am engrossed.

This intellect my Love!
Is an enemy of curiosity of heart,
And a chain of decline,
Though there be aged prints
Of faithfulness,
It erases them in an instant.
Let it be thought, it is true,
Though there be series of oppression,
Or aching thoughts,
Or the decisions worth-forgetting,
Or anguish of penitence,
No loss is there, erase them all,
But my Love, think awhile,
If you get a moment spare,
My 'Love' was not a vain word.

Muhammad Shanazar

21st Century (Composed In 1998)

The added wisdom with the scornful use,
Will add more to the human miseries.
A century of conflicts, contending confusions,
Blurring the minds, hearts, and vision,

The Dormant Righteousness will be tormented,
To the utmost extent, the sleeping conscience,
Will awaken to give the Universal Call,
To wash contagious, cancerous effects,
Of faithlessness and too selfishness,
Uniting the indignant broken hearts.

An era of violation and use of force,
When spacey cobras will vomit fire,
Resulting wide disastrous devastation,
Erasing the falsified civilizations,

The Gigantic Guards will receive,
The grievous injuries in both the eyes,
Upon the skull, on hard brainy spots,
Making them blind, desperate mad,
In Panic trouble they will pant,
Ravaging around, with thundering roar.

They will bear upon this fatal fate,
For poking noses in the world everywhere,
It is the time to patch spots worn out,
With the thread of tolerance, and sacrifice.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Knock At Silence

It is you who are knocking
At my silence, you seem reading
The worn out pages of my fascination
Which have just strewn
From the manuscript of my silence.

On the half opened door
Of my thoughts fondness bears
Some questions,
And intends to say something to you,
Might be it
You apart away without listening,
And my questions
Might not find the answers,
So the inscription of my silence
Might remain incomplete with no caption.

Years ago perhaps you visited me
As you have done now
But I do not know why my sentiments
Could not recognize you.

Now when after years
You have visited me again,
I am searching the same sight
In my half opened eyes,
And making efforts to recognize you
At the moment of knock at my silence,
And those hands that left placing
A bouquet of red roses,
On my dusty table.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Monologue On The Grave

"You passed away and I am left behind,
With your kids: two daughters and a son.
Two years have passed since you have departed,
And for me these proved the centuries.
You are buried deep beneath tons of earth,
And live there in the unexplored world,
I lived not a single moment without recalling you,
But you have stopped your sojourn into my dreams."

"I have lost my esteem and where ever I move,
Scandalous eyes stare with slanderous looks.
I remember, on your sad demise there came
Some uniformed men, all neat and clean,
And handed over you to the mother earth,
With strange tricks and so-called obsequies.
They played, peeled forth some notes of dirge,
Saluting you by thumping, thrashing the ground
Around your grave trod the tufts of fragrant grass.
Then placed they braided tassels of wild bushes,
They gave me your cap, belt and blood-stained boots,
And a petty cheque in exchange of sacrificed love."

"Now no one comes to divide my miserable plight,
I go through the world by embracing your children,
Sacrificing my emotions, at nights I groan and moan,
My eyes have not yet consumed the stock of tears,
I smoulder all alone into the fire of my own entity,
I am confounded whether you were martyred,
Or died a vain death while bleeding the countrymen,
Fighting for the Nato's Peace Keeping Forces who made you
The victim of friendly-fire."

Muhammad Shanazar

A Bare Message

(An Acrostic Tribute To Mehdi Hassan)

Mellowness of your melodies will remain
Ever, forever in the world with us all behind,
Heighten the romantic minds more and more,
Devotees will seek you with wet-eyes around
Identifying you in winds and waves of sound.

Hearts surge on demise with the torrent of pain,
Assuring, you are a resident of the celestial-plain.
Sweet is fragrance you have sprinkled behind,
Sonorous your songs impart us a bare message,
Aloft is the abode of Man, we are to pass away,
Never-ending world beckons us all thrice a day.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Battle

An effort to forsake you,
A desire to remember,
Strange are the perplexities,
Abased on the path;
Strange is the helplessness,
That on each decision,
Irresolute is the heart.
An effort to forsake you,
A desire to remember,
In fact is the life.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Cargo Of Sins

A sojourn in the sleep,
Led me to the valley deep,
I passed through forest thick,
And high hills and crests,
Along with a saintly guide whom I never knew.

I was led to the front of a cave,
With a huge arched entrance,
It seemed a long dark channel
Connecting to the other zone.

I saw men of massive size,
Entering into and pouring out;
They resembled chimpanzees more than the human figures.
All dressless, and moved with uncovered limbs,
With no sense of shame or disgrace.

Then I saw descending from the steps,
Men and women, all naked,
With cargoes upon their backs.
The loads were not of timber but of logs of men,
Bundled in bundles,
With no eyes, no noses and no ears;
And without extremities.
They were too abominable to see,
Their sable shaved boneless bodies
Limbered as they walked.
The weights were inseparable;
They dragged where they moved.

The saintly guide who brought me at the spot,
Whispered into my ears the secret,
"They are the sinners;
Pulling the loads of their willful wrongs,
And the chimpanzee-men,
Their attendants, employed to watch,
Lest they should have a rest."

A Change

Was this the face upon which,
Beautified innocence danced and danced?

How looks gazed, riveted untiringly!
The black lashes cast glimmering shadows,
In the dark deep blue glassy eyes;
As the reedy tufts along the banks,
Do while throwing wavering reflections,
In the unpolluted azure deep lake.

How frantic heart urged to explore,
Plunge into the depths, to be lost,
Never to be found, to endure the pangs.
The black curly locks eclipsed,
Enchanting more the broad fair forehead.

The words slipped from the tender lips,
As do the dews from the blooming roses,
When the breeze shakes them gently,
Like beads they dropp one by one.
And as the dancing waves do travel,
Spread smiles onto the smooth cheeks.

Ah! What a horrible change brought,
Imperceptible feet of the passing decades,
Trod trampling the stage of beauty.
The deep creasy wrinkles seem to us,
As a dull furrowed farm of Autumn.

The cloudy eyes with spots of cataracts,
Pouring out fluid full of disgust,
Teethless gums behind the withering lips,
Dribbling mouth from both the corners,
Flesh hanging down like loose sleeves,
White worn out hair as brittle juty fiber,
Present catastrophe, inevitable, bare,
Which is forsaken in the days of vigour.

A Character

Sometimes how our sable heinous deeds,
Stifle conscience, hush inner voices,
Lead to the zones of perpetual night.

I recall a character killer of father,
Walked he erect headed, puffed with pride,
With thrust chest, arrogant gestures,
Debashed face with stiff moustaches,
Twisted up like incensed mongoose tail,
When bites into the neck with sharp teeth,
And fights against the venomous serpent.

Had he a game-bird in rough hands,
Wrapped with scented silky handkerchief,
Among friends he promptly boasted of,
The condemned deed of patricide

Muhammad Shanazar

A Chase

At one hot noon, in the month of Ramadan,
A huge crowd of men and women,
Young and old, in crude dresses,
Looked to the same direction
With fretful faces and grim eyes.
All of sudden they began to run,
As if they were partaking Marathon Race.
Then they stopped out of breath,
Their chests were heaving,
A pause ensued and again they began to run,
They stopped again out of breath
With heaving chests,
And drops of sweat dropping down.

As my van overtook the crowd I beheld,
They were the denizens of my country,
The voters of my dear land,
Being gamed in the hands of politicians,
They held red currency notes,
And chased a truck of flour.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Chasm In The Dim Light

Light of the polestar then showed itself,
Across the level of the sight,
Embracing the firmament,
From the spot where had been a grove
Of trees of neem and peepal,
Where in every evening while lying on the cots we fixed the camps of future,
As high as the polestar.

Now we see seldom the polestar,
From the iron-window of the mansion
That stands where had been the neem and peepal trees which embellished
themselves in the days of monsoon with swings, songs and (Thatholyoon)?
And from that window we see the polestar,
Feeble and frail,
Now engulfed by airborne smoke and dust,
As centuries are imprisoned by history.
How should I see the polestar?
The mall window of the mansion is shut tight,
I only can see,
A chasm in the dim light,
And nothing else!

Muhammad Shanazar

A Chilled Soldier

Amid the snow clad mountains,
And cold valleys,
I beheld beside the frozen waterfall,
A chilled body of a soldier;
Even after his death, he pointed
His rifle at some unknown enemy.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Chorus

When at the moon-lit cold nights
Came out we all the girls an boys,
To be amused with hide and seek,
The long low wailing howls of dogs,
And heinous shrills of the little owls,
Cast fear, I became horrid recoiled,
Threw each of us a handful of dust,
To the direction of ominous harbingers,
To impede an instant invading calamity.

Often then in the foggy morn we found,
A robbed body in the thick shrubs,
With perforated chest, broken bones,
Lacerated belly, or stabbed heart,
For a few pennies, or a ring of gold.
Some fierce animals in the human form,
Disturbed peaceful silence of the village,
As flings someone a big boulder,
From the height, down into the deep water,
And the waves raise commotion around.

The bold moved indignant, the timid horrified,
The women young and old circumscribed,
The widow with broken bangles dishevelled hair,
And moved around her, striking hands,
On the scared faces with force full,
The head clouts binding around the waists,
With loose lurking ends swaying behind,
Circled they bending with rhythmic beats,
Protested against the deed producing voices,
The clamorous cries of lamenting chorus,
Spread horror in the pastoral spheres,
Making death for the alive too frightful.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Cipher

I live in the world where the men
Guarded by the guards with weapons,
Having big vehicles and splendid houses,
And enormous balances of the banks,
Though gathered heaped unscrupulously,
Are placed on the pedestal of greatness.

I have nothing, except my astute brain
That tortures me more when I ply with
Its wisdom to untie the knots of life.
I move unheeded in the gatherings,
In slippers with unpretentious dress,
And sometimes with empty pockets too.

I live in a society with the false standards,
Where right is wrong and wrong is right,
Where matters are stagnant or flow upwards,
Where the acts of disgrace are honoured a lot,
Where deranged characters have the authority
To rule; there I am no more than a cipher,
A cipher that sits on the left side of the figure.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Collective Grave

Now destiny does not give a chance
To fathers and brothers, husband and son
To wail and weep over each funeral;
Good times have passed away
When catafalques were shouldered;
The verses were recited aloud
From home to the grave yard,
And prayers for redemption were said,
Now the dead are shattered into shards,
They bathe in the their own burnt blood,
The unknown kids, the young and old
And women lay sans coffins,
They are dragged and consigned to a trench,
The earth moving gadget comes to fill,
So a collective grave is made in the vault.

Written By Dr. Anwaar Ahmed Ejaz
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Collective Grave Of Traditions

I have journeyed a long way,
On never ending
Route of time
I have left far behind
My youth time,
And moments mixed
Bitter and sweet,
Mild and harsh.
I remember the sturdy
Village folk,
Men and women
Of the past years,
With whom I worked
In my childhood,
When came back
After the school hours.

In the month of May,
Beneath the hot sun,
They thrashed wheat
With yokes of oxen,
To change straw
Into heap of hay,
And separate
Grain from the silage,
With rural instruments:
Flails and rakes.
Whole the day
We moved, move around,
Catching cord
Of the inner ox of each yoke,
All the time
Pulling them inward,
Lest they should break
And go astray,
Behind them they dragged
Rough whoopers,
Made of bushes
Inter-twined with grass or straw.

The muscular farmers
Raked the circle of trodden straw,
Time and again,
The old women brought meals twice:
One at the noon
And the other afternoon,
And we all ate with a profound relish;
The taste that the meals gave,
Never was found
Even at the five star-hotels.
When evening befell
We all gathered hay, in longitude
Like a collective golden grave,
And at night we all assembled
For the great feast at farmer's house
Whose wheat was thrashed.

Now I go through years
Of the mechanical age,
And no one is alive
Among those men and women,
When I sit alone,
The memory of those moments,
Stings me like tingles
Of the golden snakes,
I often recall brawny village folk,
With the invisible eyes
See them working, in the grain-yard
With turbans on their heads,
Rakes and flails in hands
Or on their shoulders,
I also see my mother,
At a the distance, bringing
Contents of meal on her head,
My appetite begins to grow,
And mouth begins to snivel,
I see them all making
A grave-like heap of hay,
In the grain-yard as if they make
A collective grave of traditions.

A Complaint

Ah! I do know the winds shall blow,
And the same old Titanic will me row,
To the distant promised harbour,
Where were placed my dear parents,
And grandparents long, long ago.

I shall complain and tell them the tale,
"On the Earth, on each dale and vale,
Thunder thunders flaming the lands,
Ravaging the green or purple peaks,
Each tree you planted is dry or pale."

Muhammad Shanazar

A Conflict

Deep darkness fears me at night,
Sable thoughts surround me tight,
Run I to the dark corners to escape,
Wrestle against inner self and fight,
The conflicting struggle continues,
Till I exhaust and lose the might,
The next day recovers me again,
And the night brings the same plight.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Corpse

It was afternoon and the month of June
The Sun shone full in the Asian skies,
Sending down scorching rays,
Enough to cause death to those who sleep,
On the cozy beds made of sponge.

Beside the public place, upward face,
I did see a corpse of a child lying
With belly exposed, legs stretched wide,
The arms folded on the unbuttoned chest,
Slight afar from the callous crowd,
Flies hummed around as if the Death Angel,
Had done his job early in the morn.

With chilled blood in the veins,
And fearful heart in the chest,
Riveted gaze at the frightening scene,
Advanced I timidly forcing legs,
Stood beside examining from top to toe,
And shook it from the sooty arms,
To certify belief occupying my mind.

At the jerk first he sprang up,
Sat, squatted rubbing the eyes,
Yawned, snorted breathing aloud,
To make me believe, he was not dead,
But it is pity he knew not,
He was a living corpse.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Cottage Of Love Smashed

An old-man after the burial of two sons,
A daughter and his aged faithful wife,
Began to search contents of the cottage,
With anxious perturbed eyes
Bearing the expression of helplessness.
A few worried men, women and children
Of the locality gathered around to sympathise
With the cumbersome grave hearts.

He rummaged around ashes of the rubble cottage,
Two goats and their young babes
Lay all shredded amid the wreckage;
A parrot in the cage was ragged, torn to pieces,
But lay liberated from the engagement of life.

The old man searched and searched,
At last found he a bag made of aged patched cloth,
It contained neither money, nor gold nor silver
But a handkerchief, a ring and a few letters,
The relics of his wife: an expired companion
Who presented them when she had been his fiancée.

He picked the bag and placing near to the heart
Moved away almost silent uncomplaining
But with the uncertain broken wrecked heart
To the unknown shelter harbour of peace,
In the meanwhile
The sound of an attack by Drone was heard again,
Yes; the same Drone operated by pioneers of the world.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Cow Amid The Butchers

Labour of the day
Made me exhausted,
Rocked into the valley of sleep,
The world of strange happenings,
And I beheld an astonishing object:
A cow, enormous like a mountain,
Around her was a huge gathering
Of men and women, all Lilliputians.

They had sharp instruments,
Knives, axes, choppers, and blades,
Mulberry-baskets, bags of polythene.
From peon to prince,
All working and ruling figures
Of the land were busy in chopping the cow,
And the men in uniforms were having
Their own legitimate shares.

A man with crowned shoulders
And medals on the chest,
Hollered his men to expedite the activity.
A man wearing crown,
Had positioned a ladder,
To reach the belly for boneless meat,
Two stout bald men seemingly brothers,
Supported from both of the sides
Each length of the ladder;
But a mystery was working behind,
The wounds cuts gave healed up instantly.

Some men and women wearing torn clothes
With thin limbs, legs and bony faces
Were waiting for their own turn.

I too had an axe to cut asunder the chops,
But her neck was too high to reach,
And I slobbered with un-slaked desire.
When I abased in front of the Mountain-cow,
She lowered her head in affectionate mode,

As if offering her whole being,
Feeling pity on my miserable plight.

When I looked upwards,
I was speechless on finding a word,
Written in the margin of her forehead,
Painted green and white,
With a crescent and a star,
The word inscribed was 'Pakistan'.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Cry

The blind dungeon of the sleep
Waits with jaws ajar,
The scorpions dance in the fire,
The river of pain is in flood,
I am an inexperienced traveller of loneliness,
The call of Time has made me restless,
My plight is like the plight of surplus word,
On the clay-coated wooden slate,
All around me dance the voices of Hell,
And they have got incarnated in my existence,
They have made me indispensable limb of Life,
Around me expands the zones of hell,
And tempests have encamped beyond the sight,
I have gone down deep into the blind dungeon
Of the sleep and hugged mischievous vampires.

The face of the Sun has been blackened
The moon has lost its light,
The trees have become devoid of greenery,
The roses are sans smell,
The streams are stagnant,
The wind has stopped movements of the gusts,
Moss has grown on the walls,
The ceilings are the abodes of spiders,
The doors of each house have become rusty,
The black stones are piled up in front of the eyes,
The faces are behind the black veils,
Miseries have exchanged the colours,
Who should have knowledge where to go?
All around in darkness there stand,
Black, brown and white shadows.

I am the inhabitant of this world
I know the secret of sullied face of the Sun,
And of the moss grown on the walls,
I am the observer of the faces behind the veils,
I am in abyss of the dark dungeon,
Callous
With no conscious

Drunk

I sing the songs of olden times,
So that the rivers of pain surge again,
So that the ocean of thoughts gurgle again,
So that rashness of blood dance on the face,
So that demons of anguish jump in each vein,
If we have the blood of modesty
If we have the blood of breeze,
If we have the blood of light,
If we have the blood of voices,
And in our eyes flames of blood,
Why should not mix then jaws of the dark dungeon into ashes?
How will then exist the dark dungeon of the sleep
How then in the abyss of it,
I shall hug the mischievous vampires?

Muhammad Shanazar

A Cry Yet Remains Behind

You went across the seven seas,
It seems as if several centuries have elapsed.
The seasons of union came and went away,
But all tired, exhausted.
Behind you I became a victim of daggering tongues,
The relations also made me feeble and frail,
The long dark nights of separation
Made me powerless too.
The wounds of experience were dungeon deep,
No physician could heal, restore them back.
There had been hefty spectacles of a dream,
When it broke nothing was beside;
It had been better we should not have survived,
Our existence did not match our beings.
Ask me not what happened in this episode,
What listened to and what I endured,
Founts of water gurgled from the eyes for several years;
The walls of breast even now often quake,
It seems as if they are saying,
"Peep into the inner part of your Self
A cry yet remains behind to be uttered."

Muhammad Shanazar

A Decision Of Silence

Those who savour do know well the taste,
The rest may form but the images abstract;
Unsubstantial eyes penetrate deep into realities,
But the carnal look with superficial glance.
Spent I time pondering over the baffling puzzle,
Whom He created the Master Scheme for?

One morn, at last at the hour of dawn,
The curtains were raised, the gallery swung,
The door opened wide to show the reality.

Ah! What incredible I did find to see,
Since then my mind burns, my heart smoulders,
To capture the fleeting vision again.
The nourishing celestial taste of experience,
My mind, my eyes my heart did undergo,
The organs of wisdom can not explain.
The words symbols suffice not to impart,
The festive taste relished by the inner being.

A huge mirror of brilliance hanging down,
In vacancy, extended from the south to the west,
I viewed glistening with stillness of dazzling glare,
Brighter than hundreds of moons if gathered;
Emerged then slowly in the shining surface,
Half portrait of the Masterpiece, the Beautiful,
With magnificence adequate to the starved eyes,
But thousands of times more prominent,
Than the brightening ground of exhibition.

Beheld I the Redeemer, the Pivot of creation,
Wearing turban green with no end lurking on the sides,
Trimmed beard, neither too long nor too short,
Seemed as if the vanished hands laboured hard,
To adorn the Matchless with the regal splendour.

Cold flashes emitting out from the countenance,
Dazzled the force of frail seeing eyes;
The spectrum seemed a true manifestation,

Of the Being who from far behind reflected,
In the enormous screen stretched in front.
The mystery was revealed, but I should keep silence,
For when "Yes" and "No" both are the ruinous extremes,
Silence is the moderate route to survive.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Declined Desire

Death dies herself and does not damage
Those who advance ahead underailed,
Following the prints of the wise pioneers
Whom He imparts the secrets of wisdom.

At downward dive heart beats thumpingly,
And aches as one feels on an oscillating swing
With long ropes when moves to and fro
Between two extremes with hissing moves,
Fearing lest one should crash to fragments.

I landed upon the world underworld,
Before the sunrise, in the moment of morn,
And roved about the too simple mosque
With open lawn and low boundary walls.
Entering through the gateless entrance,
I sat on the ground, gazed at the outer setting.
A slight afar flowed and winding river,
The lush green bushes stooped along,
The banks and brims of the serpentine track.

One by one then entered natives of the land,
Taking seats they sat in the rows straight
On the unwrapped mats made of palm leaves,
They all gathered for the prayers of morn,
And sat I in the end as my merit allowed.

Then one prominent, in the dress simple,
With a piece of white cloth wrapped around
His head, neither tall nor short,
With round sanguine face and grizzled beard
Of moderate length,
Abased in front of all to lead the prayers.
Recitation of verses imbued the heart,
With serene pure pleasure.

Then hands were raised for more blessings,
Before the crowd dispersed, a man squatted left,
Told me the name and place the Imam belonged to,

“Departed He centuries ago yet is known well,
A winding river flows beside His shrine,
Though often it surges to the brims spilling,
Yet causes no rumpus, passes in serene hush.”

A desire then emerged to esteem the adorable,
By kissing the feet of reverend dervish,
But declined He the act of caressing the feet.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Deformed Angel

Sometimes life gives us severe shock,
Undermines the plans and does block,
The ways of wisdom leading ahead,
Reveals the hands that secretly mock.

An artist thought to paint an angel,
To use the brush for the masterpiece,
But could not conceptualize the image,
Beauty combining innocence, purity.

One morn, at last, he luckily found,
A child playing on the grassy ground,
Having angelic countenance and grace,
Incarnation he was of sublime serenity.
Painted he the angel with skill utmost,
And earned he the world wide fame.

And he after three full fleeting decades,
Thought for the second master-sketch,
Now not of an angel, but of a devil.
He sought for the image far and wide,
But could not find corresponding one,
Fate then led him amid the prison walls,
There inside met he a young wretch man,
With a devilish nature, face and frame.

The master revealed his intent to paint,
Tears came in eyes of the devil formed,
Said he, "Oh! Master it is a matter of woe,
You sketched me an angel thirty years ago."

Muhammad Shanazar

A Desire

I wish I were a seasonal bird,
That travels flying around the world,
With sweet companionship of a partner,
Whose heart knows nothing except,
Faithfulness, how to share the pangs.

Then I fly with the delighted light heart,
Caring least the self made boundaries,
Of the countries or continents, across
The foaming wavy seas; to search,
The land, plains or isolated valleys,
Where neither one makes victim the other,
Nor playfully breaks the brittle hearts,
Nor does cast fear holding the fatal guns.

I would then chirp on the far off shores,
And dance along the ballet of the waves,
Away from the polluted and violent world
Of man, of which each nook and corner,
Smokes, smoulders and smells with hateful,
Explosives amid the shattered cottages.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Devotee... (An Acrostic)

Fineness combined with all delicacies,
Affects both adamant hearts and minds,
Kneels and bows only before Almighty,
Humility, grace in perfect womanhood,
Incarnated love, sincerity, and fidelity,
Reward and gift to someone fortunate,
Admirable in lovely pose and posture.

Beauty that always reminds its Designer,
Aroma much sweeter than fragrant roses,
Tactful in dealing with impulsive beings,
Open-hearted and with capacious mind,
Orator who ever fought for woman cause,
Lover and devotee of Five Sacred Beings.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Dialogue To Immanuel Kants

We prefer,
Beauty to the duty,
Cruelty to mercy,
Luxury to morality,
We are brought up
On the swings of ambitions,
And have remained astray
In the forest of lust.
We have trampled,
Gems of inner-self with the steeds
Of our own passions.
Our appetite has devoured us all,
And high castles of thoughts,
Buried beneath the debris
Of worthless infertile words.

O! Strange philosopher,
Out of reach lie our own skills,
Concealed from ourselves,
Yes the same all skills which make
Us gods but remain possessed
By the brute of our own inner-self.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Dream

Alongside the wide gray road stood I,
To watch a procession passed by,
Of the damsels, rather all in teen,
Of the same size height and colour,
The bulk and body; dressed in green,
But all bore the features quite different.

Drenched them the incessant rain;
They passed and passed by jostling,
In silence in rows long, unendingly,
Numerous, countless were they all,
Neither worried, nor did seem happy;
Glanced they at me with stealing looks,
And I stood silent with lowering eyes,
Peeping into innerself like a criminal,
When brought among the fellow men.
It confounds, troubles me when I think,
Whether their plight was shown to me,
Or mine to them, I could not decide.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Dream Of Innocence

(A dream I dreamt when I was only four years old)

Hardly was I old years four,
Went through an experience unforgettable.
It was the month of monsoon winds,
In the clear sunny morn I went out of the village,
And beheld the sun rising in the west,
Beyond the yonder peaks of the hills,
In the same place where it descends.

Fear gripped my mind and I ran to the mosque,
Lest the Door of Penitence should be closed.
I ran and ran through the streets shouting,
"O! People come! Come to the mosques!
The Doom is encroaching, beg apology of the sins,
Lest the Door of Deliverance be shut."

No sooner did I find myself in front of the door
Than I found the mosque running,
With moderate speed, as the train leaves the station.
I ran and ran with the petty steps
Beside the walls, with increasing rapidity,
But ever the door remained out of the reach,
Then the mosques went afar; I began to gasp behind,
On the hot ground with bare feet.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Dream Of Some Other Soil

The sky of my own share
Has wreathed Himself
With the cover of monotony;
And my eyes,
In the azure page of the sky
Has written boredom
In the eye-sight.

Now these eyes,
Dream of some other soil,
Some other season,
Somewhere here around
In the neighbourhood of my Earth,
There lays some hidden route
That I seek for,
And waits for inaugural gathering,
For some unseen world.

Written by Dr. Jawaz Jaffri translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Drop

Let me take vintage from the looks,
Blue, reddish and deep dreamy,
For transient is the taste of wine,
But a drop sipped from the eyes,
Intoxicates quality of permanence.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Family Of Seven

I have heard "The mirror tells not a lie, '
I assuming myself the gorgeous one
Abased in front of the looking-glass.
I was one but the reflections were seven
I was baffled either one was in seven or seven were in one,
The images were mix: male and female,
They all bore my bearings but deformed and mortified
And bore the signs of identity on the chests.

A reflection had razor-sharp teeth, the front ones quite naked,
Black dishevelled hair it had, and fingers with long nails,
And mouth with dots of blood and bore a sign of identity,
"Miss. Ferocity."

Another image stood along with severity upon the face,
The eyes were reddish-brown and the forehead screwed up,
Upon the head it had a burnished crown,
Not of gold but of iron or steel,
The image bore the symbol of individuality, "Mr. Pride."

An image resembling me bore the impressions slack,
Yawned time and again with the sleepy eyes,
Restless she was as if being delayed to go to bed,
She did not seem to have interest except in comforts,
The badge on her chest named her, "Miss Lethargy."

An over-fattened bulky stout figure
Stood, pressing others with her weight,
She inhaled her breath snorting through the nostrils,
And looked with avaricious eyes around herself,
As if she looked for a feast to be nourished,
Time and again she swabbed her dry lips with the tongue,
The contents of her identity showed, she was "Miss. Gluttony."

A covetous being stood along with a crown of gold,
Her costume was costly well embroidered
With the thread golden and silvery,
Her pockets were loose but filled with the coins,
She had along a handbag overflowing weighty

As if spilling over with costly stones,
She bore the mark exhibiting her name, "Miss Greed."

A slim smart, sable in colour stood along, a creature,
She scowled when the other stood beside her,
Black flies hummed around her head,
As gloomy thoughts surround the murky minds.
She was a bag of bones, she breathed out a blaze
When she exhaled as if furnace burnt in her chest,
She seemed to have no pleasure since she was born,
And did not taste a worthwhile feeling except scorn,
She was known amid the figures, "Miss Jealousy."

A strengthless figure with close eyes stood propped,
Leaning against the wall, seemed to be in slumber
Since centuries, I might have assumed him dead
If he would not have breathed with faint grunt,
He bore the sign of his character, "Mr. Conscience."

Muhammad Shanazar

A Flipping Vision

Some flipping visions leave behind,
Gripping influence on the mind,
They do refresh us more and more,
When are recalled to be flavoured,
From the heap of sunken memories.

I saw a damsel full in size and bulk,
With healthy sanguine vigorous face,
As her blood would trickle out soon,
She was built with all perfections,
Her features raised waves of pain,
Indelible, never to be erased again.

In the glassy house she moved around,
With modest lowering eyes to the ground,
She had no interest in the objects aside,
Seemed to be busy in domestic doings,
Her flexible black dressed shining hair,
Flowed down upon her shoulders,
Her gait and each gesture did bear,
Signs of serene air and celestial piety.

I standing out of the transparent walls,
Looked across with a sense of meekness,
Feeling myself too meager to be attended,
Left the place with loathsome sullen heart.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Folly

The fortunate make the choices well,
When chance and fate ring the bell,
And bring them to the moments of acceptance,
Their prayers are granted bounteously,
For the world and wealth, power and place.

Lost I the chance in frivolous demands,
Lust muffled my mind, suspended my sense,
Begged for a thing trash and rubbish,
Blackened my face, heart and hands,
Ah! Life is too short to compensate the folly.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Forest In The Garden

A Gardener with saintly vision,
Planted a garden making its division,
Into the zones two.

Fed he each plant and tree,
With the pure blood of his hopes;
And soon each nook and corner,
Began to flourish and blossom too.

Before they bore the mellow fruit,
And fragrant flowers with shades,
Light, deep and dark;
And enjoyed he the days of solace,
Death made him depart to the world next.

How sooner the garden changed;
Into a forest teeming with wild animals,
The hogs, the wolves, the snakes, the rats,
Came out of the kennels, hovels and holes,
Move they freely, with liberty, unafraid.

Their avaricious bellies are possessed,
With ever enhancing increasing appetite,
And each victual adds fuel to flames,
No laws, no scruples, no morals they obey.

The seats where cuckoos and nightingales,
Were to build up nests for the descendants,
Are usurped, snatched by crows and owls,
Their voices irritate the more indwellers.

From morn to eve they serve but themselves,
Feeding upon the leaves, flowers and fruit,
They even gnaw crust hard around the stems,
Yet night comes with the healing air and dew.

The eyes amaze at the miraculous game,
When on the morn next it appears unharmed,
For it was planted by a saintly man,

The eaters are to pass away,
The garden is to behind remain.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Fragment

I am a dot and infinity around,
The dot is then tightly bound,
With a rope of fate, chain of chance;
How should I move on the ground.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Giant

Often my mind baffles,
And the stock of wisdom ends,
When I think with wonder upon
The amazingly perplexing figure.

I found on the alien ground,
A giant-like being in the size full,
Sitting with graceful posture,
Whose face, each curve and crease,
Resembled mine as if I were,
His portrait small or He were mine,
But much larger, giant-like in dimension.

Note: This poem is purely based on a spiritual experience, and nothing else. In my life I passed through a certain period (from 1992 to 1998) when I often felt a sort of titillating sensation and something discharging from my physical body and flying with all sensation and consciousness, into the distant corners of the universe, beyond imagination where I observed other worlds much vaster than ours, saw spirits of the diseased men and women, often I had a chat with them who disclosed some mysteries. My poem is a narration of the same experience and it is not merely a vain imagining; I have evaded from exaggeration; I put my case to the psychiatrists, and spiritualists for comments and criticism, the poem also contains a substance for the cosmologists.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Guiding Whisper

Ah! My mind often brings me behind,
To the unpolluted visionary age,
When my heart wished to dissolve,
Physical entity of my own being,
In the burning passion: love of God.
I wished to melt or freeze myself,
Standing in the scorching sun,
Or in the cold winds chilling the bones,
On some sandy rock to worship,
To adore Almighty shedding beads of tears,
That may make channels on my cheeks,
And spend the span of life with angelic modes,
But some time a low guiding whisper,
Emerging from some deep recesses,
Of the fathomless world of inner-self
Would spring up to converse to me,
"Picking up a few thorns from the path,
Where from advances mankind,
With bare sore feet is much better,
Than the seclusion of seventy years."

Muhammad Shanazar

A Hidden Curtain

That night came,
Came and went back too,
The spell of moments,
Of your union changed me at all.
I peep out through the windows,
To grasp the specks,
Of destination where once
Raised dust and settled there too.
Open are all around,
The holes of eyes,
The questions peep out,
From behind the gauze.
Hope confined in the shut doors
Is not the response of those questions,
Pondering over this I became engrossed,
Hung on those eye-windows,
Like a hidden curtain.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Joint Feeling

I did not see The Lord,
But I felt myself in front
Of His Mighty Court of Justice,
Along with numerous men,
Dressed in grey,
Like the students of olden times.
All with naked heads,
And naked feet,
They gathered in an open ground,
To account for their deeds,
Waited for their turn
For appearance before the Justice.
I had been acquainted
With a few of them,
They were potent
In public and politics,
Enjoyed themselves authority,
And high place,
By dint of wealth and estate,
But then hapless.

All were still like penguins
On the coastal-line,
When come out of cold waters
To bask in the sun,
They stood with bent heads
And lowering eyes,
All speechless, silent
As if ashamed and horrified
On their own doings.

On the other side I stood too
With the bowed neck as if peeping
Into my own inner-self,
Sometime I glanced at others
With stealing looks,
And went through a joint feeling:
Shame and dread
But bitter, more intensified

Than I used to experience
When went to school in early age,
Without doing home-work
Assigned for the summer vacation.
Though I went through
A nightmare yet it was meaningful,
Reminded me of my own follies.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Knock

Ere the weapons,
Dispose us all, we should
Dispose the weapons.

(Written by Jawaaz Jafri Translated by Muhammad Shanazar)

Muhammad Shanazar

A Law-Abiding Car

While I was on the highway,
A car passed by,
Driven by a scholarly man,
Clean shaved, and hair
Around his temples was grey.
On the back seat sat a middle-aged lady
And a young girl in twenties,
Might be his wife and daughter.
He was driving his car prudently,
As if he was well versed
In the principles of traffic,
He remained on his lane, while
Overtaking he blinked the indicator,
On the signals he obeyed the lights,
Red, yellow or green. Meanwhile
A loaded truck came from behind,
Caring least the laws,
Sometimes it overtook from the left
And sometimes from the right,
Without blinking the indicator,
It blew ear-deafening horn,
And did not bother lights of the signal.
It seemed overhasty in reaching the destination;
Hitting the law-abiding car it sped away,
The car fell down from
The bridge headlong upon the trash,
Shrieks were heard before the crash.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Leg On The Shoulder

I beheld,
A middle aged man,
With an amputated leg,
Laming on crutches,
Dragging the load of his body,
And climbing up
Steep of the hill,
Huffed he at each landing
On the way to his home:
Serpentine and winding.

They say,
He comes down
On the 1st of every month
To get pension,
And while returning
When he goes up
Striving against the acclivity,
His young son of eight
Sometimes drags on the ground,
And sometimes carries
On his shoulder,
An artificial leg of his father:
A veteran of the Kargil War.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Lie

A lie though goes on unpunished,
Is not to be concealed;
The cheater though thousands of times,
Beguiles the world whole,
Yet on a certain day it gets revealed;
Seeking straight its own channels,
Comes out bare unsealed.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Long Journey

We have journeyed
A journeyed long,
But why the steps have stopped
On this very step.
Why have the feet
Become strengthless?
What has happened such as this is?
The wind has begun tumbling,
And often goes astray,
Those who accompanied me
Now have left far behind,
They have gone
Changing direction of the route,
I stand here all alone,
On the spot where I behold,
The exhausted sky laden with galaxies,
And absorbed is in its dark vacancies
The mark of my lost destination.

Who knows what has happened?
Perhaps someone has sentenced
Punishment to my feet,
I know not what someone has done to me,
That voice, the shadow,
That one who had been with me
In the form of fragrance,
That whom I came across on the way,
But who knows where has gone
All of sudden,
And here I stand all alone on the steps
Now only I think,
Now I have nothing, now I have naught!

Muhammad Shanazar

A Longing

Sometimes some serene spectacles,
Make me mad when wondering,
Think I on flavorful sweetness,
Experienced I soaring through spheres,
The higher, the bluer and more silent,
Than our earth and its polluted zones.

Flown was I straight and supine,
Travelled upwards, headlong, viewing,
Beneath the galaxy ladder like,
With moderate slow slanting rise,
Myriad stars shone and shone bright,
As at mid day a highway is enlightened,
Like dots or silvery scattered coins,
Stretched far above and down unendingly.

At one moment when I stopped,
To behold behind to the distances,
Immense covered of the spaces,
Bluish but brightened washed,
At the far end I found a globe,
Smaller than the sun at sunset,
With milky light, and greenish core,
Still, with no flickering flashes,
Enchanted mind, captivated my heart,
Now I long for to have a glimpse,
Just once again if possible,
In exchange of property and life,
And all its sensuous belongings.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Mare

The mare is one,
Numerous are the riders
To ride on,
They ride on turn by turn,
By whipping her
Through the glades,
Forest and desert,
And all paths of wilderness,
Sometimes on serpentine routes
Through the mountains,
Caring least her needs,
Except a change of saddle,
They make on each ride.
After having ridden the beast
They go aboard,
Wait for their own next turn again,
Leaving her behind in trouble and pain.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Message Of Peace

You cannot win the race of progress,
While spending all resources on war
And playing a game with blood
Of innocent sons of the mothers, on the borders,
Instead of spending on industry, health,
Education and equality of justice,
The journey of war is the voyage of depths,
You are children of the same parents,
You shall have to promote mutual love,
You shall have to alter yourselves,
You shall have to bring such an ism as in which
You may see you neighbour as your brother,
As he may regard your esteem,
Dignity and respect his own, and love distributing
Fragrance may make the homeland,
A lawn and a lane of roses,
Burn a candle of peace to fetch a new morn.

Written by Dr. Nisar Tarabi Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Mirror-House

I am imprisoned in a mirror house,
What kind of house it is,
Where all around,
I see your face,
Instead of mine,
No chance of acquittal is there,
On each particle of the vessel,
Extending from body to soul,
Your lascivious eyes and lips,
Guard like sentinels,
From some mysterious directions.

Written by Ayub Khawar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Moment Of Time Is Fixed

Time for prayers in love is fixed,
Time to bathe with spontaneous tears,
At some moment of self-negation,
To reckon thousands of times
Someone's name on the beads.
Time to mount the stake of total self-submission,
Freeze blood with one's own hands,
And flutter the flame of lamplight.
Time to toss at some grief-ridden
Cumbersome waning night,
Time for the anonymous bird of soul,
To slither away from meshless
Profanity of the ugly existence.
Time for ablution of love! ! !
.....a moment of time is fixed,
And it is the time when Impiety chooses
Thousands of tricks for Her survival! !
All those tricks that may change
The heart into an arena of execution,
So that the red fragrant roses
Placed at the threshold of demand
May emit pungent smell of blood.

Written by Naina Adil

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Monologue Of A King In The Grave

"I have no means to measure the moments of time,
I don't know whether years passed or centuries,
It is pitch dark and stifling here,
I am underneath the heavy stones,
Too heavy to move aside,
Maggot have eaten my flesh long ago,
Merely skeleton has left behind,
Only the brave have courage to look at me,
My head is skinless; it has no eyes, no lips
Only my teeth are there to grin
A set of ribs and bones of legs are to mock
At my strength, nothing more is left behind.
Though it is hard for me to move extremities,
And speak yet I feel as I used to when alive.

When I was alive, I wore royal costumes,
Lived in the palace with no worry or wound,
Everything was at my command,
Moved with movements of my lips and hands,
I had forces to defend me and my lands,
And several agencies to attend on me,
The powerful flattered, sought my pleasure,
When I moved in my territory,
My head was puffed with pride,
Each night a new dame perfumed my bed,
I was lascivious and lived on potential herbs.

Now I lie helpless, as powerless as a piece of wood,
Or a lump of earth, I listen to the sounds of hooves
As if my grave is flattened, unattended,
I don't have any longing but to see just once,
A few beams of the sun, or of the moon,
The blue colour of the sky, or a piece of floating cloud,
I crave for a few gust of fresh air, or listen to
A twitter of a sparrow sitting in thick mulberry.
Listen to me, if someone is there, listen to me."

Muhammad Shanazar

A Monologue Of A Newly Born Discarded Child

“What is all this?
Everything seems strange, cold, cold,
My body is stiffened,
When my extremities move
It seems as if they are fastened with something,
Strange kind of smell is here.
Where have I come at?
That sensation of softness,
Where I float with my own accord,
A petty secure world,
How light and peaceful my body was,
Now it seems
As if I am sinking down and down,
How much stifling it is here.
What is piercing into my body?
Now I cannot get up too
My back aches.
What kind of strange walls are all around?
These swishy...hissing sounds,
What the ticking sound it is,
Noise sometime sharp and sometime low,
Torments my ears,
The drums of my ears seem to gash.
Where the soft sound has gone
That used to hum gently,
Talked to me...now wept then laughed,
Told me the tales,
I couldn't understand
But the voices and words were soft,
I swayed as if I was in the cradle,
With a sound...there was
But rustle with softness,
Neither hunger nor thirst.
I recall my throat is dry for the long time,
I am feeling hungry and thirsty too,
I have been crying at the top of my voice
But that soft sound doesn't respond,
I don't know where it has gone away,
This sound of splashes,

These sounds... mews... growls...
What is this all?
Dim light is coming but where from,
Strange shadows are coming to me.
They are growling at one another,
I am scared,
It seems they all are to pounce on me
Where is that who had soft voice,
Why she doesn't come to save me,
To get myself saved I move my hands and feet,
But something is wrapped around,
And my back is quite stuck
With the thing beneath,
Oof! So much pain...my arm..."

Written by Farheen Chaudhry
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Monologue Of A Terrorist

Tonight sleep shall not overwhelm me,
Second by second the night will slip to that morn,
And then there will be no morn in my fate.

Today when life is about to fold
The shawl of its breath,
My inner self woke, there will ensue emptiness,
In which I shall lose myself too,
Before the sun rises in the morn,
My numb body swinging on the gallows,
Will be consigned to the unknown corner,
Where no lamp will be enkindled,
No one will come to recite Fateha.

Tonight is boundlessly suffocating,
The sluggish ceiling fan supplies me with hot gusts,
My body is sweaty; the eyes pale, breathing cold,
Boundless depression,
Helplessness and haplessness surround me
Trembling from all around,
The pale faint light of the bulb
Infuses into my veins a growing dread.

Why could not at last I feel,
At that night why I did not feel,
This helplessness, misfortune,
Futility and bleakness,
When I placed on the face of a child,
Hot muzzle of my gun smelling with explosives,
And perforated each chest with a volley of bullets,
Leaving behind alive an innocent kid,
On the heap of dead bodies to seek
His future in vacancies with frozen eyes.

The same fear, the same distraction I felt,
In the cry uttered by the lips of that pregnant young woman, the cry collided
against
The massive high mountains and left
A layer on the river of the frozen pain,

I hit her round belly ruthlessly,
And after making her husband a victim
Of my hatred, now I feel warmth
Of his fresh blood gushed out
In the form of shower of droplets.

This night is the most troublesome,
Each moment of which creeps and crawls like
A centipede on my conscience,
Makes me accountable for that evening,
When I sold my extensive faith,
Against a few pieces of creed soaked,
In violence, hatred and bigotry,
And held grenades, AK 47, and Launchers,
In those hands which had scent,
Of the swaying farms of zafran.

That evening I mortgaged, and kept
My dreams, my passions, my perceptions,
With some merciless ominous shadow.

O! Valleys,
O! Mountains,
O! Winds forgive me for I lost and spoiled,
Your blessings, your benedictions,
And I sold your atmospheres,
Your beauties, your splendour,
Against fiery madness.

I do not have answer to be right or in the wrong,
But there was something acid like
That had been going deep into my chest,
In those days, and nights,
In all seasons and years,
That perhaps melted my conscience.
What should I do for repentance today
Again has risen up all of sudden in my heart.

Pray for me when tomorrow,
My soul will bid farewell to my carnal existence,
I may regain the same spotless innocence,
The same treasure of pure conscience,

Which I lost in that evening,
When I sold fragrance of life against
The stench of explosives.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Mystery

On the distant ground, a man kind and bland,
Led me through a wide open door,
Into a rectangular spacious piece of land,
With a wall neither high nor too small,
To strengthen more my frail feeble faith.

The containers big were kept along,
By the Hosts, at measured distance,
Fill with light yellow cooked rice,
A slight longer than the grain we eat,
Transparent as if were made of polythene.

The eaters gathered around in groups,
They were neither in hurry nor voracious,
Nor they let fall the grains on the ground,
I can not tell the flavour for I did not taste,
But the food seemed nourishing the soul.

I was told, "They are the blessed who laid their lives,
Leaving behind their descendants and their wives,
Stood for His cause against the Blackness,
And now the Sustainer sustains them bounteously,
But you are too unwise to know the mystery."

Muhammad Shanazar

A Nameless Desire

I don't know why I have nurtured
A nameless desire to compose
A poem to tribute you, in which
My heart urges to write all pangs and pains,
That I went through while being in your love,
I should inscribe the agony of separation,
The moments of union,
Include all colours of the seasons,
Confine my melancholic thoughts,
Describe smouldering memories,
In a so much splendid way
That they should become precedents
Of diction, similes and metaphors,
But I don't know whether hassles
Of life would allow me to contemplate
On your memories in solitude
Or I shall have to leave the world
With the nameless desire
Encasing it into my pain-ridden heart.

Muhammad Shanazar

A New Message

Let us remove together
The dividing lines of race and colours,
And wherever is the fire of odium,
Let us extinguish it together,
Now our eyes meet
The spectacles of inferno on the motherland,
Why should not we change
The wilderness into a garden,
We should get released ourselves
From the scaffolds of avarice for wealth,
Fraud, ignorance and jealousy,
Wisdom should accompany humbleness,
And a thought the truth,
We should impart the world a new message,
Give the message of new dawn
To those who have left behind
In the dark night, tell them
Henceforth there will be
No negritude but only light,
We wish peace in the world should prevail,
We pray for the beautiful morn to come
For here is a gathering of the thirsty,
Come ahead together,
Life is for others and along with others,
Whether there is pain or pleasure
Come ahead together, and do not frown
And rescue those who are about to drown.

Muhammad Shanazar

A New World In Valleys Of The Solar System

(Being impressed by Internet)

In vastness of the solar system,
Or much higher in some other world,
Where there are the valleys of spaces,
Where there is a galaxy of sights,
Where Science is lying elated on the beds of lights with shut eyes,
Giving away chocolates of beautiful dreams,
To a the caravan of stunning angels fluttering their golden wings,
Who are flying ahead on the tracks smoothed by the wind,
Illuminating with their beaming eyes,
Their tiny houses made glass,
Whose slight movements of hands imprint traces of firozi flowers,
As thoughts in millions get tongues spilling over the brims,
As frail moments becoming young are emerging,
Descending on the walls of those glassy houses,
From somewhere someone gives a call,
Spurs a sense like madness,
Someone wafts down on the cold bed of my thoughts,
I see your image,
Listen to you speaking,
Now I read through the writings you sent in the letter,
With the aid of those angels.

Where this reality descended from,
And where it is leave to handing over to us chocolates of beautiful dreams,
Gifting us a new series of thoughts,
And I consequence
Life is becoming more and more dignified.

Written by Jagdish Prakash

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Gokul= A small town which is supposed to be a playground for Hindu god, Krishna.

Ajodhya or Ayodhya= a small town said to be the birth place of god Rama

Banbas= banishment Bamyán= The town in Afghanistan once famous for huge statues of Buddha which were dynamited by Taliban. This poem is the expression of anguish on wanton destruction of these beautiful monuments

Inca's were th inhabitants of Mexico perhaps around 6th or 7th had their own religious pracitces and had constucted huge temples for their gods. Ajanta and Ellora are famous cave temples in India. Ajanta caves have beautiful frescos painted on the the walls. They are on Buddhist themes.. Ellora temples are rock cut and Hidu temples. You can do Google search on them. they are vaulable part of heritage of our sub continent.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Night In Grief

Nothing it is,
The mirror, the moon, the decanter,
All are empty,
The page of heart has lost reverence of the words
And meanings like a throne
Of a condemned emperor,
My existence suspends in the span of time,
The mirror has become
A door of contrition,
And my obsolete reflection
Is annoyed with the mirror.

In the folds of time,
There is neither any fresh branch of the morn,
Nor any elegant eve,
But only the pigment of grief.

O! The lunatic wind of the countenance
Of the world of future,
Now there should descend
Some divine messages,
From the blue plate of moon,
But in silences of the night
Of the wilderness,
There exists such a profound dark
As I cannot see, falling moments from the hands,
The lances hitting the astonished eyes
Cannot be stopped.
Except perpetual grief,
There exists nothing in the hell of soul,
Neither any stone of punishment,
Nor any moment of reward.
O! My verse of future,
I have commenced giving you vent
With the words of castigation

Written by Ayub Khawar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

A Painful Phenomenon

I want to pace ahead raising my head,
I want to live finding my own existence,
Whenever I stride ahead,
Several small and big whirlwinds,
Raise from the Earth to the sky,
Dust resembling a thick round wall.
The sights at distance,
Begin to play hide and seek;
It is not essential that I should see,
From the same distance,
The same vivid sight as they wish; □
But it is a painful phenomenon
If I see the same sight time and again...

Written By Farheen Chaudhry

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Petty Pebble

(Written on the sad demise of Haji Khalil my friend)

He was my friend,
Who ever defended my cause,
Spoke he in my favour
With the words of flavor,
He was bold and ever told
The truth in the face,
Resolved he worries of others,
Regarded friends his brothers.

He partook in the drama of life
By moving around the town,
By sharing woes and worries,
Of the troubled beings;
He was humble, and had a heart
Pity packed, mind charged with faith.

He was yet unknown
To the plagues of jealousy and pride:
The scissors that cut bonds
Among fellow beings.

Ah! One day at noon, he was shot thrice
By prevailing Wickedness,
For the deed undone,
In the country where law of forest rules,
And blood bounteously flows
In the streets.

He was victimized
By ears-plod suspicion,
His death shocked no one
But his sons, daughters and friends.
On the day of deed before
The evening fell,
He was entrusted to the Mother Earth,
Where he will sleep undisturbed,
But my heart will ever weep,

Grieve on his death
For the wound his death caused
Will ever remain gaped,
With bleeding ajar lips.

On the next day a news of four lines
Was published in some local Dailies,
Too tiny to find among the contents,
Then silence prevailed,
And no one talked anymore,
His demise disturbed a little
The rural environ as if someone
Threw a petty pebble
Into the ocean of time.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Piece Of Advice

Listen,
Sometimes,
To the tale of seasons,
Seasons sleeping on the dumb rocks,
Inhabited with the trees,
Beyond boundaries of dream
And sleep departed from the eyes,
While sinking down into the depth of waterfalls,
Sometime adorn in desertedness of the eyes
Lonesomeness of the sights,
The dry wounds of separation will become fresh again

Written by Ayub Khawar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Piece Of Prose

Time for prayers in love is fixed,
Time to bathe with spontaneous tears,
At some moment of self-negation,
To reckon thousands of times
Someone's name on the beads.
Time to mount the stake of total self-submission,
Freeze blood with one's own hands,
And flutter the flame of lamplight.
Time to toss at some grief-ridden
Cumbersome waning night,
Time for the anonymous bird of soul,
To slither away from meshless
Profanity of the ugly existence.
Time for ablution of love! ! !
.....a moment of time is fixed,
And it is the time when Impiety chooses
Thousands of tricks for Her survival! !
All those tricks that may change
The heart into an arena of execution,
So that the red fragrant roses
Placed at the threshold of demand
May emit pungent smell of blood.

(Written by Naina Adil Translated By Muhammad Shanazar)

Muhammad Shanazar

A Planet Of The Step-Mother

The world is busy in sports,
Stadiums are jam-packed with the spectators,
Their shout echoes in canopy of the sky,
Medals are being awarded to the winners,
The natives of my own country do not have time
To see through the sufferings of others,
The TV channels display seminars, recipes,
Songs and dances to the starving nation,
Just now one of them demonstrated in a jar of water
How fresh egg is heavier than the rotten one.
The other one exhibited how a small gadget
Neatly removes unnecessary hair from the skin,
Politicians run as usual behind the power:
The chair of authority, the maulvis have nothing
To do but gather alms and charities,
My own prime minister has gone
With an aero-plane loaded with the crates
Of mangoes for the King of Saudi Arabia,
And other royal characters, to perform umerah
Along with family, to please God and seek
His blessings, leaving behind the poor masses
Panting for bread, the nation is busy
In ostentatious deeds, holding feasts
And aftar dinners, belly befitting actions,
The mosques and places of worship are jostled
By the men of piety dressed in rustling cloth.

Operation here, operation there, operations
All around, killing, killing just only killing
To merely have in grips oil and minerals of the soil
The world has become an operation theatre,
Jews are busy in availing opportunity,
They kill and kill Palestinians and their kids,
Smash their abodes with the shells of high explosives,
The clouds of smoke rise to the Heavens,
God Himself with the angles might be sniffing
The pong of explosives but He sits there silent too,
NATO too fights for her own interests,
UNO snorts in slumber like a step-mother,

She ever turns a deaf ear to the men of intellect,
But knows well what is to be done and what isn't,
When the proper time is to awake from the sleep,
I cannot think the world will grow a better place,
Worth living for my generations, for the Earth was
Destined to become a planet of the step-mother,
O! The reader, so cherish not vain hopes my brother.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Poem For Atal Bihari Vajpayee

My Enemy!
Have you forsaken reading
The writes on the hems of petals
With the hands of dew?

Doesn't the smile
On the flowery faces of your children
Knock at the door of your heart?

In my hatred,
Have you discarded Woman and Fragrance?
Have you learnt like me
To prefer Death to Life and Peace?

My Enemy!
We both are the weaponed passengers,
Of the same boat, floating
Into the ocean of boundless spaces.
Our interests are different
But catastrophe is the same;
Our follies are making the dreams infertile,
Of the generations,
Who will step into the world henceforth.

(Written by Jawaaz Jafri Translated by Muhammad Shanazar)

Muhammad Shanazar

A Poem For The Motherland

Let the heart of dream be revealed,
Just as drunkenness reveals upon
The quivering lashes of the eyes sunken in love,
As in the shut books,
Possibility of a rose to bloom reveals,
As to the finger-tips, reveals taste
Of the virgin touch of love.

Let the heart of dream be revealed,
So that I could see
The drunkenness of the unrevealed puberty,
The same bewilderment which I wished
To string just for once on the thread of breath,
The same indecision
To which the innocent waking eyes
Bequeathed a trust,
And fragrance of rose and jasmine.

The core of heart imprinted,
Sans voice and sans word,
The feel of imperceptible smile
On your throbbing rosy lips;
Then to my eyes you awakened like dawn.

O! The beauty with speaking eyes
Your eyes are the soul of poesy,
Time penned several episodes
Of the bygone age,
And the threshold of each chapter is stunned
Like a sealed dream,
There is neither any knock,
Nor any sound,
Nor any breezy word,
Nor any prudence.
Would that before this moment passes,
The heart of this sealed dream should open!
And I may see what the allusion was
Of the tale of your imperceptible smile,
And now,

Being the sinner of love
what compensation for the injury
I shall have to recompense.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Poem In Between Life And Death

O! Life see,
How we are sitting at your threshold,
Having in hands
A begging-bowl of prudence,
The eyes hold a dream to see
The colour of a seasonal rose,
But our lips have clenched unstamped
Complaints since ages.

O! Life,
We are sitting at you threshold,
See just for a while
And whisper to us
which is the night for us
who bear delicate dispositions,
When in the *anchal of that night,
The wind will convert our dream
Into the mirror of dream.

Which is the day for the journey
Through the desert of desires
Just to have a touch of yours
We have enkindled in the tent of heart,
The lamps of your 'Being',
But no trace of your soft fall of the feet,
Voice, presence and fragrance
We could have had.

See just for a while,
Our souls perches on the brims of our lips,
But only to hear a word of consolation.
O! Life see,
How we are sitting at your threshold,
Having in hands the begging-bowl of prudence.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

*Anchal: a light thin colourful covering that is worn on head by the Eastern women.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Poem In The Operation Theatre

(Attributed to my own wife)

The eyes that I feel
Like delicate colours of the butterflies,
Caressing me get themselves
Vanished across the red moments,
My eyes till now
Are dazed containing obligation
To be awakened,
What tactic the indifferent Time uses
Which goes on
Descending into the abyss of my heart
Like the frozen reality of death.
If I close my eyes, the sight will sink down,
The eyes will sink down whom I feel
Like delicate colours of the butterflies.

O! My God,
Two tender eyes,
like the delicate colours of butterflies,
Might have slept across the red moments,
But the heart might be waking,
The heart in which the ocean of my heart roars,
And the brims of lips where from sprouts
The glow of tactility
Might be sleeping
But the dreams might be in a wakeful state,
I know well,
Her hearing is acquainted
With the rhythm of my pulsation,
But now she might be sinking down,
Down and into bottomless depths of silences,
At the last boundary of exertion, her arms
Laden with roses might have become motionless.

O! My God,
What kind of rustling moments,
Lacerating my heart, cutting their own path,
Are plunging into my heart?

O! My God,
The eyes with the delicate colours of butterflies,
The heart impatient like an ocean,
The arms laden with roses,
The yellow lips quivering in glow of tactility,
Her sense of hearing,
Her petals like semi-dormant body,
Abode them all in the shadow of 'Ayat-ul-Kursi',
Taking their utmost care,
For in the world yours,
The devotees and the winners of love are very rare.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Poem Of Love

I feel as if your eyes have housed in mine,
My eyes which were desert, where
The desire to grow did not find the route,
Now there dance thick shadows of flagons.

My eyes which were thirsty,
Like some cracked clay,
In the smouldering sunlight,
Now scattered are there
The colours of clouds and rainbow.

My eyes had a forest, where shadows
Of suspicion were long and thick,
Where the beams reverted
Before they descended, now there blossom
Sweet scented flowers of all colours.

My eyes contained lakes,
Where no track was visible in moss and marsh,
There fall several lotuses from your neckline,
They sway and show numerous paths.

My eyes bore the Sun,
Each spectacle of green tassels,
Clothed itself the costume of autumn.
There now exist extensive shades
Of spreading branches,
And I sleep a luxurious slumber.

My eyes had a river,
A river that gurgled eroding the banks,
There now glimmer a star of sail.
We have to enkindle a candle across the bank,
Upon my lashes shines a smiling lamp,
Your name emerges upon my lips impulsively,
As if your eyes have made an omen
In the self of my inner existence.

Written By Qayyum Tahir

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Prayer In The Morn

O Mother Light!
Open thy breast,
Dispense to me all blessings
Sprung out of thy chest,
And sprinkle upon my grief-stricken,
Fire emitting eyes.
Come near to embrace me,
Nullify haziness enfolding
Me from all sides around.

Around my feet are chains
Of centuries of the desert journey,
In the breach from nonexistence
To the state of existence I remained alone.
All around me, on my soul and body,
Lays a heap of blunt swords of questions.
I resemble boiling poison, red hot copper,
My each moment is nothing
Except extending unbounded circles.
I am sand of the wilderness,
Flying all times orison to orison.

Come near to embrace me,
Enclose me from all sides
In the rings of thy milky arms
And soft hands,
Make me successful in the calamity
Of doubts conflicting
In the battlefield for "to be or not to be."

Hide my face amid thy pulsating breasts
Disclose what is hidden,
Divulge to me the mysteries,
Make my task easier,
Make my thoughts, my words
Remedies for all ages to come,
Impart me the secret of intelligence,
Make me know what is unknown,
And bestow me

The power to subjugate the Word.

Written by Dr. Sarwar Kamran
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Princess Resembles So

He said, "You are the princess,
Princess that God might have made,
Kneading, blending the seven colours,
Incarnated a form of brilliance.
If you cast a glance at someone,
Even the stone gets a tongue,
Opens the eyes steadily,
Pledges you to provide
Whatever you desire,
Whatever you think, it will give you
By selling its whole entity:
Body and soul.
Just make a motion, a gesture,
I will sacrifice the whole lot.
I desire to win you,
By loosing the game of love,
By surrendering the whole being,
If I go back my words,
May I not live this life the next minute,
May I not inhale the second breath."
He said, "You are the princess."
I am engrossed how princess looks alike.
Does she resemble me?
Yes; the princess bears resemblance
Such as I am.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Promise

It is for you that I arranged the words,
The words that were scattered like pearls,
But contained not pills and piths of meanings,
And I went over treading, trampling them,
Then all of sudden you came across
On the curvaceous serpentine path of life,
And your love imperceptibly began to scamper,
Through the channels of my veins,
In the form of substance like blood,
Making my whole being from top to toe,
Incarnation of love, and now I ascertain
You taught, trained me to garnish in strings,
The dispersed, detached gems,
And speak through the pen my paralysed passions,
Now you pulsate in every line and poetic phrase,
I know I can not go along with you,
On the curvaceous rocky route,
But I renovate my promise to embellish,
A string after a string for you, of metaphors and similes,
To capture all colours of love:
The most beautiful sentiment of the universe,
Complementing my own deranged being.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Prophecy

The Sun will die,
Before completing,
The period of imprisonment,
Making the night alone.

And the time,
In the rocking cradle,
One day, will sleep,
Will dissolve,
In slumber deep,
Whatever is to happen,
Shall happen at last.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Question

O God! You pulsate my heart:
An engine of the breathing machine,
That causes rhythm in the flow of red oil,
That circulates into the network of the tubes,
You strengthen my legs that push the body ahead,
To perform the tasks that commends my lust;
You supply the contents to grind, and strength to chew,
The belly digests and consumes with your consent,
You direct the waves of thoughts,
That stroll and sway like breeze in the mind,
The same waves also bring along a question,
"Why do I turn my back to the call,
That summons to Your ever unbolted door? "

Muhammad Shanazar

A Race

Thinking on the childish longings,
Makes me laugh and takes again,
To the golden age when I played,
With the boys of the same size and age,
All we often ran and raced,
To see the end of the ball of the Earth,
Or touch the bending horizon,
Too blue, too near, too clear,
And to attain crimson hue of twilight,
Ah! But returned,
Out of breath with empty hands.

When we played in the meadows green,
The wings of the Moon-soon winds,
Did bring on the plains of the Punjab,
Flocks of clouds thick and dark,
Drifted by shepherds with sticks unseen,
That seemed landing upon the pastures,
We ran and raced under or along,
To possess the lowering object in hands,
Ah! But returned,
Out of breath with empty hands.

Oh! My friends I have been convinced,
To the thought that the floating world,
Is made of vapour or condensed clouds,
For in the days of youth, grown up age,
I ran the race with the faster pace,
After the world but could not catch,
And brought me now to the brim of grave,
Ah! But out of breath with empty hands.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Recipe For Peace

Peace is though difficult
Yet not impossible to uphold,
All the kings of the states
Must remain self-concerned,
Without poking noses
Into the affairs of others,
Curbing cupidity
To expand the territories,
Subjugate the nations of the world,
Enforce the so-called personal visions,
And put the humanity
Into new-fangled trials.

All the weapons
Latest, conventional or primitive,
Precious or utterly worthless,
Nuclear or less potential
Made of common explosives,
Be spoiled,
Be thrown into the deep waters
Of the unexplored seas,
Wherefrom no devilish character
Could ransack them back.

When some is killed
Neither Hindu, nor Muslim,
Neither Christian nor Jew is killed,
But a man: a child of Adam and Eve,
The same red substance
Pours out of his injured ragged body,
And it pains me.

All the weapon producing units,
And the blood spattering gadgets:
The tanks and cannons,
Mortars or machines guns,
The armadas
With the squadrons of fighter-jets,
Submarines that navigate

Secretly chase the nautical targets,
Catapults and all the missiles launching frames,
Be thrown into furnaces
To be remodelled and redesigned
Into of the earth moving machinery,
Instead of the appliances
Colouring the Earth red.

All the medals or symbols
Of chivalry be taken back,
Combatants and men
With the crowned shoulders,
Who often move in the battle-fields
Puffed with the martial pride,
Imparting, rendering
No service to humanity
Be employed to plough the lands,
Plant the gardens,
Make the dams and reservoirs of water,
Feed the cattle and get them milked on time,
Engaged them
To perform some rewarding assignments.

Upon the earth,
There must not be a single
Blood-claiming weapon;
If men are incensed
And fight is unavoidable,
They must fight with knives and rapiers,
Swords and shields made of gossamer,
All the time heeding
Lest they should break;
And all inhabitants of the world
At least once a day must trim their nails,
Lest when they are indignant
And resentful should scratch
The skin of fellow beings or their own.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Refugee's Monologue

We were a family that lived in the valley,
Amid the houses wrapped in peace and serenity,
Whose structures took bath at every night,
In the glow of moon and stars, contentment overflowed
As fragrance brims over the walls
Of the rose garden on the wings of breeze,
And life went on with the smooth gait.

Then time encroached,
Men with uniform and big boots
Knocked at the doors of the dwellers,
Compelled us to vacate the valley,
Now we are in the refugees' camp
Pant between life and death
The distress of three million men,
Women and children makes me worried,
We spend nights sleepless.

Lo! U.N.O's vehicle comes with the contents of food,
They all rush to grab the opportunity,
They grapple on each appearance of bag of flour or sugar,
And spoil the matter by pouring down,
Lo! Who moves away proud of his achievement,
With a bag of flour on his shoulder.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Relief

We had a firm belief
That NATO certainly
Will give us a relief
In Drone attacks
By changing the tracks;
Just now a new
Policy has been announced
That Pakistan is to be pounced
Upon from the territory of Afghanistan,
Instead of from the region of Pakistan.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Reverie

(An Acrostic Tribute In Respect Of Saman Roy)

Sweet honeyed words slip
Adding to the enthralling charm of her
Mellowness, rarely bestowed to womankind
Animating the latent passive hearts:
Nourished, drunk the vintage cold.
Reverie of the ajar awakening eyes,
Officious, open-hearted and honest
Youthful, yet sagacious and coy.
Saman Roy, Saman Roy, Saman Roy

Muhammad Shanazar

A Reverie (2)

A path in the wilderness,
Laden with petals,
Adorned for us,
And we hail from a distant spot,
Engrossed in a dream,
Having hand in hand,
As fragrance moves on surface of the mirror,
As swift as wind moves on,
While heading to the valley abundant in flowers.

But my beloved companion!
There is no way to come out from the twirl of time
Nor buds are allowed,
To get themselves unsealed,
In the pain-laden wilderness of Time.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Ruined Wait

There exists only reflection
Of the same mirror,
My love and
Bewilderment of your lovers.
This bewilderment will exist
Till the mirror breaks,
Till the cord of life
Gets unleashed from our hands.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Rushing Tide

I mounted on the stake of love,
And forsook smiles and laughter;
Now my heart is open
Like unstitched wounds.
I ruined myself
For him who ran after flavours.
Odds of life made me
Tougher than earlier, now
I shall sweep the rubbish
For I have strength of a tempest,
I shall wash the deep-rooted spots
For now I have become a rushing tide.

Written By Sabina Riffat

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Shadow

Often I stood
At a corner of the street,
And waited for you,
Sometimes weaved
The texture of dream for tomorrow,
Sometimes dreaded by
Heartless realizations.
To stand and wait for you
Had become a habit,
Then a window used to open,
You called, beckoned me,
Waving your anchal
And I ran to you,
You used to convey something
With a pounding heart,
And I retreated listening you,
Then encasing in the heart a hope
For return of the same moment,
I used to get lost in the dale of slumber,
Which became the necessity of love.

Then the hands of Time,
Changed the spectacle,
Neither there was a window,
Nor the anchal,
It was only me and your companionship,
And worries of the children,
There were some dreams
Dangled between you and me,
The same dreams which led us
Through the pangs of illusions,
From each morn to each eve,
Then we had least time to love each other.

Months and years went by
In no span of time,
The same window opens even now,
There an anchal waves too,
But you do not stand there...nor I here,

The boy who standing on the stairs
Makes us worried,
Who makes you distressed,
Who troubles me too,
Is our own son,
In fact our own shadow.

Written by Ahmed Zahoor
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Sheet Of Shroud

A vast amphitheatre
Of snow extends beyond the sight,
Peaks behind peaks stretch
To the skyline, only unsullied
Whiteness is visible, as if
Bodies of mountains and hills,
Have swathed themselves,
Into a huge sheet of shroud.

Silences overflow in the region,
The birds and animals
Of the summer, have migrated
To the warmer side of the globe,
Before the chilly winds
Have wrapped the valley.
No song of a nightingale
Or a cuckoo is heard;
Except swish of the wind,
When it passes through
A narrow gorge or rumbles
Of the tumbling icebergs,
When they break and go
Tumbling down and crash
With muffled grumbles
In the bottom, or seldom
Bilateral tut-tut, tut-tut
Of machine guns,
Pointed at the rival troops
By the soldiers in icy trenches,
Or a shriek when someone
Is killed on either side.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Shoulder I Need

Need I nothing but a shoulder to prop,
To place upon my head, the tears to shed.
The tormenting existence, worries of life,
The cruel pangs of the heart are resolved,
To crumble, crush my soul, my existence.
And at these moment of plight you reside,
Far away in the distant, remote world.

Need I nothing but a shoulder to prop,
To place upon my head, the tears to shed.
I am agonized for I had been deprived of,
Nourishing, sustaining food love yesterday,
I am pained for loneliness stings me today.
I stand at the dismal spot helpless, forlorn,
Neither there is any comfort to rehabilitate,
The drab, deserted land, valley of the heart;
Nor anyone has remedy of my misfortunes.

Need I nothing but a shoulder to prop,
To place upon my head, the tears to shed.
No one has time to listen to the tales of miseries,
No eye possesses tears to mourn on my doom,
Those whom I loved more than my soul, my life,
Have lined up in the long row of the enemies,
Those whom I regarded my own averted the eyes.

Need I nothing but a shoulder to prop,
To place upon my head, the tears to shed.
I have concealed in eyelids my unloosened tears,
Whenever I get a chance, I shall bring along,
The lustrous gems to scatter at your feet,
While kissing with lips, caressing with cheeks.
Oh! Sweet my mild mother at present,
Need I nothing but a shoulder to prop,
To place upon my head, the tears to shed.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Song

(Written By Saleem Mirza Translated By Muhammad shanazar)

Awake lass!

Move around the spinning wheel,
The time will never come back again,
This spacious yard and home of yours,
And all your delicacies are borrowed,
Your youth and beauties are to decay.

Awake lass!

Move around the spinning wheel,
The time will never come back again,
Get rid of all misdeeds and profanities,
Fill your basket with scented flowers,
And add good acts in the scroll of deeds.

Awake lass!

Move around the spinning wheel,
The time will never come back again,
Adopt the straight path of piety,
Recall the name of True Master, Almighty
And complain not speaking blasphememes.

Awake lass!

Move around the spinning wheel,
The time will never come back again,
Be not proud of this breathing hut,
False it is to trust in the house of self,
On a certain day the roof will collapse.

Awake lass!

Move around the spinning wheel,
The time will never come back again.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Song By Jagdish Prakash

Since when you came,
The atmosphere became a galaxy,
The bud a panorama of roses,
The ambitions became young,
Poesy resumed spontaneity,
The sunshine blossomed on the boundary wall of the house,
Bauhinia began to bloom,
The feet got a thrill; the wind began to hum,
The heart beat sang its own melody,
The earth in ecstasy became sky,
Since when you came.

Kites began to soar on the roof,
Fragrance aroused in the patio of heart,
The anchals flew from the heads as lightening leaps,
As the clouds surround,
As the stream flows,
As a bird soars,
As jasmine blossoms,
Life became a tale of love,
The atmosphere became a galaxy,
Since when you came.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Song Of The Lost Generations

A swarm of the birds came down,
Passed by caressing water.
O age!
O age of the caravans!
In search of what you passed over
The waters of centuries,
The arriving and departing springs
Came and went off what for,
And what for the evening
Through spaces passed away
Sinking in blood; and we passed away
From our lives what for.

In persuasion of what the dew drops,
Settled on the trees,
After the leaves had fallen apart.
The dew fell upon the desert,
By and by but dissipated in an instant.
The life of stars,
The whole life of all objects,
Sank down into the tears.
A gust of breeze passed away,
But grappling,
Who knows where has gone the wind.

The volley of arrows,
Went through swishing, quivering,
From the bow, who knows whom for.
Which were the desires that broke us into pieces,
And who should tell whom,
Now who rests where.

O falling shower, Soaring birds!
O breaking stars!
O my search exhausted friends!
Where do you dwell call us aloud?
We are nameless astray boats,
In the bankless blue ocean.
O! The wind of shores take us along,

We are the diminishing marks
Of curiosity from the snow clad valleys.
O! Life take us along,
In the darkness of forests,
We are rustling sounds of the steps
Halting on the dried leaves.
O! Guiding light take us along,
We are hotness of the journey,
We are dust of the route,
We are the age but too precise,
We are alive for an instant...
O! Wind take us along.
Where have gone You God?
Take us along! Take us along!

Written by:

Dr. Swarwar Kamran

Translated by:

Muhammad Shaanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Spectacle At Loftiness

I stand here in the Pleasure-world,
There stretches all-around
A galaxy of spectacles,
And these spectacles bear
Prints of sights of those onlookers
Who have departed from here,
And now are dwellers
Of the world across the sky,
Wherefrom no one returns.
They have departed,
Imprinting on spectacles,
Their tales of being here;
I too have come here,
To write my own tale but where should
I inscribe my impressions,
All spectacles carry
The dust of eyesight of those
Who have travelled onward.
I long to become eternal
By signing with the eyesight
Such a virgin spectacle,
As it should not have caught earlier
The eyes of someone else.

Written By Akhtar Raza Saleemi

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Spectacle In The Twin Cities

In front of the Savours
Was placed a trash container
By the municipality,
The people came and went back
After having delicious meals
And some carried the shopping bags,
Well-packed packages of biryani,
Hustle bustle at the place revealed
We are a nation
As if born only to eat zesty meals
And have nothing worth-valuing to do
But fill the gluttonous belly
There across around the trash container,
Gathered well costumed women
And well-dressed children of the vicinity,
With wrapper and shopping bags
They were busy in sorting out
The remains of rice and half eaten bones
Of chicken legs and wings,
It was abominable to see them
Collecting the contents for their lunch,
Out of trash-container of the municipality,
They had pleasing appearances which meant,
They just had fallen below the poverty-line.

I don't narrate the aftermath
Or post-war conditions of the world war 1st or 2nd
Or consequence of the war fought against terrorism,
Or a state of far flung slums of the country
But a spectacle in the twin cities,
Of a street quite adjacent to the Murree Road,
Where a road over a road is being constructed,
With the cost of forty and five billions.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Strange Desire

I wish I could write a word,
Out of multitude of thousands,
That might raise my mettle,
And be recognized at the first glance.

The naughty hope whispering
Tells me time and again,
"Write, write and write more, "
Some one should tell me how long,
I should write for writing,
Made me half dead.

The disjoint, disordered, paralyzed,
The dumb, deaf and mute words,
Give no voice, no sound and no sense,
They neither unlock their lips,
Nor convey my inner self.

Oh! God;
Give me a word alive and spirited,
That should share my joys, my worries,
Laugh, joke, play and ply with me,
Open the door of mysteries,
And in my absence respond at,
My name is addressed by someone else.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Stranger In The City Of Spell

In the dusty mirrors of centuries,
Who are these murky shadowed people?
Someone should resolve,
To me what the reality of Time is,
And what is the reality of Death,
What is the existence of colours and sounds?
What is this grief,
And remembrance of the departed ones?
In the dusty mirrors of centuries
Who are these murky shadowed people?

What is this lobbing echoing jingle
Of infinity in the rimless dome?
If edging boundary of the desert is actuality,
What is a mirage of the middle of wilderness?
If these reveries are life,
What is reflection of the city of dream
Visible day and night
On the undulating waves of blood?
What is the rite of lands that forms
Isles of intimacy?
What is the anguish of compromise
On separation of hearts?
What is pacification beneath the waters
Of the dominant seerness of ego?

On the stairs of altering moments
What is deference of the earlier vows?
What the honey
Of being deceitful in truthfulness?
What is an argument what a justification is?
What is the mystery of desire to die down,
In pretext to be in the world?
Why is there a chaos what schematic order is?
Non-existent co-relates
To the encasing arms of existent, then
What is ascending and descending of the sun?
In longings for lamentation of yesterday,
What is the rash impatience

Of drumsticks in each channel
Of blood in delight of the new days?
Am I the ballet of blazing flame
Of belief and disbelief, passing tossing through
Millennium to millennium?
In this mysterious journey of strangeness,
In Relativities and fading away Realities,
Am I a silhouette of the crestfallen generations?

Written by:

Dr. Swarwar Kamran

Translated by:

Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Substitute

A spring came,
With no bud or flower,
Then the butterflies,
Stitched themselves,
On the points of thorns.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Tale Has So Many Modes

A Tale has so many modes,
Sometime smiles,
And sometime hums,
Sometime scares,
And sometime is scared;
It makes us weep,
It makes us laugh,
It erases and then makes us all,
The Tale helps us in annoyance,
I have a relation with it very old.

The Tale itself is Time,
She came today but was much troubled
And said to me,
"Friend! Sassi became decrepit
Amid the sands of deserts,
And your feet are perforated
With thousand of thorns,
And the very thorns have
Pierced your heart too, but you are
Still silent even today,
Death has stamped your fingers,
The lamp that you put on the palm,
Has been put out since long,
Only ashes remain behind,
Perhaps the traveler is lost
In the prison of the route,
That is why all over silences prevail
But the Tale comes every day,
To impart a new wound
In the bleeding heart.

Note: - Sassi is a character of a romantic folk tale.
By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Thought

Often at the clear starry nights,
Stand on the brim of calm lake,
Thinking, if your hand catches mine,
To plunge into the abyss of eternity
Never to merge up again,
It is hard yet sweet is a bargain.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Tinged Nation

We are a nation too gullible to suspect,
Deceived and tingled, time and again.
Experience imparts us no wisdom,
When we stumble, stones open not the eyes.

When the politicians approach
To canvass us to have the last chance,
To serve the problems-prone nation,
We cast ballots in favour of them;
Then they fade away from the scene,
The commodities disappear too from the market,
And we alone have to fight against the odds.

Prices have broken our necks,
The burden of loan has been laden on our backs,
We walk but with the bodies bent.

We make long queues in the sweltering hotness,
Often rip into rags the already tattered shirts,
When we fight for flour in front of the stores,
Adulterated commodities have poisoned our blood,
Frequent breakdowns
Have become fate of the down-trodden.

When I move through the streets, I come across,
The ghastly pale faces which were sanguine once,
The hopeful shining eyes lack luster,
As they are devoid of dreams,
And they stare into blankness of the spaces.

Cries pierce not ears of the sovereign characters,
Troubles of the masses shake not their hearts,
They are immersed into their own world,
Where miseries, troubles and pain get no entry,
They eat and drink, and secretly accumulate wealth
For grandsons of the grandsons, and plunder
The entrusted treasure with both of the hands,
And spend nights in hotels five-stars
Engaged stealthily in the nocturnal games.

Completing tenure of the years five or so,
They again revisit the swindled constituencies,
With lowering eyes, and polite demeanour,
To canvass the voters to grant them the last chance,
To serve the problems-prone nation,
And they again cast ballots in favour of them;
Because,
We are a nation too gullible to suspect,
Deceived and tingled, time and again.
Experience imparts us no wisdom,
When we stumble, stones open not the eyes.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Touch

My fingers,
Fondle through the hair of your chest
In such a way as the breeze blows,
Rustling singing through the woods,
Infusing drunkenness
In the network of all leaves of the grass,
Exposing with pride
The plight of her heart,
Humming, swaying and blushing,
Becoming a harbinger of the springs,
Addresses each leaf saying,
"Life is love, and the touch is expression of it,
Its body is total purity, and its
Gorgeous physique has pores in millions,
They enclose perfumes,
And wait for touch of fidelity
That should unbolt them all,
And your odorous bulk of body should speak out
All messages of un-smelt scents".

Written by Shazia Akbar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Treasure

Packed in an old trunk,
Beneath the worn-out garments,
And the torn pieces of paper,
Amid the charms and devices of spell,
In a rusty box of metal,
Beneath the fading photograph,
The coloured silky sari that lies
There with a red golden lace,
And glistening stars,
Is dearer than the soul,
For an unfortunate aged woman.

Written by Naina Adil
Translated by
Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Trial Of Strength

Hard, narrow and straight is the route,
Those who are un-backed fall headlong soon,
The devotees face slippery spot at each step,
And go through a trial of strength.
A thing slight may culminate taking up,
Or throw down into the dark bottom of abyss,
Where from if you are not brittle hearted,
Start climbing afresh, with zeal and zest,
Submitting your wills before the Mighty Consent.

A journey long of the distant land allowed me
To have a pause in front of a mosque,
Very small like a turned half globe,
With a minaret in centre of the top.
Divided was its roundity with raised streaks,
As they do divide the soft crust of a melon,
Some invisible masters had made a show of craft,
The trailing branches of roses were laden
With the flowers ever fresh and leaves ever green.

Then I went in and saw the saints four,
Discussing the errors, I had committed
Since I became a traveller of the arduous route.
Came down then I, in the basement I found
The damsels four, standing at the door,
In the dresses red, yellow, pink and blue,
And I was to pass through them unheeded.
When they attracted gesturing with the moves of eyes,
I engrossed in thoughts carnal,
Their sweet beauty cast irresistible spell,
And I forgot the purpose of the distant sojourn,
Ah! Lust rode on the back defeated me again.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Tribute

Quintessence of radiance in the days utter of dark,
Unparallel among the guides, fairly upto the mark,
An advocate with plenteous, bounteous sincerity,
Invincible, feared neither wolf's howl nor dog's bark.

Decent in manners, humble and modest in being,
Efficacious in thinking, alert and vigilant in seeing,
Adhesive to the mission, incarnated embodied truth,
Zeal and zest packed rider on the steed galloping.

An aspiring figure, to the secured harbour he rowed
Majestically steering the lopping ship, never bowed,
Malicious he was to none but clang to the just cause,
Undaunted he was and accomplished what he vowed.

Harmonious and integral he was in saying and deed,
Adroit and perfect guide he was in faith and creed,
Manly, steadfast, sagacious he was in his dealings,
Meticulous model he was on the hazy road to lead.

Adept he was who outwitted rivals with great skills,
Dignified who led safely through mounds and hills,
Admonished he the nation about the hidden traps,
Laudable, whom pay homage respect rivers and rills,

Incorruptible, whom from the hearts we all adore,
Jeopardizing his comforts, he brought us all ashore,
Indulgent, who never beguiled the trusting people,
Nullified he the opponents who succeeded no more,

Navigated, ransacked he the seas at an early age,
Apostle of faith, truth who broke the confining cage,
Humane, humble he was yet he won the homeland,
Muhammad Ali Jinnah written on history's each page,

Muhammad Shanazar

A Veteran Of The World War Ii

In my early days of childhood, I beheld a man,
He was in eighties with thin wobbly, shaky legs,
Slits slots were on his heels, broken were his boots.

Though they were dingy soiled yet he wore
A ragged shirt and old brown pants of army,
And he too wore one glassed frame of glasses.
He spoke to the street-kids with kind words,
But with quaking, quivering voice.
He always carried upon the bent structure of body,
A big bag hung on his shoulders behind,
Containing contents of the dotage.

He was expelled out from the house of his own,
By his sons, daughters and daughters-in-law,
And he roved, moved but not afar from the village.
When his belly beleaguered, harassed him,
He knocked at any door in front, in the street,
And fed it with the home-backed bread of charity
Soaking in water or pasting with the paste of chilies,
And he slept carefree in the mosque,
Or in summer under the trees in cool shades.

When he was in a good jolly, joking mood,
He used to tell us the Tale of Two Cities,
How the splendor was smashed shattered in seconds
How humanity went through cumbersome holocaust,
How he carried out his missions by hitting the targets,
How he lived in the trenches smelly with explosives,
How he was captured, encaged into the prisons of Japan,
While fighting for the crown and glory of Great Britain.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Visit To The Deserted House

Ah! The ties of the golden age have been razed,
Removed by the sharp double edged razor of time,
The whole period swings before my invisible eyes,
The memories spring up like impatient mushrooms,
Out of the heap of memories: undisturbed scrap.

I see the faint, faded image of my mother sitting,
Exhausted on the sill of the door, engrossed,
Absorbed in profound thoughts devising the device,
To encounter the reserved worries of tomorrow;

I see my father sitting on the cot, drowsing leaning,
Against the wall in the sweet sunshine of winter,
And sometime an abrupt snort jerks, awakes him.

I behold my uncle in one corner weaving baskets,
With the mulberry wet flexible sticks bending them,
And twisting, recollecting the strength of all muscles.

I see a few hens clucking in the mud-plastered yard,
Tempting, attracting the chicks to the scattered crumbs,
The baby goats dozing, nodding sluggishly in the sun,
The young fluffy soft dog woofing, growling, yapping,
At each extraneous and unconcerned disturbance.

I hear the chorus of muffled, miscellaneous sounds,
Of cattle while they were led to the green meadows,
And they passed through the street in unending train.

Who cast an evil wicked eye upon the pastoral land?
That pleasures and sweet joys are jailed, imprisoned,
Behind the bars of avarice, cupidity, self-indulgence,
And desertedness hums over the bloated corpse of life.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Wall Of Mist

There where the grey morns,
In the peaceful environs,
Wove the dream of lovely life,
At the same spot,
From the pleasant evening
To the molten night of pangs,
Your beloved delicacies talked to me
In such a tone as beyond the mountains,
The sun talks moment by moment,
To the beautiful waves of the sea.

There on the branch of felicitous heart,
Sparrows on the swings of fairies,
Heaving darts sometime short
And sometime long, tweeted the songs of love.
While listening to the tone of those songs,
From your pretty cheeks,
The caravans of flowers pilfered clours.
At the same spot where
At the night of lonesomeness,
Your exquisite looks sang
To my heart and soul the song of oneness,
And intoxicating wind,
Taking fragrance of the fresh roses,
Revealed glazy scriptures of the lasting love
On the beams of my body.
Then pinching countless cheerful perfumes,
You placed your glimmering hands upon mine,
You placed in front of you my festooned
Days and nights.

Now at the same spot my misery makes me weep
And I shed the tears of blood,
For in drowsiness I beheld a wall of mist
Between you and me,
And behind that wall,
From my bygone times to the shattered dream,
From my past hopes to the blossomed evenings,
The melancholic spectacles spread

In such away as the dressless trees in the autumn
Steal looks from one another.

From here to the farthest end,
My seeing eyes see no spectacle,
They on the branch of my insight,
Like a deserted temple are a continuity
Of moments with no history.
What to talk about a beam of light
From the brilliant foreheads
Of the sun and the moon,
When these eyes do not get even
A grain of a shooting star.
Only whereto the sight goes,
Thereto inhabited is the world of helplessness,
And at the same spot, behind the wall of mist
Is settled the world of my desire.

Written by Ronaq Hayat
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Warning

Take care of your eyes,
For there remain many calamities yet behind,
Dreams remain yet behind,
Chill of the season has stung the roses,
Outside the boundary of words and meanings.

Take care of your eyes,
For that each encroaching moment will be
A herald of the doomsday.
Take care of your eyes,
For these dreams are the only assets of life.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

A Way To Homage (A Message For The Pakistani Nation)

The fairest land whereupon we move,
Our children pace with out iron-bands,
Free with priceless blessing of liberty,
Contains beneath crust of soft surface,
Pure blood of the reverend ancestors,
Cries of the innocents, sacrificing sisters,
The cold sighs of the bland mothers,
Who beheld spectacles heartrending,
Their sons were stifled, slaughtered,
And perforated the chests of husbands.
They saw welling out the bleeding hearts,
And shawls of daughters torn to rags;
But determined they to make us secure,
Entrusting us the beauteous motherland,
Enriched with plentiful bounteous blessings.

To pay homage for the deeds dignified,
Let us beautify the land more and more,
By planting roses, scattering coloured petals,
Making the paths fragrant and perfumed,
Where upon we find the sacred foot prints,
Of fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters,
Their souls might only rest in peace,
When we live with love and tolerance,
Making the place safe and worth living,
By joining hands with the countrymen,
Irrespective to caste, creed and colour.

Muhammad Shanazar

A Whisper

One rainy morning in the month of August,
To collect the scattered scraps of sustenance,
Went I out as birds leave the nests,
Disperse to find a chance and luck,
Left behind I alright everything,
Nothing ill I smelt at those moments,
And no doubt excessively happy I was,
For the reasons unapparent as sometimes,
Happiness springs up by own accord.

One reaching the destination someone,
Informed me a thing woeful,
" Your Eden is crushed along with the lives ten"
With no loss of time, I hastened to return,
With flowing tears and suppressing sighs.
Prayed to God" May it be untrue."
Ah! But bad news seldom turns good.
All the stages in the four decades,
The moments I was lulled asleep,
The soft lap where sustained I was,
And clad by the sacred hands,
Oscillating cradle made of sack,
Gentle caresses, embraces affectionate
The remote, distant time of past,
Dream like swam in front of the fountains,
Where from trickles the sacred water,
That relieves pang of the aching hearts.

When alighted beside the peace-yard,
Saw briskly the diggers busy in making,
The strongest home where man rests,
After tiresome toil of sufferings.
Then faith in the confounded mind,
Was strengthened by a whisper revealing,
" Vehemently chase the moments of plight
Short living hours of solace and delight"

Muhammad Shanazar

Abstract Images

Blood and bones of fifty bodies,
Laid mixed and mingled,
Legs here arms there
Of men: young and old,
Shreds scattered all around,
Skulls laid asunder
As if melons on the farm,
Over-ripe and flattened,
The stems lay with ragged bellies
And with no extremities,
Brains splattered on the walls,
Red-essence splashed
As if a skilled artist sketched,
A piece of abstract images.
Yesterday indiscriminate scrap
Of human bodies was consigned
To the collective grave.

Mr. America has planned today,
For peace and prosperity,
And well-being of humanity,
To launch more Drone Attacks,
On troubled pole of the world.

Muhammad Shanazar

Achievement

It was his habit to say,
"I had only thought of you,
And loved you since centuries,
Then became successful
In getting you,
No one is more beautiful than you my love,
If the moon has a glimpse of you,
No doubt he will become jealous,
You are brightness of the red rose,
Fragrance has an urge to touch you,
Each moment is in ecstatic sway,
The sun steals luminosity from you,
The touch of your lips makes the word a matter,
You may turn instantly the victory into a defeat,
I shall never uncatch you,
No rivals will have the right to get your favours,
Whenever you detach, I shall die at the spot."
But it was all that he used to say,
And he is not saying at present,
Who knows there exists a century
Between "was" and "is".

Muhammad Shanazar

Acquaintance Of The Wretched

No one is benefited,
From acquaintance of the wretched,
Just like a vine as if
One trails upon the acacia tree
And gets each bunch of grapes
Wounded.

By Mian Muhammad Translation by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

After Seeing You

I was acquainted
With light earlier too,
But when I beheld
The radiance of your eyes
I felt as if
I was abased in front of the sun.
I lowered my eyes
And lashes were shut,
At that moment
Your reflection scattered on my countenance.
I was acquainted
With perfumes earlier too,
But when your aroma of breaths
Went through
Each pore of my existence,
You revealed the secret;
What is the origin of fragrance of flowers?
What the magic is,
And what is fragrance itself?
I was aware of
Each and every thing that pertains to tactile,
But when I held the hem of your robe,
I felt as if
I was thawing into honey,
As if I was being boozed,
Cheerfulness danced all around,
I had never gone through
Such a sense of self-abnegation.
I had been the victim of segregation,
For the time long
Now aloofness has become
A habit of the heart.
When our eyes mutually met,
I could then bother
Neither pangs of separation
Nor observe the etiquettes of patience,
Now my heart insists time and again,
"I shall die without you
As if life has become a punishment."

O! My dear love,
The pangs of separation you imparted,
Made me understand,
Though I was well acquainted
With the agony of aloofness,
Yet I never went through the anguish of death.

Written by Saamee Aejaz Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

After The Tempest

The night encroached knocking the door,
And when the bolt unbolted, the sound mixed
Into bawl of the distant dogs.
The sun dove,
Then from behind a twig of an olive,
I began to gawk to the lake;
The laughing huddled lotus,
Were whispering to one another;
The air rounded headlong,
The night stared at the long shadow
Of the thick tall tree;
I returned to the room,
Sighs of the night, sprawled on my bed,
Mixed merged into my sensation;
And the glassy-crums
That escaped from hands of the night,
I collected them all,
To compose this poem.

Muhammad Shanazar

After You Had Gone

Only a little happened
At last
After you had gone,
Love, fondness, faith and trust,
Erased themselves
From the pages of dictionary
Of my life, in such a way
As they never had been there.

Written by Saamee Aejaaz Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Alien Eyes

He in whose name I breathed,
Whose name remained on my lips,
He crept in such a way as that each
Recess of my being became fragrant.
I wrote his name on the palm in Henna,
But he met me today in such a manner
As with alien eyes on his face.

Muhammad Shanazar

Alien Moments

The days are backward,
The nights are disrupted,
A dialogue of centuries occurs
In the union of moments,
A procession of memories
Descend on the threshold,
The universe is lost
On the track of incidents,
The turban of circumstance
Is on the head of life,
Turmoil of breath
Is on the entrance of life,
Documents of night are scattered
On the table of silences,
The ominous shadows are perching
On the windows,
Strange are the scenes,
Anomalous are the airs,
The steps are faltering,
The winds are wobbling,
These all portend
Something will happen,
Perhaps the spectacle will change,
If it doesn't happen so,
Then time may go on,
Someone should to this night impart,
Whenever it is about to depart,
It should proceed knocking my shut door,
So that I should go
Farther and farther away,
Holding the finger
Of the approaching day.

Written by Jagdish Prakash (India)

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar (Pakistan)

Muhammad Shanazar

Ambitions

O! What has happened to you?
What are you doing?
Pay heed to my urge,
I have to do yet a lot of work,
I have to wed my daughters yet,
I have to see my sons as bride-grooms,
I have to send my mother on Haj,
I have to get built my house yet,
Why is there too hurriedness?
O! Friends,
Make them understand, for I crave,
Lift up sills from my grave.

Written by
Sheraz Akhtar Mughal
Translated by
Mhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Amending Fate

Though inevitable are the writings,
Of fate, of divine moving hands,
Yet wishful efforts, tears of sincerity,
Heaving of burning serious sighs,
And mere a look of a saintly man,
May make mild Prudent Authority,
Who knows well the end,
And when and where is to amend.

Muhammad Shanazar

Amid The Winds Of December

(On The Departure of December,2008)

December departs from us,
But is unwilling to depart,
The winds blow,
They shed; they blow the yellow leaves,
And they waft with the gusts
As if weightless, straightness,
And sightless too.

The blows drive them to and fro,
Now they move ahead, then they stop,
As if they stop to relax or look behind
With wonder and coyness,
To Nature undressing like a nude,
Uncovering, exposing a bitter reality:
Pleasing to the lascivious hearts,
But pungent to the ascetics.

They are reluctant,
Hesitant in stepping ahead
As if they are imagining
That the known world is sweeter
Than that of the unknown,
Whether wrapped in the shroud of doubts,
Or in the silky sheets of faith.

They whisper in rustling sounds,
To one another,
As if they discern the secrets of
Mortality and immortality,
Finity and infinity,
Certainty and uncertainty;
But amid the winds of December,
Man stands all alone with murky thoughts,
On the bare rock of the world,
Indifferent, unconcerned to the change,
With ever increasing craze
And fear of future,

Heaping around Himself
The piles of wealth, the mounds of weapons.

Muhammad Shanazar

An Address To The Cloud

(Being influence by Magh Daut of Kali Daas)

O! Cloud where you have hailed from and where you will soar to,
Tell me whether you will ever come near me,
You dwell sometimes in the sky and sometimes on the mountains,
You change yourself into thousands of characters,
Now you seem to be a dervish, and then intoxicated, drunk,
You become rosy by dissolving into twilight,
Now a lonesome woman wrapped in the veil,
Then like adolescence lost on the route of life,
Or like a symphony dispersed on the shoulders of breeze,
Or like a mile of blossomed light amid the valleys,
Or like extended arms of the gorgeous damsel,
Or like depressed eyes of an aged being.

Today I share with you a secret
That floats in the pulsating heart,
I plead when you rise from Anderpuri,
Suggest for me some pleasant journey,
Where I may find a new world of roses,
And a swarm of swans along the banks of a lake,
At least someone should come to realize my dream,
And fulfill the timeworn promises,
Someone should propose to lose together in silences,
To sleep in the tent of soft clouds,
Where there loyalties reign in the eye-sights,
Where hearts palpitate with excessive love,
Where should blossom the colours of rainbow on the beloved friend,
And from the delicate movements spills wine,
We wish too, to nestle in the hem of air,
And rise in the sky becoming dark clouds,
But you did not heed to my appeal,
You did not say me anything, nor did you touch me with damp fingers,
You left for the alien land along with Kinnars,
Pledging that you would return one day along with winds.

But who know how many how many saawan have passed away,
Sedge along the banks of my river has withered,
I have heard you rained well on the alien lands,

But my home could not get a moment of your love,
Neither did my heart elate, nor did burn the lamps of union,
Neither did come across any friend, nor did get any confidant, nor pain sharing
partner,
Even today I am hopeful,
That you will bring along cool winds,
I have a lot of queries for the wishes,
And wait for your pledged return.

Lest the river of life should remain thirty,
Lest the season of my thought should go ahead gasping,
Come to my village just for a few moments,
For a while drizzle on the path of my house,
Then who knows whether I shall be there anymore,
Who knows whether I shall reveal secret to you or not,
Be not ashamed when wanderlust will torment you,
Visit my abode holding finger of my thought.
O! Cloud where you have hailed from and where you will soar to.

Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

An Ambition By Jagdish Prakash

Late at that night,
She came at my door,
I could not behold her,
She spoke something with a voice subdued,
What she spoke I cannot recall,
I only remember she came to entrust me,
For she had something in her hands,
Which I could not see.

Sometimes it happens so,
We listen not what we do not intend to listen,
We see not what we do not intend to see,
But long ago a feeling aroused in my mind
To be entrusted by her something,
That was why my Daman spread by itself,
But before I could take something,
She went back all silent,
And I came back to my bed,
Silent and nervous too.

Muhammad Shanazar

An Annoyed Day, A Dishevelled Night

An annoyed day,
A dishevelled night,
A silent moment
Smouldering!
The passing caravan of memories of yesterday,
Panting beside the mile stones,
The head smashing wind against walls of the house,
Silent sunlight creeping to the yards,
Hushed spaces confined into the close rooms,
A lonely bird fluttering in the branches,
Against branches of the neem astray wind brushed swaying,
No movement is in the windows,
No sound of silence is on the floor,
It seems as if the wind is about to change its abode passing through the channels
of breath.

Amid grey city of the evening,
Gait of the sunlight has begun to stagger,
Shadows on the walls have begun to quake;
Ah! The night has approached shaking the curtains of thoughts,
Sad and dishevelled.

An annoyed day,
A dishevelled night,
Moments descended and lost themselves into the cave of Time,
Where already have sunk many astray caravans of the centuries.

Written by Jagdish Prakash Translated by Muhammad Shanazar
Muhammad Shanazar

An Astrologer

He sat beside the road,
And was busy in telling the people,
What fates have been ordained,
I impulsively stopped beside him,
And inquired,
"What fortune is your own,
Do you know? "
He became distressed,
Then he composed himself
And responded,
"Lo! How deep is creased
The line of swindling at my palm."

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

An Effort

Written By Sughra Sadaf

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

The moon your face,
The night your locks,
Your eyes the ocean,
Your voice the spell
Your breath the fragrance,
I have regarded.
Lo! What a kind of wonder
I have performed.

Muhammad Shanazar

An Elegy

(Attributed to Faiz Ahmed Faiz)

O! Faiz, my reverend poet,
What have you done,
While departing to the world of eternity,
You chose nothing
But an unstitched costume.

We were there
And our eyes too were kneaded in tears,
We were there
Our breaths too were fastened with the sighs,
We were there
Our lamenting lips were overspread
With yellowness of the bloomed mustard.

In the mournful hearts
There were several seasons,
Reflecting in the grieved mirrors,
But you chose nothing except a candle of condolence.
Now tell me
Lamenting remains that have left behind
Whose eyes will gather?
Whose lashes will compose?

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

An Elegy Of A Sinking Boat

Bankless are the spaces,
Winds are harsh,
As if portend some storm,
Or thunder and lightning;
A bomb has exploded
In a car that has just passed
In front of me, smoke
Wraps from all sides around,
It seems as if
The burning sky is shatters it shards.

An anonymous child
Sits beside an unidentified corpse,
His wide open eyes give expression
To an unknown horror.
They don't have tears, but a dark blankness,
Clouds thunder, rain may pour down
And dissipate smell of explosives.

Uproar of the people is increasing,
Police van has reached at the spot,
Blood splattered
On the road has begun to coagulate.
Perhaps a mark of blood on the black road
Is an identity of the innocent.
Rainwater will wash the road erasing
Even the last smudges of his virtuousness.

All atmospheres is gloomy,
Only smiles there a poster of cinema,
And the child has shrunk in its shadow,
Turmoil has increased in the flowing river,
The sails of boat have torn to pieces,
The blast has broken the boats
They are now sinking down,
By and by silences prevail, and helpless
Innocence of that child laments
On the sinking boats.

Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

An Empty Basket

Alongside the path a man very old
At half rate fresh oranges he sold
In the dim light of an electric pole
For he wished to sell the stuff whole.

At the midnight he sat with a hope
Beside the brimming basket to cope
With the domestic needs of future
To smash, break an ensnaring rope
Of misfortune but no one came by
While he made a silent unheard cry.

In the morn when the sun rose bright,
To reveal the spot of fear and fright,
The vendor lay prostrate motionless,
Ah! The basket was empty at the sight.

Muhammad Shanazar

An Engrossed Mother

Pitch dark is the spectrum of night,
In the lawn, at the door,
And on the boundary wall
Tyranny is a sentinel.
When the winds blow swishingly,
Worn out windows
Begin to weep and wail and at moment
When a tiny glow-worm begins to glow,
Since years door-clung sighing mother,
Recalls the memories of her son,
Years ago went on to combat for the king
In search of ephemeral victory,
Whose taste vanishes before it is cherished.
Her rosy-red perturbed eyes,
Incarnate the scattered agony,
She speaks,
Ambiguous words with the withering lips;
The story of defeat and exodus is inscribed
On the lines of her cold-stunned hands,
She looks engrossed into the vacancy
And becomes attentive
On each rustle of the wind.

Muhammad Shanazar

An Epistle Of Love

When you had been with me,
Waterfalls sprouted,
From the frozen mountains,
And they spread in the valleys,
On the dormant grasslands,
The stubborn winds sprawled
Their feet on the velvety carpet of dew
And amphitheater of passions
Was wrapped in the concert of fragrances.

Since you have gone apart,
Thousands of waterfalls, all of sudden
Have begun to flow through veins
Of speckled body: Thirsty wilderness.

Since you have gone to the alien land,
All cascades have contracted
To the rocky mountain of my mind,
And winds faraway in the sky
Have been embellishing your name,
All of sudden there have scattered
Abruptly thousands of roses,
On the faded sheet of passions.

Anonymous rustling sounds clinging
On the curtains of my silent room,
Question me about the past conversation
With the crickets and cadence
Of some acquainted voice
Which has faded away amid the chinks
Of shut windows touching, plying
With scattered neem-fruit in the yard,
Then there remains behind nothing,
Even to the farthest end... nothing
The moon has lost itself
In the moisty islands of eyes, where haunting
Strands of Hamant remains echoing,
And in the half opened windows.
When did the sun show up,

Upon the tiny drops of sweat?
I know not.

Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

An Experience

How sometimes strange demands emerge,
In the curious mind, and heart urges,
To explore unknown curtained truth.

I urged once to taste the flavour of death,
And did realize a horrible experience.
I died in dream, Ah! What did I feel?
Darkness all around, thick and black,
Much darker than the blackest paint,
Encompassing the surrounding zones.

Inexpressible heavy weight as one feels,
When placed under the stony rocks.
Neither could I speak nor move a slight.
The heavy limbs with suspended strength;
But could hear the tips of slippers,
Or the children's voices out at play.
This lasted as long one counts ten,
With moderate speed like ticking sound.

When it broke each joint of bones,
Was perspiring, the forehead was moisty pale,
And felt I too loathsome exhaustion,
To move the fleshy bones the whole day.

Muhammad Shanazar

An Iceland

A piece of the sky
Under which is a small piece of land,
Where exists a tiny house,
Which is mine,
And it remained of us all!

At summer night beneath the branches of peepal tree,
When we sat on the cot
With extended feet
And searched for the abodes of Mars and Mercury,
In the sapphires studded starry sky,
My mother narrated a tale of an iceland
Whereupon a battered boat of a sailor
Trapped in the cyclone drifted to margin,
And on that day the sailor was lonesome on the Iceland surrounded by waters,
All around were ceaseless expanses of the deep saddened sea,
Only wrathful winds swished,
There were the sea and silences with no sign of humanity.

There had been times,
When your eyes bore the signs of impatience for my return,
And you received me on the threshold before hearing the soft sound of steps,
And wiped streaks of sweat from my forehead,
With your orange coloured anchal,
Pleasing smell of curtains made of sedge still wafts around the gloomy doors.

Clinging to me at wintry nights,
You gifted me a sense of pleasing sunlight,
You entrusted dreams to my eyes of delicate butterflies
Who on the cadence of breaking angraies
Summoned me caressing my lashes.
From the interior of my castle of dreams,
Even today I listen to the silvery chinks of your voice singing the folk tale of
Heer.

But now
There is no aroma of steam hovering over the cup of tea,
Nor appetizing odour of fried garlic
I do not know

Why there is no insistence to eat one loaf more.

Pretty butterflies of my dreams grew young and flew away,
Winds smashing against doors are shattering to pieces,
And the chinks of your silvery voice
Are latent asleep in the street behind.

Where are
Those rooms bathing in the shine of smiles,
Roaming laughter in the house,
Musical beats of joy,
The birds of longings,
Glowworms of passions,
All have hidden themselves behind
The extended bushes in the valley of life.

Life now roams around the screen of TV
Like the serial of nine o'clock,
Now the grey sheet of cold bed does not get any crease.

I feel myself like a lonesome sailor of that tale,
Lying forlorn on the iceland where nothing is around,
But deep waters of the sea,
And there sleeps a lonely Sky
Over the top-tassels of the coconut tree,
The wind has halted Her movements,
And I alone on the plain of iceland
Feel as if I myself have become iceland itself.

Muhammad Shanazar

An Imprisoned Fiction

The dreams and the roses,
The tears and the rivers,
The air and the waters,
All have mingled with one another.
It seems,
As if in the valley of my heart,
Beauteous dream has awakened,
The fiction flutters to be evoked,
The same fiction which since long,
Had been imprisoned,
Amid the lofty walls of thoughts.

Muhammad Shanazar

An Incentive

Alas! Some strange dream,
In their colourless lives,
Should raise such a tempest,
As your love,
Fused into my blood,
And keeps me in fervour,
Enkindles my heart,
Places my entire self in commotion,
Provides me with the cause to live,
And titivates my face like a moon.

Written by Sabina Riffat
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

An Ode To The Detached Leaves

Ah! The blows of autumnal wind,
Cold and callous, have encroached at last,
They have made the leaves their victims.

Look! they fall like drops of rain,
Bearing no strength of their own.
They move with the gushes of wind,
Without their own consent,
They oscillate on the wings of some invisible agents,
Who possess the secret powers,
To dispose what one proposes.

I recall once they were attached hard,
To the branches and boughs of the shadowy trees;
And sap ran into their veins,
As blood runs into the human network;
And they fluttered resisting each coldhearted gust.
They were resolute to go through each ebb and flow,
Establishing firm relations to the nourishing limbs.
And Mother Nature came stealthily to give them wash,
At the moonlit nights with the drops of dew.
While they fluttered, they produced symphony,
Unknown even to the ancient master musicians;
And they whispered in mysterious sounds,
Only understood by the cuckoos or nightingales:
The singers and agents of the feral world.

Now they rustle with each move of the autumnal gusts,
Or crackle under the feet like too crispy dried petals;
And some float on the stagnant water with green surface.

Ah! 21st century is the dawn of autumnal winds,
The blows and fatal gusts have diverted the civilizations,
And they now move on the tracks of conflicts,
Human beings fall like leaves, waft along the blows,
Detaching themselves from the nourishing boughs
And shadowy branches of faith, love and tolerance.

An Old Belief

I shall write on my palm,
In the colour of henna
The same old belief
"Whatever it happens,
Men are never faithful."

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

An Unfinished Poem

The only song that is attributed to you,
And the words that create your images,
Enchant me.

The only colour,
That you opt to be clad in, on a certain day,
Enthralls me.

Only those scenes,
Which your eyes have cast a gaze upon;
Captivate my eyes.

Only the flowers,
That beam because of you,
And steal scent of your lips,
Fascinate my eyes.

If you smile, smile the ages;
These stars, moon and skies,
Flowers, colours and seasons,
Fragrance, and the throbbing heart,
And all sights sway in rapture,
Because of you.

My words too,
Formed in verses begin to flow,
In numbers, because of you.

Oh! My beloved: my life, my soul,
How long I should praise you,
For I confess, I am too deficient to reckon,
Your sweet dimensions,
In words and in images,
In metaphors and similes.

Muhammad Shanazar

An Unpardonable Crime

Strange is the justification
To launch a war,
Against the innocent
Against the weaponless.
Strange is the confrontation,
A shell or a missile.
Or a Daisy Cutter against a stone.
Pretended war has at the back,
The intention to reserve,
The reserves of the world,
For descendants of the Launchers.

Lands are being occupied,
The oil-wells are being usurped,
The rights are being snatched,
Multitude of homeless is being enhanced,
Hunger is being sponsored,
Smiles and laughter are being stolen,
The son are being slaughtered,
The brothers are being murdered,
The husbands are being smashed,
The properties are being damaged,
The blackened airs are to inhale,
Fire, smoke, and fume are ready to consume,
The human existence on the earth,
To the verge of extinction.

O! The leading heads,
Chase not the personal wellbeing,
Be aware of the fact,
We all are brothers and sisters,
Children of the same parents,
Though the colours of skin are different,
Yet in the networks of our bodies,
The same red substance flows.

War is an unpardonable crime,
A crime against humanity,
A crime against descendents,

A crime against God,
Though it is fought in pretension of peace.

Muhammad Shanazar

An Urge

Why does my hair grow gray,
Many at the night, more at the day?
Oh age! Advance not, stop your pace,
Heart urges for more months of May.

Muhammad Shanazar

An Urge Of A Wave

A perturbed wave of the ocean,
Stroke against rocks smashing herself,
Beat her head ashore erasing the prints,
Of hopes from the sandy beach, and turned
Into rubble the castles of dreams.

Who says restless demolishing wave,
Was a rival to hopes or fleeting dreams;
She surged up only to be incarnated,
Out of the tyrannous confinement,
In the form of compact visible reality.

The same wave once at the moon lit night,
Plunged into my heart: the ocean deeper than
The Pacific, Atlantic or the Arabian Sea.
But often she now breaks confining beach,
And assumes the form of a concrete entity,
Incarnated with the captivating smile,
Wearing the borrowed cloak of poetry,
Enthralling hearts and maddening minds.

Muhammad Shanazar

An Urge Of Construction

! Friends,
Since when my little house
Has been constructed,
Who knows how many
Taj Mahal in my eyes,
Have been demolished.

Written by Tariq Iqbal
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Another Poem Between Me And My Poem

In the yellow muddled morn,
After waking up from the green sleep,
I think to place the bowl of dreams,
At the threshold of the sun

The day breaks,
Then I leave the bed recollecting the courage,
To pull up the stone of day,
On the top of evening,
And fill up the lunch-box,
With a hope to accomplish,
All that is necessary but half-done duties,
As soon as I step out the threshold,
I and my route go somewhere else asunder

Stray sightedness of the noon,
In silences of the streets,
Now at the road-crosses,
Then in silence-assumed,
Horrified drab houses enfolded,
With ragged, sharp edges bricks,
Squeezed within their own selves,
Dazzled with shine of some impossibility
From all directions.

The black moments, from head to toe,
Chain the heart with some nameless fear,
While walking onward,
The route vanishes itself,
Then I go somewhere else,
And thoughts go astray somewhere else

The evening devoid of stars,
Honked by the troops of darkness,
From all directions,
Force it to the canopy of my heart;
Terror of lances, daggers, swords, shields
Blow out the glow of eyes as harsh wind does
In darkness a hand cannot feel the other,

One horrifies oneself,
Pulsation breaks from the heart,
And becomes a frozen drop of blood.
In such frozen darkness a collection of words,
Stringed on the cord of pain shatters,
I go somewhere else,
Lines of the poem go astray somewhere else.

Between me and my poem,
The lonesomeness sinking in the marshes,
Of day and night,
In the abyss of my inner self,
Fragrance sprouting from the tree of pang,
Doesn't get the passage,
And enters through the arches of my chest

A breath comes and the other goes,
And to this chain of breaths,
Your fragrance perfumes with the gusts of pain
Adorns loneliness with gems of dew,
Those hang on the lashes,
Then strikes a stone of the yellow morn,
Upon my torso through the windows,
Of green sleep,
In such a way as I roll down somewhere else,
The poem goes astray somewhere else.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Another Poem Of Love

If my trouble becomes yours
Each trouble may turn into an ease;
If my heart and yours
Both of the hearts adjoin,
They may create an ideal home;
So both my pain and yours,
May bring into residence
A lot of pleasures.

Muhammad Shanazar

Another Year

Another year has come who knows where from,
And what stock has it brought,
A few pleasures but a heap of sorrows,
A network of troubles, fluctuations of hope.
Right! Ask Time what tidings It has brought,
Whether we may get a little pure water,
Clean air and a dream-house
In a beloved village of emotions.
We may get these all but how should I find the route,
And whom should I ask for to show the path,
Some say a few steps afar is the destination,
Some misinform. If my heart beats gruffly
And then halts where I should repose.
Why shouldn't I standing on the roof, early in the morn
Write with finger on the blue heart of the sky,
"O! Great God, Graceful God,
You are the Great Spirit ruling the Cosmos
And both of the worlds, here and hereafter,
You are The First and the Last,
Everything is to perish, but You are to remain behind,
With your Grace and superfluous Kindness,
Now support them all who are about to tumble."

Written By Sumaira Baqra
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Apprehensions

Silence prevails
In each wire of my soul,
Pangs of separations upsurge;
While seeing you my love,
In each fiber of my body and soul,
Green, ripe and half dreamt dreams become fragrant,
So many buds of patience blossom,
In the seasons of my soul!
Silence prevails
When I depart from you my love,
Silence prevails.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Arrival Of The Dawn-1

The head-bent moments amid clippings of the old newspapers,
And a sound of whispering lizards clinging with beams of the roof,
Crowing cymbals of crows sitting on the edges,
Dreadful shadows of the past events,
Eruptions of inhabited huts in the city,
Bitter clouds of smoke rising from the chimneys,
Are attributed to the sky.

The horrified morning opens its eyes
In the same environment,
Just like an abortive child,
From the womb of an unmarried mother,
On the heap of trash.

Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Arrival Of The Dawn-2

The firmament yawned by extending its limbs,
Then opened its eyes,
And having militia of light
Shook hand with the Chief of sky,
And then advancing ahead
On the slums spread on the chest of city,
Re-descends to reform
Ugly shadows on the sewerages.

Muhammad Shanazar

At Last You Departed

Oh! Friend for you supported my hand,
My deserted heart became a fairy-land.

I accompanied and went along with you,
Covering the distances on the hot sand.

I felt your presence like rosy fragrance,
Your subtle touch made my soul grand.

I adored you in the temple of my heart,
And placed you where deities did stand.

Ah! At last you departed like a dream,
Breaking the bond and linking strand.

Muhammad Shanazar

At The Night Of Load-Shedding

The light went out as usual,
The darkness harassed me,
I beheld in my own room,
A ghost-like image as we often see,
In the English horror movies,
Hair disheveled, teeth projected
Like the mini tusks,
The hands with inward curved nails,
Ugly like the front paws of chimpanzee,
The feet twisted backward,
The devilish horns on the head;
Horror increased and increased,
I uttered a muffled shriek,
The ghost leapt towards me, and said,
"Father! Have you seen a nightmare?
I woke to have a glass of water."
It was my youngest daughter,
The fairest one among my children,
The load-shedding made her a ghost.

Muhammad Shanazar

Azra

(A heartiest tribute of Sarwar Sultan to his deceased wife who a year after also passed away; the poem has been translated by Muhammad Shanazar)

It was December, she and I,
December has come again,
Who knows how many December
Will come and depart,
She can not come back
And I can not die yet.

It was December when I took her
On the fog-wrapped rocks,
It was December when I took her
On the bank of a blue lake,
It was December when I took her
On the high mountains
Amid the tall palm trees,
And it was December when I took her
On the bank of a rushing river.

Whatever the season is,
She always accompanies me,
I know not where to fragrance
Of her soared,
All of sudden on one day,
She went to where she had hailed from,
She can not come back,
And I can not die yet,
Now December becomes a wound
And spring imparts to it a tormenting pain.

Muhammad Shanazar

Barack Hussain Obama (An Acrostic Panegyric)

This piece of composition is in the praise of Barack Hussain Obama newly elected president of U.S.A.; the present time calls forth Barack Hussain Obama for greater courage and precision to face the challenges to fetch out humanity from the quagmire of confusion. It was my ardent desire that I should read out this piece of homage in front of the huge gathering on the occasion of his oath celebrations but for me it is merely a vain longing therefore I present it for general reading.

Barack Hussain Obama (An Acrostic Panegyric)

Black beauty a gleam with beams,
Audacious advocate with capacious brain,
Relentful representative of the West,
Adroit, harbinger of good tidings,
Courageous, chivalrous and gallant from the heart,
Kindhearted, and compassionate to the grieved.

Harmonious in intents, thoughts and actions,
Undisguised, uniformed in outer and inner-self,
Scrupulous: seeks guidance from the celestial laws,
Saviour: he is to rescue the world out of the conflicts,
Auspicious whom history has sought for years,
Illuminated with the spirit to serve the downtrodden,
Nobility all wrapped, incarnated in human grandeur.

Onerous captain deemed to steer the ship with
Beacons of hope through the region of confusions;
Astute orator, heals he cuts with the balm of words,
Meticulous, cautious he is in decision making,
Adorable equally in the West and in the East too.
Barack Hussain Obama

By
Muhammad Shanazar
From Pakistan
shanazar@

Bargain Of Loss

When at late hours,
The dark night wanes,
Silence prevails all around,
The stars shine,
Clear like precious gems,
Emitting out,
The light compressed.

When the wind blows,
Cool, gentle and soft,
The world enjoys sleep,
Profound and deep,
How heart wishes,
To go stealthily,
To the street of the mistress,
Waiting, anxious and restless.

To tell her passion,
To loosen the burden,
Of eyes, of heart,
To present her scented petals,
Sweet, fresh and of many colours,
In exchange of thorns and dolours.
What a pleasure it is!
In the bargain of loss.

Muhammad Shanazar

Be Heeded

My love! Then you have decided,
That it is apposite to flatten
The craving of destination,
The world desires it too,
And the life goes on in the same mode.

Listen! To grumble against the world
Has become an old practice,
You solicit to your heart too
That what does it intend.
The world has not snatched yet from you
The hope of destination,
Tomorrow it will persuade you
To renounce the route of life;
It will say to you to scratch out
Your eyes from their sockets.
The world will persuade you
To search for pulsation in the idols;
Then what will you do?

Suppose it will not be said to you,
Just you will be convinced,
It is useless to breathe,
And you forget the whole endeavour;
Speak! Will you kill your breathing?

Listen! To grumble against the world
Has become an old practice;
You will look like the veteran,
Who at the moment of a combat thinks
That he remembers all tactics to fight,
And has brought all weapons of need,
But he has forgotten in haste
His valour at home.
Be heeded my love!
The pedestal of life
Is commitment to destination,
In case you lose it how will you survive?

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Beggary

I held in front the begging bowl of life
It was filled with the coins of moments,
For whom I remained sitting
And waited for centuries on the way,
Ah! He passed by furtively,
And I had to bring back to home,
Silence of dumb tinkles and unwanted coins.

Written by Shazia Akbar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Behind The Bars

(Written in the days of dictatorship)

The law of forest
Governs where I live in;
Neither sighs, nor cries,
Nor expressionless eyes
Affect the rulers;
Nor any shriek awakens
The slumbering conscience,
Nor any tragic event knocks
At the door of hardened heart.
All treacherous, lecherous
With leprous hands,
Have imprisoned the nation,
Behind the invisible bars.

Muhammad Shanazar

Believe In My Oath

Believe in my oath,
I do not pine away in the pangs of separation,
My lashes are not yet damp,
No one is between except ourselves.

Believe in my oath,
Inhabitants of the world
Do not have the strength to impede us
While moving ahead on the path of love.

I lived the moments of my past life,
Only tossing and panting for you;
But believe in my oath,
My fervour for you is not the same.

What is hidden in the sleeves,
You can not behold, believe in my oath,
The flag of compromise I do not hold in hand
I have even forgotten your name,
If you are faithless, believe in my oath,
I am not faithful too.

Muhammad Shanazar

Believe! I Could Not Sleep A Moment

I have again emerged in the dream of someone,
It is something else, in dreams sometimes wishes are quenched and sometimes
they remain unquenched,
But important it is that a gleam glistened to happen something,
At least, in the mind of someone a path is paved for me,
To the house of someone the caravan has headed,
A sign of destination is found on the route,
And the heart has got a reason to sing,
The procession of your thoughts has descended somewhere,
And you have begun feeling pathos in imagining me,
That night you have perpetuated my existence in the tale of your own.

Believe me! At the very night when in your eyes, Doors of my thoughts have
begun to open,
And amid them have woven the young angels great castles of your dreams,
And the delicate breeze has adorned your memories;
O! My love amid baradari of your memories,
Believe! I could not sleep a moment.

Written by Jagdish Prakash

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Beneath The Ossa Of Dust

(On the event when five women buried alive)

What kind of hearts
We contain in the chests!
What kind of thoughts
We bear in the minds!
What kind of blood
Flows through our veins!
For the loins and the wolves,
The rats and cats, the dogs and hogs:
The ferocious animals
That bear the brutal hearts,
Dare not bury their fellows alive.

I weep, weep and weep!
I wail, wail and wail!
On the deed you did,
On the crime you committed;
And those who remained silent spectators,
Are the accomplices too,
The collaborators,
In execution of the most heinous,
And monstrous deed.

The daughters of Eve and Adam,
Who are akin to us
As mothers, daughters, sisters
And companions of life
Have been maltreated,
Buried alive by the so-called elites:
Cream of the crop,
Who are men in forms
But wolves in spirits,
The sky might not have witnessed
The spectacle more horrible,
More hideous since centuries.

They might have suffocated
Feeling themselves beneath

The Ossa of dust,
Blocking the respiratory tracks,
All helpless, unaided
With palpitating, breathing hearts,
And fearful minds
Wrapped in the brutal murkiness,
Yearning for a single
Fresh breath or a gust of wind.

Where are the laws?
Where are the morals?
Yes; they exist,
But for the back-broken
And not for the feudal lords:
The snakes sitting coiled
Upon the heaps of gold,
They are privileged
To do with liberty
What their wanton hearts wish,
No punishment:
Terrestrial or celestial them scars.

Ah! They buried
Five women in the dust alive,
Should we weep and wail,
Or wail and weep,
We still live in the Stone Age
Or in an era much worse than that,
We are no more in the modern age;
Imaging a while,
Place yourself in the place of those women
Buried alive with the beating hearts,
Pulsating pulses
What a horrible experience
They might have undergone.

The more I think
The more my head begins to pound
And my despised heart wishes to live,
In the hovels beneath the ground,
In the company of the beasts:
Less brute and less appalling,

They may tear me to pieces
But will not bury me alive,
With beating heart and pulsating pulse
Beneath the Ossa of dust,
Blocking the respiratory tracks.

Muhammad Shanazar

Best Wishes For Residents Of The World

(Written on the departure of 2014)

O! Residents of the world,
Happy New Year 2015 to you all,
It is the last eve of 2014,
After a few moments the glimmering sun
Of the last eve will set down.

The year 2014 departs but leaves humanity behind,
Sighing and with watery eyes;
It has been plagues prone
It has claimed a lot of human blood as a toll,
And still has unquenched eyes,
As if its thirst hasn't lessened least.

The list of losses is very long,
Just in the last part of the year a plane of Indonesia
Crashed and sank into the depths of waters,
Human corpses bloat and float in the cold waters.
Merciless massacre of the school-kids occurred in Peshawar,
Their souls flew to the heaven in a flock,
Now desertedness hums over the patios of hearts,
Who knows how many Einsteins, Graham Bells,
Edisons, Flemings and Pasteurs of the future we have lost.

Let us wish each other with open heart the year 2015,
Let us change the primitive modes of living,
Let the wars be banished and bloodshed be stopped,
Billions of men, women and children
Up till now have been slaughtered,
Burnt, perforated and butchered in wars,
But the issues are still unresolved;
They stand behind at their own spots like rocks
Then why we shouldn't stop the practice,
Why we shouldn't use the device of love
By discarding hatred and odium.

O! The leading heads of humanity,
Great responsibilities lie on your shoulders,

Think for something global,
Removing all barriers of boundaries,
I shall love to see Umar Law upon the whole world,
Consume your treasure
To feed the ravenous instead of on the arsenal,
The humanity has inhaled enough the smoke of explosive.

The pangs of hunger are only known by them,
Whose bellies beleaguered,
They are sharp, once I did experience when I was a child,
Yes obstinate child,
My mother taunted me on some frivolous demand,
I wanted to buy wares of girls from the vendor,
But she couldn't afford, and in protest
I did not eat meals the whole day,
Ah! Being hungry at night it was very agonizing.

I hope in the New Year my own politicians will bring back
The robbed money from the Swiss Banks,
They will share victual with the countrymen,
I hope the Kings who wear crowns,
I hope the leaders who sit in the Lower and Upper Houses,
They will devise and promulgate such laws
As the humanity may live in total harmony.

I hope for the world of love and peace
Where no one may feel deprived,
The world where men and women are respected,
The children may have their rights,
I hope on all over the world manufacturing
Of the devices of explosives and uranium will be stopped.

I hope the armies will be sent to the troubled parts of the world,
But without guns, bullets and bombs,
Without armadas, fighter jets, and night vision tanks,
They will have loads of bread and butter, and costumes too,
Nothing is impossible; just move ahead,
Take the first step, the goal will be in front of you,
I plead to build trust and exhibit sincerity to one another,
The humanity is in search of the shadow of mother.

Bestow Us A Mirror

(On The Day of Freedom)

When this day,
Takes birth from the sacred fog of the dawn,
The lashes shudder;
The sights awake when they listen,
To the rustle of the light in the wings of Darkness,
The drunkenness of the bygone night,
Shatters like the rings of chain,
And then from the deep dark chambers,
Of heart voice comes out as if someone says,
"Search for your own mirror
Where you have forgotten it."
But all wrapping themselves in shawls,
Of lonesomeness stand silent,
And wait for inscription of destiny

O! God,
A dawn of freedom was blossomed,
Like sun flower,
In the shadow of which we all wished,
To blossom with our own fragrance,
And we headed in the journey
With an urge to blossom,
But who knows,
When our feet departed,
From the path of our own soil,
When the mirror fell from our hands,
And passed though agony of shattering into pieces,
When our eyes became dormant,
While being awake,
How someone should say,
All stand silent holding their breath,
And the truth of the sacred book of entity,
Had never been so easy to be expressed.

O! God of sacred land,
Bless us a mirror,
That we place before us,

Reflects all colours of your divine majesty,
Usher a dazzling morning,
From the wings of darkness,
Spent picking choice dreams,
A morning, when lift its eye-brows,
Turns the land into a field of sunflowers.

Written by Ayub Khawar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Bland Winds Blow And Beep

The trees vacillate,
Eyes are bent not to sleep,
Bland winds blow and beep.

Memories of a betrayer make me weep,
Bland winds blow and beep.

Eyes do not exhaust gazing at the routes
And they cannot help waiting
I hope for his arrival, but afraid of
The world on me would leap,
Bland winds blow and beep.

Memories of a betrayer make me weep,
Bland winds blow and beep.

I shall keep the secret from the folks laughingly,
Telling them either a lie or the truth,
But how I shall escape from the heart,
While glows of love on the world creep,
Bland winds blow and beep.

Memories of a betrayer make me weep,
Bland winds blow and beep.

When I go to fetch the water
Early in the morn, my heart throbs
Lest he should call and catch my writs,
And flames from
The smouldering heap begin to seep,
Bland winds blow and beep.

Memories of a betrayer make me weep,
Bland gusts blow and beep.

The trees vacillate,
Eyes are bent not to sleep
Bland gusts blow and beep.

A Punjabi song written by Ahmed Rahi
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Bring Me Back First The Season To Write On Sand

These beautiful bracelets of Motia,
This Kagal, this henna,
Glassy bangles and a tray of red-roses,
Beautiful are the green Anchal and scarlet suit,
The same is sound of the mill,
The same is the crowd on the well
Village is the same, same are the rites,
Same are the old faces but bear new looks,
The same tale, the same promises,
The same fraudulent are the oaths,
O! My old well-wisher, it is all right,
But bring me back first the season to write on sand.

Muhammad Shanazar

Bring Me Back My Eyes

Bring me back my eyes,
For I shall behold
All colours of the universe.
I shall captivate
The galaxies in my eyes,
And steal all colours of roses
To adorn my countenance.

I shall behold
How the pang of separation
Inscribes lines on the forehead,
How love makes
Hermits the kings,
And union fills
The eyes with stars.

I shall behold
How tears dropp
From the lashes when one weeps,
And if one laughs impulsively
How pink roses
Bloom instantly on the lips.

I shall behold
Why the snakes complain
Against the lady of night,
How the petals uncatch themselves
From the flowerer-flies,
Why the butterflies become
Gloomy seeing the flowers,
Who wrote all the mysteries
On the chest of mother Earth.

I yearn to pick
All seasons with the lashes.
O! My love,
You keep the reality with yourself,
But only once show me a dream
Though glimmering

Like a tiny glow-worm.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Bullah Doesn't Know Who I Am

Neither I am a momin in the mosque,
Nor a ritual amid the blasphememes,
Nor a sacrilegious amid the pious,
Neither Moses, nor Pharaoh;
Bullah doesn't know who I am!

Neither I am a mystery in the books,
Nor in the potion of hemp, nor in wine,
Nor amid the befuddled drunks;
Neither in wake, nor in sleep;
Bullah doesn't know who I am!

Neither I am in joy, nor in gloom,
Nor in profanity, nor in piety,
Neither watery, nor earthen,
Nor in the fire, nor in the air;
Bullah doesn't know who I am!

Neither I am from Arab, nor from Lahore,
Nor from the Indian city of Nagore,
Neither I am Hindu, nor Turk,
Nor Pathan, nor I live in Nadone;
Bullah doesn't know who I am!

Neither have I found the mystery of religion,
Nor I am the successor of Adam and Eve,
Nor have I reiterated my name,
Neither in sitting, nor in squatting;
Bullah knows not who I am!

First and last I identified myself,
And did not recognize someone else,
None else is wiser than me,
Lo Bullah! Who stands there afar;
Bullah doesn't know who I am!

Written by Bullah Shah
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Burn The Dreams

To uncatch,
From the clutches,
Of darkness,
Let us burn the dreams.

Let the complaints be stifled,
Lest anyone,
Should haunt the mind,
And the place,
That is called "the world",
Should remain flourishing,
For ever behind.

Muhammad Shanazar

Calls From The World Across

My brother died
A few months ago,
When he was alive
He called me on my mobile
To share my worries
And my concerns,
His number was fed
In my cell
And his name appeared
On the screen;
Now he is no more
In this world,
The same SIM is being used
By his consort,
When she calls me,
It happens the same,
The deceased name emerges
On the display,
And I feel my brother
Calls me from the world across.

Muhammad Shanazar

Carbonized Steaks

More significant than the rise and fall,
More important than the historic events,
More woeful than pathetic deaths,
May we find occurring around us,
Unheeded, though trivial to the minds,
Yet gruesome to the unsealed eyeing hearts.

Once aimless loitering through the forest,
Brought me to the blazing smoky spot,
Where wild flames were leaping up,
Encircling patches of the withering grass,
And barky beds of dry palm needles.

My eyes captured a sight too horrible,
A tragedy performed away from the stage,
Beyond the sight of human busy eyes,
With no audience to applaud the struggle,
Or grieve at unjust agonizing infliction.

A black partridge was fighting in panic,
Against the callous besieging yellow flames,
Each time belittling from all around,
The bird jumped to ward off the calamity,
As hapless men wheedle misfortune,
But in vain retreat with the gait reverse,
And when no one rescues, fight alone.

Why it flies not, I wondered much,
To save the life, with the wings intact,
Relentless flames encroached instantly,
And burnt bones, flesh and feathers.
Curiosity took me then to the dismal spot.

Ah! What a doleful thing I had to behold,
The belly seething with the burnt blood,
The motherhood all black, sooty smoked,
Lay singed among the seven babe birds,
Like steaks too carbonized to be eaten.

When the victimizing gluttonous flames,
Rushed far away, I heard the weeping voices,
Of the sappy sticks of burning youngs,
Protesting against being blazed too soon.

Muhammad Shanazar

Circular Zones

We are the prisoners,
Dwell in the cycles,
We are frightened to peep,
Peer out of them.
What a strange experience it is!
To journey in the rings,
We stop wherefrom we begin,
Journeying not a single inch,
Like an ox rounding the persian wheel
With the bandage upon the eyes.

When we are trapped in the cycles,
They become the whole universe,
The ensnared spend the whole life,
Amid the troubles,
Deployed around the ring.

It is tragedy of the age, so-called modern,
We all have fixed ourselves,
Our minds and thoughts in the cycles,
And dare not peek out afar,
Into the calamities of others,
Dwelling in other circular zones.

Muhammad Shanazar

Come Near For A While

Come near for a while
To feel me with your glance,
Writing on my passion
A poem charge with emotions.
Else this night will go astray,
It now stays for a while in my patio
Embellished with moonlight,
But will go soon to the farthest lands.

Lo! Bauhinias blossom in the forest,
The flowers of laburnums
Replete with fragrance,
A long queue is in front of the butterflies,
Mimusops stand ornamented in the rows,
This gorgeous night
Is here as a transient guest,
The congregation of moon and stars
Is also fleeting.

The soft toy-homes of sand
That we have just made,
The glaring nocturnal-display
That we have managed,
Display in it a little lamp of hope,
A surging massage, pulsating in faith,
Come hither for a while;
Make me radiant with a touch,
Bequeath to life
The meanings of sanctity,
Else this night
Will go astray somewhere else.

Written by Jagdish Prakash (India)
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar (Pakistan)

Muhammad Shanazar

Confession

Oh my God! I am weak and fail,
In my wills to the beguiling Enemy,
Who tempts me against prohibitions,
Rides on my fragile heart and mind,
Shows me the path lusty poignant,
My defiant unbridled limbs
Break the defensive line of fence.

Oh my God! I am fallen into hands,
Wrong, deceitful and fraudulent,
So I can not win the battle so hard,
Though determined in vain thousand times,
To shun the Enemy, to prove my faith,
Bestow me the unflinching fortitude,
To wrestle against the Fake Omnipotent.

Oh my God! I corrupted myself,
While sinning more than the drops of rains,
Have poured down since beginning,
More than the stars and spaces stretched,
Yet I have faith in Kindness and Mercy,
Reserved infinitely bounteous for confesses.

Oh my God! I admit to be a derailed being,
He who confesses wrongs by own accord,
In the court of unforgiving Pricking Prince,
Provokes not wrath, invites redemption,
For behind it work love, fear and hope,
And not disgust, hatred and hostility.

Muhammad Shanazar

Contents Of The Savage Society

Beside the cross,
In the main street of the busy bazaar,
There stood with appalled appearances,
A woman seemed in late forties,
Her face was as if ashes overspread on it,
It seemed as if her each gesture of the body
Represented nothing but only the truth
Of her plight that she went through.

The bazaar was jostled with men and women,
Some went on alone, some in couples
And some in throngs
The shocked women was going on
Blurting the matter of unthinkable horror,
"O! People,
Is there anyone to rescue me out of the quagmire?
Is there anyone to believe in me?
Is there anyone to provide me a sense of safety?
Is there anyone to extent me any legal support?
I have been a widow,
For the last five years,
And since the death of my husband
I have been constantly raped,
By no one but the father and brothers
Of my late husband
Who in relation are my father-in-law and brothers-in-law,
They ask me to serve them naturally and unnaturally,
There is a child I my womb,
But I don't know whose produce I am nourishing."

I too stood beside her,
Watched and listened her carefully,
She was not lunatic but complete in healthy brain,
Then I could not stop left the place with sullen heart
As the contents she spoke were of the savage society
Besides, I had to listen to the speech in the town
Of a federal minister on 'The Women Empowerment Day'.

Core Of The Desire

I am hesitant in making an eye-contact
With you, I shudder to bring the secret
On lips, lest you should become annoyed,
That is the reason I talk to you in fears.

I articulate a word to the length of an article,
And adorn it with your likings,
Then with embroidery of my own desires,
Draw outlines of your name.

I write your name on shoulders of the wind,
Inscribe praises on the fair face in the ink of sight,
Placing foot on the door-steps of your thoughts,
I write a document of life in your name.

I have seen you from afar and near,
Time and again I made a part of my eyesight,
I desire that you absorb me in your thoughts bright,
From all around I called you crying, my dear.

Written by Jagdish Prakash (India)
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar (Pakistan)

Muhammad Shanazar

Could You Place Light On The Heap Of Explosives?

Light sprouted on the very day
When Krishna blew lute at Gokul,
When Ayodhy returned from Banbas to Ram,
Light sprouted on the very day
When Buddha smiled,
Light sparkled on the day
When Christ walked carrying
Cross on the shoulder,
Light shone when
Muhammad (PBUH) descended on the Earth,
New Man rose
From these origins of light,
Who dreamt bright dreams
In the shadows of faith,
Then they molded the dreams
Into new-fangled profound philosophies,
And civilizations
Lifted their head out of them,
In the valley of Neil, on the banks of Ganges,
On the amorphous breasts of mountains
New spectacles were born,
The Egyptian idols and temples of Incas,
Enthralling sights of Rome
And Greece were engraved in the wilderness,
One Ajanta,
The other Ellora,
And the temples of Khajorahoon.
These beliefs raised
On the stones of Bamyan
The statues of Buddha with delicate faith,
And lush green became
Destiny of stretched deserts,
And human mind
Headed with the beams of this light,
Civilizations got a topic.

What happened today
All of sudden to the children of Adam,
They became appalled of light,

The light that spread from those statues of Bamyān,
Began to hurt them,
Then all of sudden
They shattered the sacred signs of the origin of light.

Why did you wrap light in coffin
That had been the guide for thousands of years?
O! The enemy of the light of us all,
Tell us how long you will remain
In the dark caves of narrow-mindedness.
Could you place light on the heap of explosives?

Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Curiosity Thy Name Is Ugliness

Those days,
The words and paths accompanied me.
Those days,
The words and insomnia were my companions.
How long and whereto
The carnal body goes along.
I am the every feature of mountains,
Oceans and wilderness.
My breath is the dew resting on leaves,
And Lo! Winds are busy
In wiping out my glistening foot-prints.

Look at my eyes,
They contain silence,
Of hundreds of extinguished grates
Once glaring bold.
I roamed bearing an inferno
In my breaths and thoughts,
Hauling my beacon of desire
Coated with blood.
I made my eyes still in familiarity
Of sleepless solitude amid ruins.
I shouted timely or untimely,
Town to town in front of every door,
In the eve or morn like blazing winds.
All said, "Who are you?"
I responded, "I am a desire,
Abyss of lust is my abode,
I am despised of light and truth."
"Is there anyone whose door unbolts for me?"
I yelled aloud.
Then an offspring of light
Responded with total anguish
"Come! See me! I am the one whom you long for."
But I ever unheeded to my thoughts
My apprehensions every time
Looked through the window in front,
There stood a Geraldine with hair,
Loose mangled, blood layered,

And she gazed at everything of the world.
Thus truth revealed,
"Curiosity thy name is ugliness."

The essence of our journey is that here
Is nothing except futile sweat
We all are imprisoned
Of the boundary-lines drawn by us,
And each of us is encaged
Of the rim he has drawn himself.
Life went on in the same mode,
The cruelty of explanation
And interpretation of word
Remained in vogue in the same way,
Cruelty of the word,
Oppression of the path remained constant,
And even today I am a captive
Of my own thoughts extended all-around,
Even today,
Words and paths accompany me.
Words and insomnia are my companions.

Written by:

Dr. Swarwar Kamran

Translated by:

Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Cuscuta

Written By Sughra Sadaf

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Some unknown pangs
Gripped, caught my giant like existence,
All gloom of the world has contracted
In my inner-self; but it all happened
In such a way that all springs of your love,
And showers of your fondness,
Altogether
Can not remove my pangs at all,
Can not recover me from pain at all,
But you must know there waits yet behind,
Remedy of your spitefulness.

Muhammad Shanazar

Cushions

When my leaders
Sit in the assembly halls,
For legislation,
With fake brains, fake thoughts,
Fake eyes, fake looks,
Fake existence, fake appearance,
Fake education, fake degrees,
They seem to me
Fake, fake beings,
As if
Some one has placed cushions,
On the sofas and chairs;
Cushions stuffed
With rags of worn out jeans
Or old pieces of sacks
Made of jute.

Muhammad Shanazar

Cyclonic Fury Of Time

What a strange monstrous
Mountain-like python
Has crept into the city!
It is creeping ahead devouring everything,
Even swallowing all books,
Instructing the hearts righteousness,
And teaching
The conscience principles of sacrifice.
Wherever it finds life breathing,
At the same spot spurts forth fire in profusion,
The colours of voice,
The heavenly dancing butterflies of touch and taste,
Accompanying smattering fragrance,
Are breathless.
From inwards horror, from outwards terror,
The paths from homes to offices,
Schools, factories, markets and hospitals
Have become routes of the forest; how should
Love come out for a sojourn when prayers are
Appalled at going to the mosques.
There move through the whole network
Of veins, contents of blue poison,
Who knows how many times is tingled
The existence of peace.
At the moment of departure,
Mucus flows out from the mouth of Justice:
Shivering, tumbling, exasperating
And panting for breaths who has distributed
Essence of life for ages. The alive traditions
That flowed like transparent water
Between both of the banks, it has gulped down;
The tops of growing splendour,
All signs of recognition,
All could not save themselves from its fatal,
Blood-spattered jaws. Each standard
And each pride is in the disastrous grip
Of the monster: lasting Callousness
Of the generations which too is in
The squeezing claws of Cyclonic Fury of Time.

Written By Jalil Aali

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Dates Of The Calendar

Divided days
Into the dates of calendar,
Divided memories
On the pages of diary,
Fast moments counting the age,
On the dining-table of life
The contents of incidents,
The exhausted corneas of my eyes,
Hasten to the phone
Time and again,
Search for a number on the dial
Which sometimes
In the past my fingers reiterated,
Search for the sound
That spread in the morn and in the eve,
On the lofty walls of my passions,
Like tone of yaman kalyan.

Steam that rises from my cup of tea,
Is damping my universe,
And I feel
Beauty of those red love-flowers,
Which every morning
Lowered on my balcony,
Holding sleeves the sunlight,
With you voice
Vacillating on the telephone.

What happened!
Ages have passed since I heard the voice
Where have gone
Those tones of yaman kalyan

Red love-flowers still are bending
On my balcony, like a question mark,
It seems
As if across the windows of mind,
That voice still recalls me
The same voice

Which the dates of calendar
Could not divide.

Muhammad Shanazar

Death

The Deity of Death

Never sleeps,

Roves from the morn to the eve,

She makes many turns in search

Of lawns and lanes,

And fills with the beautiful flowers

Her clumsy creel,

If you ask "What have you done with the flowers? "

She shows heaps of dust.

Written by Qayyum Tahir

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Decaying Flowers Of Petunia

Are you?
You are reading inscription
Of my silence with so much interest,
Say something so that your words
May become title of this poem,
Raise your eyes and see
So that this evening may get its identity,
In front of the window,
Half emerging moon bears some queries,
And my silence cannot respond.

The delicate fingers of the wind,
Fondle the flowers of petunia,
Place upon my table;
They too perhaps do not have answer,
Of tricky questions
Of the melancholic panting moments.
Tomorrow these flowers
Will not be on my table but the wind
Shall come through half opened window
In search of them,
And nattering to the half-moon in front of the window will leave farther away,
Then who knows what may happen.

But today when you are beside me,
Infuse fragrance of you voice
Into these decaying flowers of petunia,
Which I have not cast-off yet
While waiting for your arrival.

Muhammad Shanazar

December

In dozen of the months
He always stands distinct,
I don't know why December is always different
From others at last,
With appalled mornings,
Gloomy evenings,
Tear-prone noons,
Engrossed nights,
The season of warm shawls,
Faded lights,
Recollection of bygone times,
Sometimes
Of difficult riddles,
Sometimes
Of parting melancholy
Sometimes
Of hopes of reunion,
I don't know why December is always different
From others at last.

Written by Shazia Akbar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

December When You Turn Again

O! December,
When you turn again this year,
You bring along
The news of the city which I long for.
The city
Where galaxies glimmer of glowworms,
Where the spheres beam
With the colours of butterflies,
Where all-around is the aroma
Of faithfulness.
That one who touches it,
Either with glance, or with fingertips,
Became perfumed for a while.

O! December,
When you turn again this year,
You bring along
The news of the city which I long for,
The city where grains of sand are stars,
The rose and the nightingale,
The moon and the stars,
Are the metaphors of faithfulness,
Where the heart is an ocean,
And gets several banks,
Where the goddess of fortune
Glimmers in the close palms.

O! December,
Ask us not the plight of our city,
Here eyes are grimed
With the dust of caravan passed by,
Here love is like an iceberg,
And grows on the farms of sunlight,
Here when the dawn emerges,
The exhausted dreams of night
Are dumped and begin to thaw,
Here splinters of broken passion
Prick in the eyes, here we weave
Golden dreams by dipping

Lashes into the blood of hearts,
Then live and die
Amid those fascinations.

Though it is impossible to stitch
The tattered soul yet,
O! December do come and bring along,
The news of the city which I long for.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Defeat

If separation is destined,
Why it is being delayed;
Let us go asunder
At the very moment,
You will close the eyes
At the very moment,
And I shall place my hand
Upon my heart,
And you will say to me,
Detached are the paths,
Asunder are the destinations;
But be patient! Be patient!
And listen to me my love,
If separation is destined,
Why it is being delayed,
We will perform it now,
We will depart very moment.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Defeat Of The Night

Who is whose eyes have remembered
Each warm moment we spent sitting side by side,
Whose eyes have seen dressless physique
Flowering like spring,
Whose eyes have seen the dewy waiting eyes
Of someone
Sitting on the sheet with fanciful patterns
Who may have seen melodious siege
Around the silvery incarnation of beauty.
Yes, without her
My miserable plight has experienced
The cold stricken seasons;
In separation of her
My sodden eyes have seen haziness
In the wilderness of my soul.
I have seen across the heart of desire,

Tears of the defeated night,
She may be garnishing herself in front
Of the mirror, in perception of someone else,
And upon the soft sheet of her bed,
Gusts of nocturnal fragrance
May be descending, and the heart
Of my dream of union may be passing
Through the final perdition.

Written by Ronaq Hayyat
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Desertedness

Unrecognizable are the days,
Neither does the sunrise,
Cast any spell,
Nor does the yonder descending star,
Sketch any image.

From the sky-kissing,
Rocky peaks of mountains,
To the soft soil of the earth,
Reigns, governs some icy-season,
The wing-folded birds are sitting,
Unprotected, exposed in the boughs.
And I in the patio of my home,
Though much indulged, yet sit
Deserted, desolate in mood.

Unrecognizable are the days,
Neither does the sunrise,
Cast any spell,
Nor does the yonder descending star,
Sketch any image.

Muhammad Shanazar

Destination Of The Night

The blood of an impatient desire
Is running through each channel of my body,
A distant voice comes
And sweetens my all existence,
The goblet and the decanter of wine are
In search of the blood of an impatient desire,
A soft fall of steps of a shadow
Fills in the air with spring,
A dreamlike portrait fills my eyes with love,
A soft fall of steps and the shadow are
All hustle bustle of the tavern,
A perception scatters light all around,
A desire descends from stairs of the heart
Upon the destination of night,
Colours and scents sway all around,
On the arrival of yours,
The magic of night came down
Upon the recesses of heart in such a way
As all sides around colours and light began to rain,
Flowers and fragrance began to dance,
Routes themselves became destination,
On your arrival at each step
Wishes get themselves embellished,
Pulsations of the heart love your dewy moments
With warm breaths, wishes move on yet step by step,
On the soaked costume,
Seeing you from top to toe,
A tumult emerged in my breathing,
A fragrance is spread to the distant lane
Of your tone in my discourse,
It is an ardent desire of my heart
That tonight my hands should hold yours,
I should see myself into your half opened eyes,
Then I should take you to the shade,
And see your entire physic amid the glade.

Written by Ronaq Hayyat

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Destiny

O! Fortune-Teller,
Who inscribed consternation
In your eyes after reading,
The lines of my hands?
Tell me what tale you have read,
Tell me at least whatever the tale is
Whether there will be an end of it or not.
O! Fortune-Teller,
Tell me at least something
Whether there will be an end
Of the tale or not.

Muhammad Shanazar

Dishevelled Hair

The evening that descended,
In your patio,
In extending, shrinking arms,
Intoxicated and drowsy,
In fact was the spell
Of your radiant eyes.

God forbid!
The moon at that night
Seemed to me filthy;
I felt as if the cosmos
Combined into one in me.
The same evening,
Even today is sitting enthralled,
With dishevelled hair
But...

Written By Farheen Chaudhry
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Dismal Doom

Who bangs at the door,
And awakens
The sleeping conscience?

I walked a lot,
On the track of life,
I did spend time,
In vile and vain race,
Rebelling at every pace.

When I look behind,
I see the stones,
Coming on me,
Striking and wounding,
Blood staining my cloak.

I see the snakes hissing,
And the dogs howling,
Running after, chasing me,
These are my wrongs, my follies,
Done to me and others.

When I look ahead,
I see approaching swiftly,
The dismal doom,
Like a black engine.

Muhammad Shanazar

Disposable Syringes

Disposable syringes are used once,
Injected into the veins
Through which diseased blood runs,
Then they are discarded for ever,
The users throw them into the waste-baskets
And then they are further disposed of
Lest one should come into contact
And find himself infected,
So they are buried deep beneath the layer of earth.

Our leaders are the disposable syringes,
They are used once by pioneers of the world,
To protect their interests, to get them a reach
To sources of the soil, minerals and oil,
Then they are thrown, discarded,
Either murdered, or hanged,
And buried deep beneath the layer of time.

Muhammad Shanazar

Distribution

My heart wishes,
I should run away,
From the shroud of darkness,
Far away from the native land,
Where sparrows, crows and other birds,
Take water drop by drop.

Muhammad Shanazar

Do Not Let Me Annoyed

Though

I rag you thousands of times,

And reconcile not thousands of times,

Yet

I plead, do not let me annoyed

If I become angry with you.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Do You Know

Do you know?
The moon that brightened
Nights of the earth,
The destiny
Allowed Him to travel laterally,
And His fortune was written
In the dark deficient inks,
He moves around daily
To finish His journey,
He burns daily
In the wilderness of deprivations,
Love bestowed Him rotation of the Earth,
The same Earth
That has put over the snow of frigidly,
Wore the dress
Of the blue deep water of the seas.
Since long
She has been engrossed concealing
In the core of heart,
The magnetic zones, hot magma of love.
Do you know?
The moon that has been nourishing
For centuries His parting pain,
By burning His own body,
And enlightens the vast patio of the Earth,
She with disloyal adamant heart,
Till today has been changing Her sides,
And making Her routes Her circles,
She has been moving on for centuries.
Do you know?

Written by Shazia Akbar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Dotage

In memories of the bygone days
Wrapping herself in the worn out shawl,
Today love is going through
The life time detention in such a way
As if she is an aged woman.
Sitting in the cold of winter,
She warms herself beside the fading fire,
She rests her face on the support of her knees,
Its crinkles tell numerous fictions of the past,
She holds a crook stick in her quavering hands,
And with it she rakes,
And seeks for some buried ember.
The fire has doused since long,
Now upon the bodies of embers,
There exist white layers of ashes,
Just like white hair of the old woman,
As if
The mischievous youth with burning cheeks,
Has consumed itself and left them alone the too.

Written By Shazia Akbar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Dreams Are Not To Be Imprisoned

You besieged me,
You made me stripped,
You smashed with toes of shoes,
You pointed at me your gun,
You placed burning coals
Amid the silk of my words.

The sights my eyes abhorred
You showed them heartily;
To mould me into your pattern,
You contrived frames.
To straighten my bones,
You assembled new tools;
But O! Friend,
You cannot overwhelmed my dreams,
Now swinging cheerfully into the eyes,
Then soaring into the open airs,
With their celestial enthralling colours,
With their own will, in their own world.

Muhammad Shanazar

Dreams Are Stubborn

Dreams are very stubborn,
They perch on the threshold of
Burning lashes of my eyes,
In the grip of heart only whims pulsate,
In the subterranean world
Only assumptions of impossibilities roars

The eyes in deception of sleep
Get scared thinking of the fiery colours
Of wild flowers of the time,
They remain awake in the longing to come out,
Unbolting the cumbersome door of night,
Even then sneaking from the loneliness:
Guard at the threshold,
From the turrets of consciousness,
They descend on the verge of lashes,
They ever prefer to dwell in the fury
Of impossibilities,

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Dreams: Shadows Of Reality

The cold winds,
Swishingly blowing,
Sing the songs of fearlessness,
Setting the heart on cold fire,
Deepen the sense of loneliness.

I had been death- afraid,
But now wish to die willingly,
Oh! World I, to reside
In the village of yours,
Will never come back again.

Muhammad Shanazar

Dreamy Age

Remembering of the dreamy age,
Fills my eyes with tears,
The sights unpolluted and clear,
Now changed into smoky and full of noise,
Where I played with cheerful friends,
Whom ruthless tides have scattered,
As the wind disperses the dried leaves,
A slight before the dead winter,
Some went abroad, some to the Town of Silence

What a delight it was!
At noon under the blue skies,
Running after the butterflies,
Delicate and nicely-colourful,
Spoiling the mustard farms,
Blossomed yellow, sharply fragrant.
The indignant landlady cursed,
Chasing with a stick wet and long,
But we always were out of her access.

In the days of torrential rains,
Under the noses of flowing spouts,
We stood long, making a noise,
The lightening thundered scaring,
Made me afraid, as if we,
The shouting children interrupt.
The grand office of God.

Then for diving and swimming,
Ran to the pond nearby the village,
Beside the huge banyan tree,
What a delicious bat it was!
In the muddy opaque water.

Each delight of child-hood,
Is soul-sucking, worth-recalling,
When before the wintry nights,
Played we all girls and boys,
Out on the ploughed farms,

Hiding in ricks and heaps of fodder.
Under the waning moon,
Unaware to the thoughts obscene.

Often in the downy steeps,
In the deep recesses of thick forest,
Drank water from the trickling fountains,
Carefree, oblivious to woes and worries,
Spent days plucking the sweet berries,
From the thorny branches bending down,
Laden with ripe red fruit.

Sometimes on the rocky ground,
By the luck benevolent we found,
In the fragrant bushes honey wild,
While getting the comb down,
The incensed bees stung the cheeks,
Then returned home swollen faced,
And got chidings kind of the parents.

The intoxicant spring approached,
With thrilling spirit, refreshing hopes,
The soft, gentle breeze blew.
Made the village drowsy fragrant.

In the swaying crops, blooming fields,
Blossomed wild poppies flowering red,
And when we ran bare-footed,
After the fluffy lambs, on the dewy grass,
The birds sang sweet melodies,
Hovered in circles over the head,
Making us feel their presence.

In silence at the warm nights,
A mysterious sound of the distant lute,
Enchanted throwing me into ecstasies.

If the childhood be a commodity,
And I had the heap of gold,
And wealth countless and untold,
I would buy without bargain,
The dreamy age second time.

Muhammad Shanazar

Earthquake

The Earth moves on as Her wont is,
Wearing the chain of moments,
She has been going on sliding gliding
For several centuries,
The lava concealed into Her chest
Made her perturbed,
She has to hide the surge of molten magma
Scattered in Her sinews,
For she has no confidant for centuries,
No one knows since when
Mountains have been riveted into Her chest,
In the wilderness of aloofness,
The grains of wafting sand pierce Her eyes,
She has dry forehead, and the remaining
Countenance has been submerged since beginning,
In the brackish seas of tears,
When She heaves a sigh Her body tremours
For a few moments, else She goes on moving
By pressing between teeth Her tongue,
Carrying the load of centuries and bygone times.

Written by Shazia Akbar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Earthquake In Haiti

The Earth of Haiti quaked,
Shook the towers of the towns,
Pulled down structures of the buildings
Big or small of the cities and villages,
Thousands of human beings buried alive,
Beneath the debris of roofs and walls,
Constructed by the human hands;
But now the survivors forgetting the deceased
Fight for food, packs of milk and edibles,
They snatch from each other the contents,
As if the contestants show their strength
In basketball, driving the ball with full vigour;
And some sit forlorn strengthless,
Waiting for their own turn.

But on the contrary,
The pioneer-kings of the countries,
Are busy in recruiting armies and making armadas,
Missiles and shells, bombs and bullets,
Nuclear and chemical weapons,
For the better future and wellbeing of mankind.

Muhammad Shanazar

Echoing Sounds

It sounds as if this day is the last day of life,
Knocks of the past have halted at my dreams,
Someone holding my fingers
Takes me along to the other side where hang
On the wall calendars of the previous many years,
Dusty worn out pages of the diary,
And old letters with inscriptions of the forsaken tales,
Some verses of unfinished poem
On the pieces of paper remind me again
The olden times that I lived in silence
All alone in solitude confined in the bolted room.
In some deserted corner of my breathing,
Where I endeavour a lot to give the name to my voices,
And give the words your tongue to articulate.
The seer of my memories has stopped
On the same mound of the past and gives forth me a call,
"Come along you too and take a look
Of the sky from here, see the same forlorn world
And the prints lost in dust of the path,
Then after get dissolved... if you wish."

In the same corner of the past amid the books
On the ebony-table there lays a diary which till now
Gives fragrance of your name.

Written by Jagdish Prakash (India)

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar (Pakistan)

Muhammad Shanazar

Empty Hands

Where are you and where am I?
How an enormous ocean,
Of separation intruded in between.
If we imagine we shall go astray,
In the island of thoughts,
And we shall never have reunion.

At these nights of melancholy,
In the firmament of faithfulness,
When light did not flicker,
On the farms of wishes,
When clouds did not rain,
On the farm-edges,
When crow did not caw,
In the bowls of desires,
When dew of faithfulness,
And soothing sounds,
Did not descend;
Then descended a verse,
On the glow-worm of conscience,
'O! Lovers do not raise hands for prayers
For they are becoming infertile.'

Muhammad Shanazar

Enough, Enough,

Sounding sirens, roaring planes,
Parading men, thundering guns,
Rising mushroom, exploding bombs,
Launched missiles, advancing troops,
All are behind the human existence,
How long Mankind might exist,
On the Earth.

Think awhile,
Resting your head on the pillow,
When your engagements allow you,
And when worries do not linger around,
Pray to Almighty: It is enough, it is enough,
Now supply not the world with characters,
Merely with heads stuffed with straw.

Muhammad Shanazar

Evening

At the brim of drowning day,
A slight after the sunset,
Clad in crimson pink bridal dress,
I see a bride every day exposing
Her unheeded, enthralling beauties,
Waiting for her courting partner,
Propping and fondling in both hands,
The silky locks of light and darkness,
And she ever stands for a while between,
Like a smart streak partitioning boundaries,
Of the shiny silvery day, dark shady night.

Muhammad Shanazar

Explosives And A Rose

After many days of constant shelling
And dropping of loads of explosives,
A gorgeous girl was rescued,
Out of wreckage of the city,
She was sent abroad for the recovery
Of her wounds and when brought back,
She refused to recognize at all each person,
Mansion, park and hotel of her city,
It was her version that after such
An overlong shelling how one can survive,
How things can exist, it was not her city;
Nor inhabitants were anything to her
She went on to refuse, and bent upon to insist.

Written By Dr. Anwaar Ahmed Ejaz
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Facebook

Yester-night I escaped
From loneliness,
Opened my Facebook account,
I beheld there was a rush,
Of loners sharing loneliness
Of one another;
And in this rush all were alone,
Lonesomeness peeped out,
From their faces,
Futility showed herself,
From the written expressions,
But before
The virus of meaninglessness,
Should overspread my body,
I logged off and hastened to
The work of Ghalib,
Absorbed myself
In the spell of its significance.
Seeing me embarrassed,
Ghalib spoke to me,
"I am dry lips of those who passed away
Having an urge for the madness of love
And a shrine for those who are sad hearted."

Written By Akhtar Raza Saleemi

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Faith

A sword,
That cuts the path,
Leading ahead;
Draws a line,
Making difference between
Just and unlawful;
Removes fears,
Eliminates hesitations,
Crumbling confusions;
Shreds the curtains,
Hanging between,
The seeker,
And the destiny.

Muhammad Shanazar

Fame Craze

Fame craze, a poisonous drug,
A sickness, curse and plague,
Mother of arrogance and pride,
Dissolves both body and soul.

Yet the seekers,
Wish to be slave of it,
Seek means unscrupulous.
Pursue honour beguilingly,
Ravaging the moral codes,
For places of eminence,
To use authority over others.

Intoxicated with vain esteem,
Among the flattering adorers,
Cherish in mind the carnal desires,
Willful, strangers to themselves,
Remain unaware to grave follies,
That false means lead to ends ignoble.

Then the incensed fortune,
Takes a turn with sharp quake;
Tumble down the towering heights,
Of flagrant fame to the ground.
Names erasing from the Book of God.

Muhammad Shanazar

Farewell To All Fears

I slept in a dream,
And in the dream I dreamt again,
Men, women and kids
Gathered on a vast plain.
Animals from rats to lions
And from rabbits to elephants,
Moved on the green
Amphitheatre of peace,
Some frisked, basked in the sun,
The wind blew neither too harsh
Nor too slow, soothing
Neither too cold nor too hot.
All creatures moved in peace,
They did not make
The weak their victims,
The lions slept in the sun
Extending their legs,
The baby goats jumped over them
And sometimes stood on
Titillating their backs,
Sniffed their ears and muzzles
As if they whispered
Some unintelligible secrecy.
It was the world of perfect peace,
Where no one hurt the others
All obeyed the rules
Of some invisible Ruler.
Would that this world
Be transformed into my dream!
The world
Where humanity moves
With gashed dripping wounds,
May live in perfect harmony
Bidding farewell to all fears.

By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Fifth Angel

Gabriel finished His task of conveying,
The divine massages,
To the selected men of God;
Michael is still busy to perform,
To render the assigned business,
Moving the winds, drifting the clouds,
And pouring them on the crops,
Managing the stock for sustenance,
From the smallest creature to the gigantic one,
Azreal obligates drawing the souls,
And imparts, distributes the alms of death,
Israfeal has held in his mouth since beginning,
A clarion to blow, to announce,
The end of every think, he stands alert,
Neither does he sleep nor does he doze,
Lest he should commit disobedience,
Of a single moment when time comes,
And the Commandment commands,
To demolish the entire structure,
The visible phenomenon of the universe.

Yet there is another manmade fiery Angel,
That keeps it self busy in mischievous games,
Searches for the hustling houses,
The farms replete with crops swaying in ecstasy,
The gardens full of roses with shining petals,
And the mansions: the shelters of humanity,
Or seeks he the spots loaded with happiness,
A hunter crazy to crush the flowering dreams,
Does not he discriminate between stones and petals,
Aged fellows and mewling infants,
Demolishes he the villages, towns and cites,
Writes anew the pages and chapters of history;
For the men of the modern world regard him,
The crushing, exploding, devastating manmade,
Devilish device, the fifth Angel Mizael "Missile";

Fleeting Moments

Blending bitter and sweet memories,
The fleeting moments pass quickly,
Fall into the measureless depth of past.
Inspire or despond when are recalled,
Flow too rapid like hissing water,
Of the silent brimming river,
That mixes opaque into clear blue,
To be poured into the gapped ocean,
With spacious belly never to be filled.

The moments in hands are precious,
And if coated with good deeds,
Make the past sweet, worth recalling,
But heinous deeds make them sooty sable,
Imprinting dark indelible stamps,
Only the bright eyes can read well,
The impressions on the countenance,
And ascetic or diabolical signs,
When one is old and close to death.

Muhammad Shanazar

Fleeting Visions

How sometimes invisible secret eyes,
Capture marvellous fleeting visions,
And see the spectrum of reality,
But the wise regard a product of insanity.

Often I wonder at the sight strange,
And the heart longs to have once again;
That my eyes captured,
While praying to God for bounteous blessings
On the Matchless and the Most Sacred.

I do swear, I did behold,
The fair creature sitting straight
In the rows long, each extended,
Left to right, beyond the sight,
With folded knees, in silence serene,
Of the same colour, age and size,
Myriad like blossomed pink poppies,
Cultivated in lines, swaying in breeze.

Long lashes, black brows, modest eyes,
The ornaments of down casting purity,
Muslin coverings on the heads veiling
Rosy faces emitting thin glow,
Sat on the ground, swayed heads,
Like oscillating cradle about to stop.

Muhammad Shanazar

Fondness For Destination

After sipping
Drop after drop,
And surviving
After a fight against Death,
After a long time today
I have peeped into his eyes,
I held his hands,
Propped his arms,
Caressed his lashes.
I am listening to him,
I am collecting his tears,
Today again on being
Brightened of his light,
And being fragrant of his perfume,
Pulsation is dawdling down.
Now I am but devoid of ambitions,
My world is perfect,
Now why I should live
With no objective,
Someone should convey the Death
To approach me by Its own accord.

Written by Saamee Aejaz Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Forgetfulness

I have decided to forget you,
But
It is impossible to forsake you,
If I disown you,
I shall have to renounce life.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

From Behind The Worn-Out Grave Of Time

From behind the worn-out grave of Time,
Death,
Sends me a message;
I am a thick shady tree of creation,
The poems chirrup in my tassels,
But Death
On my stem brimming with life,
Inscribes the song of inaccessibility.

Written by Dr. Jawaz Jaffri translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

From The Floating Stage

To the unsealed minds He does open,
The mysteries, removes fog of doubts,
And places He on the vantage landings,
Where from observe the awakening eyes,
The sights unknown to the minds carnal.

It was a dream or a vision of reality,
The wise may decide who have authority,
Sitting upon the edge of a stage,
Very small floating into the spaces,
Got I a chance to look down beneath,
Bottomless abyss was enough to break,
The brittle hearts at the very first glance;
Saw nothing else but endless depths,
Stretching down, down deep down,
The blue spaces as we do see above,
Merged into dark down beneath,
A few stars shone deep far below,
As lights do glow when fog prevails,
The horror lest should I slip down,
Brought dews on the pale forehead.

Muhammad Shanazar

Frozensness

No sound is heard except
Rustling of numerous ants
Creeping on the cold floor.
They make rounds from floor to wall,
Time and again, they are impatient,
In search of something unknown to me.

Whatever the sound emerges,
That is the sound of silences striking,
Against ebb and flow of breaths
Which fades away by and by amid
the frozen mountains of silences.

Strange are these days,
Monotonous,
Sans colours, sans light and sans sense,
And evening are exhausted,
Sad, melancholic and fretful.

Only sometimes,
On the dark windows of passions,
Knocks steadily Komal Ghandhar
Of your memories,
And the night turning into dreams,
Begins to tell the tales of Hatam Tai,
The melodies of Pukhraj,
Song of Begum Akhtar,
And the night becomes exhausted,
In the dim light of fluttering lamps,
Waiting for some golden morn.

And sometimes there happens nothing,
In unidentified, displaced, silent
And dark system of my universe,
Perhaps emergence of the dawn
Is not possible in the confined sable sky.

Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Go Not Empty Handed

O! High floating cloud,
Drifting to the arid farms,
Come back to me,
Take my tears along,
Hoarded for this day,
It is not upright
To go empty handed,
Take my tears along.

Muhammad Shanazar

Go On Ahead

You have forgotten the route?
Go ahead a little,
Take turn where the road bends,
If you do not want to have a turn,
Even then go on straight,
As the wind blows
And makes its own route,
Or as the clouds float
Without asking for the route,
Sometimes you will reach the destination,
Sometimes you will go astray and get lost,
Sometime you will find yourself,
This is recognition of life,
An argument of your presence,
Amid the boundary walls.
Fragrance of wild Taisways,
Chirrup of sparrows,
Glow of glow-worms,
Dance of the butterflies,
In blue of the lake dissolved
Reflection of the azure sky,
You will go on seeing,
Your soiled reflection
In the hazy mirrors of life.
Go on; follow at least some track,
Nothing will happen
In case you go astray.

Muhammad Shanazar

God

The Boundless Ocean of Brilliance
That lends the stars dazzling light
Whom obey flakes of the watery clouds,
Riding on the back of moving wind.
The Secret Hand that wrings them,
Pouring down waters on the soil.
That brings forth vitality all around,

Incarnates life from the objects lifeless.
Being that gurgles out the fountains,
From the womb of the Earth to quench,
Thirst of the parched dry throats.
Chief Host who treats all creatures,
Huge, small and very small,
With what they need to be sustained.

He who fills the petals delicate,
With, sap, colours and fragrance.
Infuses eagerness into flies and moths,
That hover around with ecstatic sway,
Over the overflowing Enchanting Beauty.

He whose Skillful Prudence,
And dynamic waves of thoughts,
Assume instant shapes, is God.
An absolute Reality and Truth
That needs no argument to be proved.

Muhammad Shanazar

Good Morning

O! Dealer of the dreams
Unfasten your eyes
So that in the patio of my heart
The sun should shine,
Each particle of my existence
Should glimmer in the sunlight,
A cloud overshadowing
My cold-stricken dawn should glide away.

O! Dealer of the dreams
Unfasten your eyes,
Lo! How I spent the night alone
In parting pain, in the wilderness.
Lo! How many dreams I have festooned
In the hope of union.
Lo! All affairs to be shared with you:
Apprehensions of separation,
Nights of union,
I have decked in the tray of adoration,
Your devotee stands aside appalled
And in consequence
Pulse of the time is withheld.

Written by Shazia Akbar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Good Wishes

May God ever save from the evil eyes
The galaxy of your thoughts,
Hot wind may not cut your path,
Sweetness of your words may never fade away,
They may ever soar upwards to the sky,
The moon glow
You have brought may shine the world ever more.

□

Written by Dr. Nisar Turabi Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Grandfather

Time passes on
Silent imperceptibly,
A man quite young and juvenile
Becomes old
Just like a clock
Hanging on the wall of a sitting room,
Or like a bicycle
With punctured tyres,
Rusty,
With tattered seat,
And without chain,
Which neither can be cast away,
Nor we can retain.

Written by Qayyum Tahir

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Greatness

Nothing is useless
Till it is discarded by God Himself;
I am a stone entangled in the mud,
Do not pull me out,
O! My children place your feet
Upon my shoulders
And jump across the hurdle.

Muhammad Shanazar

Green Sleep In The Sophisticated House

This night is as cold
As the load of corpse
What should I say where has gone the sleep;
New tiles are fixed inside the house,
And outside there hang the curtains,
All around there lays a velvety carpet,
Glossy gears are on the shelf,
They reflect my rough abrasive heart.

□

Written by Shiraz Tahir

Translated from Potohari into English by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Growth

How much depth the lap of motherland has
And warmth too!
How much fervent are waves of the shore
And willing to retreat too!
Ferocity accompanies torrents of monsoon.
Lo! How neat and clean is
The Anchal of the sunlight!
The cloud floats drunk with ores of the wind,
And the wind distributes fragrance
Carrying it through the countryside.

Written by Shazia Akbar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Had There Been No Defeat

He said "Defeat is very deep
As deep as an ocean,
That who drowns into it,
He never emerges up,
So make conquest tradition of love."

I said "No doubt it is a deep mystery,
But think a while,
If there had been no heart in the chest,
Where love would have been,
Had there been no defeat in life,
There would have been no existence
Of love in the world."

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Haikus

(1)

The fire broke out,
After the rain had poured down,
No could escape, neither white nor brown.

(2)

Ice of the mountains,
Flowed through the rivers,
Man remained thirsty behind.

(3)

After gathering a straw after a straw,
And building the nest;
Where has gone the sparrow?

(4)

My tale will be on lips,
Of all my fellows
But after my death.

(5)

The sunlight caressed,
Spectacular waterfall,
And then disseminated.

(6)

The clouds are silent,
Winds are intoxicated,
But after the tempest.

(7)

Who writes,
The inscription of time,
On the royal mansion?

(8)

Between the both:
Earth and heaven,
Man is missing!

(9)

Ice and the mountain,
Frozen waterfall,
Melting bodies.

(10)

Brief caption,
Long poem,
Missing audience.

(11)

Bankless ocean,
Submerged coasts,
Fish drowned.

(12)

The sky slept,
Roads were deserted,
The city kept running.

(13)

The lakes of eyes
Are surging lagoon,
Where have gone fishes?

(14)

A frog
Challenging the sky,
Jumped into the pond.

(15)

A fish gulped down,
The whole ocean,
Silent is the shore.

(16)

A forest of stars,
The path is lost,
Lampyrus went astray.

Written by Jagdish Prakash

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Half-Eaten Hopes

I live on half-eaten hopes,
Sitting amid the corpses,
But I yearn for a miracle to be happened,
That someone might breathe,
That someone might be alive,
Some uttered words might become evidence,
Smile might change into a rose
On someone's dribbling lips,
Some vision might become an eye,
And a tear of someone's eye might become,
Either a glow-worm or a star,
The path might become unblocked,
And someone might conclude his journey,
Dust might settle down,
Making the spheres transparent;
But dead bodies are the carcasses,
And they do not come into life.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Happy Birth Day

(On The First Birthday Of My Grand-daughter Eliza Zainab)

It is the wish of my soul, heart and brain
May you have happy day time and again,
Till the sun shines, till the world goes on.

May you never taste a moment of pain,
And you ever meet, not a loss but a gain.
Till the sun shines, till the world goes on.

May ever wrap you roses and perfumes,
Instead of tormenting smells and fumes,
Till the sun shines, till the world goes on.

Muhammad Shanazar

Happy New Year 2011

Happy, happy New Year,
May it bring thousands
Of good tidings for you
And the world too.
May it bring along,
Showers of love,
Peace and harmony,
To make the world
A place worth-living for
The descending generation,
That I see approaching
On the route of life
With tiny bare feet,
Horrified and appalled
The route replete with thorns
And spots of blood.

The generation
Of our sons and daughters
Is entering the threshold
Of the New Year
With extended arms
Asking us to bless them
With love, peace and harmony:
The rare commodities,
In the world,
Instead of the devices
Made with explosives.

Muhammad Shanazar

Have You Ever Thought

Have you ever thought,
Why the people migrate
Leaving behind their dwellings;
Any prefer to leave for the world unexplored.
Have you ever thought
How hundreds of lamps of tears enkindle
On the quivering edges of the lashes.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

He Was Not A Stranger

I awoke rubbing my eyes,
For someone disturbed my sleep;
A figure I witnessed in the light,
The intruder made me perplexed,
Though the door and all windows were shut,
Even a fly had no slit to prod her head,
Yet he entered into my sleeping-room,
And I was marveled, baffled more and more;
I stifled my shriek lest he should be an angel,
Or an agent, ministering the hell.
He was roughly clad, his dress was ragged,
No better than a scarecrow with torn sleeves and hems,
He had long disheveled hair with entangle bits of straw,
His mouth dribbled, his fleshy belly was round,
Skin all black with many coats of filth,
Hands with the fingers long, enormously nailed,
The eyes were horrible, grey sightless, gave no impressions.
Overcoming morbid I questioned, "O! Stranger who are you,
How did you hop in, what mischief you intend to do? "
He jerked his dribbling jaws and responded,
"I am no stranger, I did not hop in, I live with you since your birth,
For I am your inner-self."

□

Muhammad Shanazar

Hear Me!

Hear me!

I have to say you something,

"After spreading colours on my face,

Showing dreams to my eyes,

Touching with talks pulsation of my heart,

Filling my hem with a galaxy,

Overspreading my head with an Anchal of faith,

Become not disloyal to depart again."

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Heart And Essence

Magnificent among all creatures,
Unique in matchless character,
Humbleness clad in human form,
Admired, praised by God Himself,
Mild, meek, lenient to the grieved,
Messenger of love, faith and peace,
Advocate of only righteousness,
Dawn, the sunrise of the dark ages,
Reverend in the divine regime,
Award, the prize of unshaken belief,
Saviour of humanity, sign of sublimation,
Unshaken to threats or temptations,
Laudable being in all aspects,
Unparallel, unprecedented, integral one,
Luminosity of knowledge and wisdom,
Lofty beyond all understandings,
Absolute grace, elegance and purity,
Heart and essence of the total endeavour.
Muhammad Rasulullah (PBHH)

Muhammad Shanazar

Heed To Hither

Heed to hither someone beckons you,
Heed a little to my waiting eyes,
Heed a little to the deserted route,
Again is in the search of caravans of union.

Go on forsaking the past rained monsoons,
For again in recollections of the past age,
Senses get titillated
By the tantalizing memories of the day.

Come! See the hem of Loyalty is drench,
The costume of Serenity is soaked,
Just heed a little seasons are about to change,
Just heed a little monsoon is about to pour down,
Heed a little hither too, I am waiting for you.

Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Helplessness

The bird of heart,
Swooped and swooped,
Exhausted in flights,
Its wings are now conked out,
For branch to branch it nestled,
Farm to farm it picked the grain,
Place to place it slaked hunger,
The world is a delusion,
Flights plucked out its feathers,
No plunge proved resultant,
All around death dances,
Time worn out the extremities,
Who should in the mortal world,
Contest wrestle against time.

Muhammad Shanazar

Hope

In the world of my heart,
The sun of hope grows in such a way
As a bud sprouts,
And a thin beam of light falls, begins to pat,
And teases it, awakes it with love
And who knows in how many clours,
It garbs the bud.

Written by Shazia Akbar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

How Long

How long we shall go on
Increasing the rows of graves,
How long we shall go on
Extending boundaries of the graveyards,
How long we shall go on
Lengthening the list of martyrs,
How long we shall go on
Starving our kids against the gadgets of war,
How long we shall go on
Lamenting on our dear ones,
How long we shall go on
Burning valleys and villages,
How long we shall go on
Carrying on the backs bodies of fellow beings,
How long we shall go on
Increasing the queues of orphans and widows,
How long ambulances will hoot on the highways,
For the reason you mind doesn't match mine,
For the reason your eyes don't see as mine do,
For the reason I have grown the beard long
And you face is close-shaved,
For the reason your skin is white and mine is black,
For the reason you go to the temples, and churches
And I bow before God in the mosques,
For the reason you wear tight jeans
And I loose shalwar and qameez,
For the reason I follow some principles of legitimacy
And you move around unrestrained.

O! My enemy though I am not coward,
I have the ability to fight against you
As long as you wish,
I have the strength to contest you
With the double force of blows,
Yet I shall not wrangle against you,
I here throw my weapons, I open
My arms to embrace you, though it falls
Upon my ego very cumbersome,

I care least you will perforate my chest.

O! My enemy, Just be patient,
Let me allow and get allowed to breathe
Under the blue sky, upon the fair Earth,
We both are destined to die, sooner later,
But with natural death by our own accord,
So don't point your gun at me,
Or sharp your spear or knife
Or attack with dagger or drone to kill me,
Which will be done naturally.

O! My enemy henceforth I shall call you my brother
Be heedful! We are the children
Of the same mother, of the same father,
Similar hearts and similar brains we have,
And similar blood. O! My brother.

Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Hykos

Melancholy of the wilderness
Blocks the paths, she does not know
The art how to hide behind the bushes.

I got two feathers coagulated with blood,
Of the crow that cawed,
On edges of the roof of my house.

I have fed the sparrow,
Sitting in the patio, but
My hands are coated with Henna.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Hypocrisy Or Sincerity

What sort of hearts your chests contain,
What sort of brains your heads breed,
That you operate upon eyes of the serpents blind,
And you kiss lips of the leprous lions,
You wash their pads, claws and jaws.

You allow dogs to share meals at the same table,
And sleep in the same bed.
You dive into oceans to vaccinate the diseased sharks.
You are anxious to save from extinction
The rare species of turtles and toads.
To prove the maxim, "love begets love",
You place scorpions on lids of the eyes.
But you produce missile, bombs and bullets,
Devices of the extensive destruction,
And poke humanity into the fire of wars,
Pools of blood fascinate your eyes,
The world is being coloured red,
You raise conflicts wherever you wish,
For royalties, trades of weapons and natural oil.

Ah! Under the false pretensions,
Men, women and children:
Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters,
Are made fuel of the devilish games,
Is it hypocrisy or sincerity to the fair earth?
Spare a few moments to ponder over,
And bring me about the deeds you carry out.

Muhammad Shanazar

I Am A Mother

I am a mother and I know,
My child,
When and why calls me,
What makes him weep,
And what makes him smile,
When he takes respite,
And how he giggles.

I am a mother and I know,
But when he will be grown up,
He will disclose his heart,
And sometime conceal the truths
Assuming
That the mother is ignorant of all,
Being at home what will she know,
He will come home late devising pretexts,
And at that moment,
I knowing all will show indifference,
For it is the nature of mother.

How can my son know,
That motherhood passes through
His veins in the form of blood,
If he gets a prick of thorn the mother tosses,
Where ever he goes,
He remains cosseted amid,
The invincible siege of prayers,
He remains in the heart of mother.
Whenever he steps ahead,
And wherever he goes
The Anchal of cool shadow
Remains with him,
I am a mother and I know him all.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

I Am Addressing You

Today after a long time,
I address you,
What for? I don't know.
What should I say? I don't know.

A thought sojourned into my mind,
Just in the darkness,
A ray of light,
A beam of moon-glow,
Descended upon the mind;
A desire awoke!

Just the heart pretended to recall you!
To pass by,
To touch fragrance,
To come across the glow-worms,
To embrace the sunlight in winter,
In the palaces of mind to go beyond all limits.

You are fragrance,
An enchanting gust of wind,
Dew, a closing line of a sonnet,
The subject matter of poesy,
A thought of Rumi,
A verse of Sufi,
An image of Hussain,
A line of Sahar, □
An expression of uniqueness,
Disposition of Ishrat,
You are, you are; only you are,
I am addressing you!

I aspire that you nestle in my heart
In such a way,
As breeze descends upon the wings of butterflies,
You should wait for me as some damsel waits for the return of her lover,
Standing in the opening of a house,
Made of boats on some distant beach.

Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

I Am Appalled

The deer is unafraid of the forest,
The wild-cow is fearless of the meadows,
The stag is not scared of drinking water
Of the brook where hidden
Alligators are in the chase.
The soldier is unfrightened of the battlefield,
But he is afraid of the mosque, where
He is deployed at the time of Nimaz.
The sparrow is not disgusted of the tree,
In the branches of which clings a snake,
The eagle is un-petrified of the rocks
Where lightening thunders and strikes;
But I am appalled at my own city,
The child is afraid of going to school,
And buying toys,
The journalist is fearless on the front while reporting,
But fearful while going alone along the road,
And they have no dread interviewing the terrorists,
Hidden I the dark grottoes;
But afraid of the promenade in the park.
I am appalled at my own city, (I confess)
I am weaker than a baby-deer,
I am more timid than a sparrow.

Written by Asghar Nadeem Syed
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

I Am Bent Upon

I have cherished a desire for long,
I have cherished a desire for long,
To gift you the gift, the precious one,
More precious than rubies and sapphires
Or any other stone adorned on the crown
Of foreign kings and queens,
More gorgeous than roses that bloom
In any garden, in the west or east;
But worries do not allow me sit,
Contemplate at the moonlit night,
Inside the window where moonbeams
Come straining and streaming,
Through the hushed, silent airs.

There I wish to compose a poem
With rare similes and metaphors,
Best images, elegant diction,
And all poetic skills that I know.
In the lines my heart must pulsate
Each word be soaked in rich emotions,
Then I should present the piece to you;
But I am afraid whether you will accept
Or discard it away, for the world runs after
Worldly riches, rubies and sapphires
Only a few lovers of poesy remain behind,
I know you will discard the item,
Precious for me but worthless for you,
So I adjourn the intent to compose
A piece of poesy, and go out to find
A ruby or a sapphire, or any chiseled stone,
For I am bent upon to win your heart.

Muhammad Shanazar

I Am Exhausted

Exhausted is my mind, fatigue beaten is my body, pooped is the environment,
Tired is the bright day; bushed is the dark night,
And my sense sat at the house of worn-out breath.
This environ prevails each side, everywhere,
Broke out there some fatal malady in the city,
The news are repeated in the paper every day,
The prolonged reports of incidents is not the solution,
I unfold the newspaper with new questions,
And apprehensions assembled on the threshold of my house,
The captions contain pathos of Time,
Each page seems finding something thought provoking,
In adds, in pics and in captions,
Mist seems floating in the wilderness,
And there is no change in the travelogue of yesterday,
Problem-prone are the idolatries same like,
The same talks of distribution, the same questions of boundaries,
The same matters of war, the same contents of horror,
Even the believers remained busy in genocide,
Those were to build the houses, but remained busy in setting them on fire,
They are the shrewd characters of worn-out politics,
They regard themselves the followers of Christ but they are themselves disease-prone,
Cold corpses cannot be any caption,
And recognition of any faith.

Where to and where should I go, I am baffled a lot,
I am despised to see the dead consciences,
How should I prop my decrepit thoughts?
How should I evict myself from the cumbrous era?
I smell frozen blood from the newspapers,
Everywhere I see nothing but blackness,
Let the newspaper lie in my lap,
I am exhausted and let me snooze for a while.

Written by Jagdish Prakash

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

I Am Fond Of You

He often said,
"You are not fond of me.
I responded,
"It is just a dawn my Love!
Confession is yet to be expressed,
Whatever I wish to say,
I shall not speak it yet,
I conceal from myself a lot,
I defer the emotions,
If they appear on the tongue."

"Listen, My Love!
Stop for a while for it is my turn,
I am fond of you that is why
I become annoyed on every trifle,
And all of sudden become shattered,
Like a piece of mirror;
And if you delay in coming back,
Thousands of suppositions
Torment my fond heart,
This or that may not happen.
Peek into my eyes, My Love!
How much love for you I have in my store,
For I am fond of you."

Muhammad Shanazar

I Am Passing Through Strange Times

In the confined room of life,
Neither there is a miracle of the sun and shade,
Nor the passion of rose and nightingale,
Neither youth of the moonlight,
Nor interlude of the galaxy,
Neither the sky nor the earth is mine,
I have faith neither in my abode,
Nor in the extended route,
I see airs smashing their heads,
The roads are overcrowded,
Mobbed are the bazars,
Patience takes last breath in dust of the route,
The streets pant in the lap of smoke,
Human beings are confined in thorns in the air,
Neither is there squealing wind on the grasslands,
Nor are clouds in the sky, nor grey sights,
Neither an ocean of laughter,
Nor the river of ecstasy,
Neither the words of love,
Nor delicacies of Beauty,
The essence of existence is like the season of decaying roses,
The universe is but a sense of ceaseless occurring incidents,
In which I have been passing through astray since long.
Ah! I am passing through strange times!

Written by Jagdish Prakash

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

I Am Ragged In Twain

I am the discarded being,
Discarded from the doors of heaven,
Thrown into the abyss, upon the Earth.

Oh! Creatures of the strange world,
Now gaze me not at my nakedness
With dreadful suspicions,
I am the innocent being, who became the victim of jealousy,
I am the being, who was poisoned,
Now poison runs through my veins,
In the form of jealousy, hatred and pride.

The forbidden tree was planted
In the lush green garden of Eden
Before the clay of my existence was kneaded.
The evil eyes gawked at me
Before I was sent into the luxuriant zones,
To dwell in and relish sweetness of the regions;
I had been victimized before I was taught the tricks
To ward off the tempts.

I am encaged in the world,
But thoughts of heaven dwell in the mind,
Ah! I am ragged in twain.
Now sitting in the abyss of the universe,
I see to the culmination of the heavens
Ponder and sigh why my dreams were snatched,
Why my hopes were trampled,
Why my existence was ragged in twain
By the opposing forces;
My powers were seized, my apron was torn,
I was deprived of the blissful state,
And with baffling mind I assume myself,
It was the brawl of two hostile forces
Ah! My heart and mind were made the battlefield.

Muhammad Shanazar

I Have Been Envelope

The world demands,
At each movement new affairs,
New days, new nights,
New eves and new morns,
New oaths, new pledges,
New relations and new links;
Now they do not laud the olden tales.
O! My love,
I myself became bushed of reiteration
Of the words and lines,
Then I wrapped the poetic lines
And diction in the red paper
I set them on the dancing flames
Of my inner-self.
When the flying particles of ashes enquired me,
"What will you do hence,
What will you listen, and what will you say? "
'Your 'Daman' is empty.'
Then I respond, "I shall neither do anything hence,
Nor shall listen, nor shall say anything."
The world has made me a legend,
For I have been enveloped by a tale.

Muhammad Shanazar

I Have To Do Yet A Lot Of Chores

Someone plucked out my lashes,
And twisted them into a cord,
Then fastened my dreams,
With the same cord,
And imprisoned,
Into the dark cell of my own torso.

Nothing is perceptible in blackness,
But a glow resembling a drop of blood,
In the twinkle of which these dreams
Like grim shadows cling to arcs of my chest,
And wait for to get released extremities.

But I have to do yet a lot of chores,
I don't have time to see my own eyes sans lashes,
The world spreads all around me,
There are thousands of chores I have to perform,
But I am alone.

I stand stunned
For moments of life are slipping away
From my fist just as sand slips grain by grain,
Hands are becoming empty.

I have to do yet a lot of chores,
Like an old shepherd,
I have to yet lead the flock of this eve
To the farm yellow morn,
I have to see lest a petty star from my flock
Shouldn't vanish into the dust of
Blind journey, stretched to the skies.

I have to do yet a lot of chores,
I have to get released feet of my fellow beings
From the grip of shoes made of mud,
I have to harvest yet the crop of thirst
Sown in throats of people of bygone seasons,
And clad with the dress of roses
Some brunette beings.

O! My imprisoned dreams,
I have no time to get you released
For I have to do yet a lot of chores.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

I Have To Say Something

I have to say something,
When you depart, go afar from me,
A dark shawl of depression
From somewhere,
Who knows, how befalls on my head.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

I Have To Seek Out

I have to seek out yet,
A star out of
The assortment of dried leaves,
The same star that loosened once,
From the hands of God,
Its dazzle pierced the heart of darkness,
In such way as the blind startled,
The seers became horrified too,
Lest their squatness be revealed,
All assembled together who once grappled,
And conversed, "Pestle with the stones,
Or sink in the ocean of blackness,
Devise some method, some mode
To change in some way o other."
Those pigmies were not the chums of dread,
But enemies of the rustling sound,
Now I have to seek out,
In the forest of thick trees,
Amid the assortment of dried leaves,
The same star that loosened once,
From the hands of God.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

I Kept A Poem Somewhere Here

A while ago,
Just before dissolving smoke of Mobil-oil
Into nostrils of the morn,
I kept a poem somewhere here.

I kept a poem
Beneath the cushion
stuffed with rags of unstitched dreams, vile green sleeps,
Wakeful nights,
Apprehensions and dealings of the world.

Words of my poem resembled to
The fragrant dew drops
On the rosy cheeks of my beloved,
I kneaded all words of it
One by one in her milky coloured
Self conceited splendor,
It had all lines with smooth undulation
Like the gait of my beloved,
Its tone had mellowness of her wet lips,
And in delicacy, neck like a decanter.

Its looks were like (1) saqi's,
Gestures of silvery figure,
Behind the curtsies smoldering of hearts
In the fire of unresponsiveness,
Everything it had,
The loving fond hearts demand.

After many days,
Upon the low heat of a smooth flame
I placed my pulsations
To become crispy.
Strange mystical are dealings of the world,
One gets no moment of leisure.
The dust that enters into eyes
In pursuit of futile desire to harmonize
Circle of the feet to the wheel of time,

Makes forgetful on which piece of paper,
How much poem I wrote,
Where lay the shards of which dream,
At which corner, upon which desire
Spider weaves the web,
On which wall,
Which mirror keeps unnecessary reflection.

Strange mystical are dealings of the world,
One gets no moment of leisure.
After many days
This holiday too will also pass in the worry
That the poem I seek for
In the pieces of paper
And in spaces of the heart,
Who knows tethering
With the hem of which moment,
In which depth I had thrown
Into the waves of my own blood.

Just after a while
The evening will encroach humming,
The anchal of night
From the fore-head of the crescent will waft
To be overspread onto my eyes.

Sitting in the same plight,
Smoke of Mobil-oil will begin to dissolve
Into nostrils of next fresh morn,
All sight will change,
And I again will seek for the same poem
Beneath the cushion stuffed
With rags of unstitched dreams,
Vile green sleeps, Wakeful nights, apprehensions
and Dealings of the world.

Propping against the yellow wall of life,
I shall ask lonesomeness,
"Didn't you see.....?
I kept a poem somewhere here! "

Written by Ayub Khawar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

I Kicked The Cat

While I was sleeping
A cat entered into my room,
It was wild, big and strong too,
Its eyes gave out some bad intentions,
I asked some to push it out of the door,
But the wind shut it by its own accord,
I could not move to the exit
As the cat was on the way,
We both were afraid,
And did not have trust in each other,
It made several attempts of assault,
But I warded off,
It then assailed finally,
With a long leap clang to the shank of my left leg,
Prick sharp teeth, and nails of its paws,
I felt pain and was about to scream,
But I stifled it, and to uncatch the grip,
With the utmost strength, I kicked the cat,
But my foot stroke against the wall,
Though the bones of my phalanges did not break
Yet badly hurt and I hobbled for the whole week,
For I kicked the cat
With the utmost strength, in my dream.

Muhammad Shanazar

I Lose The Battle

I stand forlorn on the edge of the farm,
Where grow the young plants of deeds,
I see growing, springing the sown corn,
Amid the sticky poisonous trailing weeds.

Yellow sick, pale and frail is the crop,
But the weeds too healthy, too green,
They grow as the demonial desires do,
How should I weed, make the farm clean?

Though they are poisonous yet sweet,
More delicious than the daintier food,
That is why we deceive and we cheat,
And brood them, brood them brood.

To weed them I resolve again and again,
They ripen soon unguarded, unattended,
Without the sunshine and without the rain,
And at last I lose the battle unammended.

Muhammad Shanazar

I Married

Journeyed I the distances long,
Through the region trackless,
Breathed and inhaled sand hot,
Without taking rest or respite;
Kept in the eyes a single face,
The destined aim to be attained,
And pursued it place to place,
While hovered upon my head,
Sable death like the dark clouds.

The hot winds tore my breast,
Scalded and lacerated the seat
Of thoughts and emotions pure,
Like the round ripe cotton balls,
Gurgled nothing but fluid of love,
The only sin my heart contained.

I remained behind astray all alone,
Entangled myself in the puzzling
Valley of love and sat forlorn amid
The fierce menacing wilderness,
Ah! At last I married Miss. Desire,
Dowered by Madam Hunger.

Muhammad Shanazar

I Saw The Miller

My strength was suspended,
Mind and heart were muffled
As if wrapped in the mist of bafflement.
I felt my carnal existence
Thawing like a burning candle,
Eyes shedding warm drops of tears;
And I found myself standing
In the desert of impossibilities,
Amid the sands of times and your image
Began to waft around in circle.
I too moved in diurnal moves
To behold the wafting object.
When the pause ensued,
The Heaven and the Earth
Moved as gigantic mill's grind-stones
And then I saw the Miller,
Oscillating behind in nothingness,
Smiling at His own creation being ground.

Muhammad Shanazar

I Shall Have The Whole Day Rest

Just now I have got up,
My body is strengthless,
Exhausted, fatigued,
Each joint imparts me pain,
As a loader feels after
Loading and unloading the loads.

I too remained busy all alone,
In lifting up the injured,
Men, women and children,
I did not touch the dead, for
It was of no use to give them the first-aid.

I only loaded on my back the alive,
The injured exposed to radiation,
For they were numerous,
Lying helpless on the plain,
Aftermath of the nuclear war,
Horror brimmed from their eyes,
Instead of tears.

I heard from the distance,
More grumbles of the blasts along the skyline,
Mushrooms of smoke spurted
Blackening the earth and air;
But I heeded to cries of the injured.

I loaded them one by one,
And turn by turn on my back,
Placed them under the trees
In the shades to make them
Safe from the emission.

In a ditch I found my own
Youngest daughter, lying prostrate
With dishevelled hair,
The last injured I picked upon my back,
And placed her in the shade
Of a thick mulberry tree.

The whole night I remained
Drench in sweat, the curves of salt
In crinkles of my dress are evident;
The dream placed at night,
A stone of fear upon my chest,
I am deadly tired,
Today I shall have the whole day rest.

Muhammad Shanazar

I Shall Keep Crying

O! Heedless Generals of the parading troops,
Overloaded with the warring martial contents,
I shall keep crying aloud, at the top of my voice,
Though my tongue is plucked out of the roots.

You are the blind dummies of the sightless kings,
Only you pillage, plunder the world to increase a row
Of brassy stars upon your thick broad shoulders,
Or to gather a medal worth a dime to embellish,
Your hollow heartless rattling cold-blooded chests.

You obey the master kings with out knowing,
To kill, kill and kill humanity: the fellow beings.
What aims are yours, what missions you struggle for?
Just for vain victories imparting pungent pleasures.
You have been blood-drunk since the period pre-historic,
You have been playing the game, the match of butchery,
You have been entertaining with the bloody sport,
To kill, kill and kill is your hobby, a painful pastime.

I shall keep crying aloud, at the top of my voice,
Till guns, cannons thunder, the fighters jets grumble,
The bombs blast, the missiles lacerate the air.
If my sound offends, torments and troubles you,
Prod your fingers into the porches of your ears,
Or block them by pouring into them molten lead.

A single rider does not raise a storm of dust, I know,
Yet I shall perform my task, discharge my responsibility,
So that I might not be included in the list of characters,
Who set the fair Earth on fire, deformed it into inferno.

Muhammad Shanazar

I Was Shot

It was night,
The whole nation was in freight,
For starvation prevailed over
Each nook and corner.

I went out with an empty pocket
And a blank bag,
To manage commodities for my own kids,
And walked timidly
Through the lanes and lawns,
I came across men and women
With harrowed pallid faces,
There was stifling in the airs
As if something had rotten
Beneath the crust of time.

I advanced through the streets
To seek an opportunity,
A chance to carry out my intents:
The maiden adventure.

I saw the houses big and small,
But the doors were shut,
At some spots I saw the guards
Watching at the gates with guns.

I found a mansion with the walls
Neither too high nor too small,
Inner contents of the house were visible
And the watchman seemed to be dozing,
In the chair with the mozer in his lap.

I quailing my strength and courage,
Jumped over the bordering wall,
And I stealthily went ahead through
The plants and flowering shrubs;
All the time caring lest sound should disturb
The sleeping indwellers.

I made a sudden survey,
And my eyes located the kitchen,
A place of treasure, it was simply bolted,
Merely hooked with out any lock.

I with making a noise least
Searched for the containers
Containing the precious articles,
And discovered many of them empty.

I found a tin-box with a little quantity of flour,
No more than kilo two and a half,
And a bag of sugar laid beside.
I turned up the tin-box,
Poured the flour into my own bag,
And carried along the packed sugar too.

I moved back and strove to leap over the wall,
But my legs staggered
As if they began to revolt against my wills;
In the effort I fell and thump awoke the guard,
He pointed his mozer and fired twice, "Bang, bang",
One shot hit in the shank of my leg,
I lay on the ground,
Gripping the targeted spot tight,
The piercing pain of the shot woke me up,
I found myself on the floor, instead of in the bed,
But I was holding my leg tight.

Muhammad Shanazar

I Won't Dissuade

O! The wise heads of humanity,
Though I know you will not obey,
For resolute you are in your pursuits,
And you will turn deaf ear to my cries,
Yet I shall perform the assigned task,
Like a shepherd standing on the rock,
Does shout to aware the heedless flock,
Of the encroaching dangers, hidden perils,
And calls at the top of the voice to attract,
The heed that erratic are the heading steps,
They might take, lead to the brim vertical,
Of dungeon dark, the point of no return.

O! The wise heads of humanity,
Though you obey or not, yet I shall utter
The notes, give forth the voice of conscience,
I won't dissuade you, do whatever you wish,
But blood, honour and life on the paths,
You trample, torment my mind, my soul,
And I like a helpless shepherd stand aside,
Whose flock is taken by the fierce wolves.

Muhammad Shanazar

If I Become Annoyed

Brawls between us,
Tangling, expostulating,
And threatening not to return,
No doubt,
All these have their apposite worth;
But be heeded, hear me!
Though I am stubborn, adamant,
Yet if I become annoyed,
Absolve my all imperfections,
By embracing,
Reconciling with me again.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

If I Were The King

If I were the king,
I would do nothing unusual,
Repeating the same old practice;
I would discard, set aside all bodies,
Even remotely linked to the name of law.
I would not allow anyone to share my office,
My powers and my authorities.

I would ride on the back of my nation,
For the long time against her consent,
Like a child as it rides the wooden horse,
And on finding it static drags the structure.

I would prod my fingers into the porches of my ears,
Lest any cry, shriek or sound should intervene,
My lascivious activities.

I would distribute all prominent high places,
Among my dear ones and hired villains of the state,
I would summon all beautiful pieces in the court,
And set my knavish lusty dogs upon them,
To scratch their delicate skin.

To crush the heads of my opponents,
I would bring back my soldiers from the border,
And let them loose with all liberties,
And they would do whatever they wish,
To surfeit their unbridled desires.

On seeing my fearful contestant,
I would grin my teeth like a timorous dog,
And turning tail inward between the legs,
Twirl my face to embrace the enemies.

I would have a secret hand to receive my commissions,
On each domestic and foreign bargain,
I also would receive my share on transfers of lands,
And would offer all producing units for the open sale,
So that grandsons of my grandsons might rule too,

And adversity be the fate of others.

Oh! When I sit engrossed in frivolous thoughts,
My conscience curses my kingship and me,
Thousands of times and I find myself,
The most detestable being in the world.

Muhammad Shanazar

If Love Gets Annoyed

Faithfulness,
When gets over the shawl
Of compromise,
And assumes,
The shape of Winter,
It descends in the patio of heat.
It smiles like a bow of stars
Hanging on the lashes,
And sometimes it gives
An unsmelt perfume,
Of the untouchable figures
Of dreams.

When the chains
Of countless moments spent
Along someone endeared,
Begin to jingle in the mind,
Silence at once cries
On the cable of breath;
It seems as if gusts of winds,
Come to whisper.

O! My Friend,
Now you might have realize,
The true nature of love;
Whatever wounds it imparts,
It never allows to stitch
And if love gets annoyed
It dose not allow to be alive.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

If You Had Been Faithful

If you had been faithful,
I would feature the face of dream,
I would lower and lift the silky lashes in coyness,
I would settle you in the sugary rhythm of palpitation,
I would get you inscribed
In the thick network of lines of my hand,
I would hide you in Bindia of my forehead,
I would reveal you the secret of quivering ear-rings,
I would show you the bracelets on the wrists
I would make a trial of my fate,
You would wipe colours of lips with a mischief,
You would lift up the bridal-veil,
You would make me you own,
If you had been faithful.

Muhammad Shanazar

Impacts Of Horror

After the uproarious tiring activity of the day,
I rested my exhausted head upon the pillow,
And for a while shut up the lids of my eyes,
So that I could peep into my inner self,
To evaluate the endeavour I performed,
From dawn to dusk setting aside,
The principal task: to devote my existence,
For the fellow beings, to remove their pains.

A faint drowsiness occupied my mind,
That began to oscillate making me forgetful,
Of the conscious world of man that began to appear,
No more than a shadow of a dream.

A carriage I beheld advancing towards me,
Approached gliding as if it was weightless,
The coachman though was not human,
Yet had mild countenance, with snow-white,
Beard and brows; his hair flowed down,
Fell upon his shoulders with tight folded wings.

He signaled me to have a ride in the chariot,
And I settled in the cushioned seat,
And it began to advance with moderate move,
The scenes that I might faintly recollect,
Began to move behind.
We headed with no jerk or jolt,
Very close to the surface of the land,
And no conversation took place between,
At a certain spot the chariot rested,
And I found upon a murky ground,
Many children sitting very close,
The distant seemed like dots,
They were silent with harrowed pale faces,
And some half naked shivering with chill,
Their eyes were impressionless like a burnt piece of the mirror.

Then again the journey commenced,
This time a little faster than before,

I got grim glance of a serpentine river,
That mingled somewhere into the remote sea,
After passing over the fire gurgling mountains,
Again the chariot rested upon the ground,
And this time I beheld the collection of young men,
All in twenties or thirties they were,
Their faces were harrowed pale and eyes impressionless too,
And some of them had scars if they had fought,
Some extended war on the far flung domain,
For their structures carried the weight of exhaustion.

Then the third phase of the journey began,
Again a curvaceous river we had to cross,
Over the burning hills and forest we passed,
I smelt the stench and smoke entered though my nostrils,
Blazing air touched the flesh of my body,
It was almost the time of sunset when we landed,
In front of a dark cave in the basement of a mound,
The coachman again signaled which meant, "Come down",
And gestured to have a glance of the inner part of the fissure,
I saw nothing except incense serpents and scorpions,
The serpent moved with the lashing tails,
And the scorpion with their stiff curved stings;
And for the first time the winged coachman spoke,
"God does not inflict unjust inflictions,
These are your doings, now taste the produce."
When I came out of the mystical world,
The impacts of horror were upon my forehead.

Muhammad Shanazar

Impacts Of Wind

The knock of wind,
Does not let me sleep the whole night,
In consequence
The sound of your footsteps,
The comfort of your lips,
The demand of your passions,
Have deranged me,
Have got me astray,
I smash my head against the walls,
Rubbing my palms together,
I often ponder what the impacts are
That the wind carries with.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

In Memory Of The Burnt Bees

It was the month of December,
A swarm of bees perched in the mulberry tree,
Quite adjacent to my residence,
They were in thousands and deemed
To start the job afresh.
They hummed around when the sun came out
And kept busy at day time,
But sat jumbled at the sun set.
They hissed when someone went close,
At one night, a fortnight after they had settled,
A band of men came to extract honey from the honey-comb,
Which they did not make then,
I admonished them not to play the devilish game,
But they had their own will,
They were human but brute from within.
To avoid from their stings,
They adopted the easy route,
They set a bonfire exact beneath them,
First of all they hissed and then began to fall down burnt,
Some attempted to fly, escaped from the crown of creation,
Yet they all were damaged, most of them lost their wings,
The band of men could extract no honey,
Out of the immature comb.
After a while clouds emerged in the sky,
They began to float hiding the face of moon
They eyes of stars,
Then harsh cold wind began to blow,
The rain began to drizzle down,
And humanity went asleep snug in the warm houses.

Early in the morn when I woke, I beheld,
A gruesome sight and heart grew cumbersome,
With the load of grief,
Mostly the bees scattered burnt,
The ground around grew sable,
Numerous dead bees lay close to one another,
All supine with burnt wings,
My heart began to lament over the colossal wreck,
As naught remained behind in the branches,

They reminded me the nuclear blasts,
Of Hiroshima and Nagasaki when human bodies
Lay burnt in the streets similarly.
I apprehended fear of the future war,
When the heads of the leading powers,
Will become crazy cracked and launch nuclear weapons,
The world will meet its catastrophic end,
With no conqueror to celebrate the victory,
And no conquered to mourn on the plight,
But a hushed dismal amphitheater of burnt bodies.

Some of the bees that lay supine afar
On the wet ground seemed alive,
They imperceptibly moved their legs and hinds
But all helpless, I picked them all
And placed in front of the heating apparatus,
Most of them came into senses,
Some began to fly as well,
My heart felt felicity that I never tasted before,
But those that flew and those that seemed recovering,
All died in the next few hours,
As if they died of the after effects of radiation.
Dejection overshadowed my existence,
I was only to lament over their plight,
Men and women of the world were indifferent,
They had other cares, and worries to confront,
I sat pondering beside the charred bodies,
Of the bees that they gave us honey,
But we gave them death, death too painful,
Death too gruesome, death too agonizing,
Men of God burnt them with fire but God Himself
Drizzled on them cold water of rain,
Ah! It was sorrow. Ah! It was pain.

Muhammad Shanazar

In Memory Of The Bygone Days

Who knows more than the ocean
Sorrows of the seashores,
We are travelers,
Friendship of the wind and sail has cut
Routes upon the harsh surface,
And the birds tell us about other islands
Soil of which resembles a word of promise
Acquainted to the time
That shall have to pass through
The pang of descending
From the palanquin of yearning eyes.

If by mistake we desire to see
To the seashore,
You must be aware of the mystery,
Invisible wall of waters upon waters
Begins to upsurge,
Worthless fatigue of the bygone age
Begins to swell like a sea,
In each drop of blood,
In hallucination of the sight,
Death and bouquet of flowers begin to glow,
In glow of the lamp of condolence,

But O! My heart,
Who knows the sea in which we journey,
In its violent waves,
Beyond isthmuses of mine and yours,
Surges another ocean!

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

In Memory Of The Innocent Victims

The journey of life,
Is going on amid
The blood claiming incidents.
Who knows
When the moments break,
And is undone
The spell of gloom.
In memory
Of those who depart,
The eyes become soaked,
Time and again.
The divine books assure,
Sacred is the blood that flows,
It will not be sterile, in case
You lose not your courage.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

In Respect Of Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

O! God of seas and continents,
How many people are there,
In the deviated multitude,
Of men and women,
In the present cold world,
And time of turmoil whose pens shed,
The blood of their hearts.
Whose revered words,
Squeezing out of the network of veins,
Descend on the surface of paper in the form of faith,
And bloom emitting,
Fragrance like multi-coloured roses.

All sit here enfolding themselves,
In the shawl of profound silence,
Chewing the dead words,
Fixing upon their chests the name-plates,
Their eyes have no dreams,
Their pulsations are without fragrance,
Their frivolous phalanges are cumbersome,
With enmity and hypocritical truths;
But among them lies a man,
Who always wrote truth,
Transparent like truthfulness,
Embroidered life and life pertaining issues,
With the radiant dexterity,
On the captivating flag of humanity.

He neither did bow his head upon his chest
In the era of any kingship,
Nor did he eat dust,
While being in the multitude of servile natured human figures,
Nor did he throw dust upon his contemporaries,
He is spotless like fragrance,
A man of adroitness,
He is skillful,
He respects the men of letters,
As the morn venerates the breeze.

O! God of seas and continents,
Bestow me a place at the feet,
Of the same pleasant incarnation,
Of adroitness and truth,
For I urge to have the dust of his feet,
And fill the vessels of my eyes,
With the drops of truth that dripped,
From the phalanges of his hands,
I wish to place the grief
Of his truthfulness, in the casket of my heart.

O! God of seas and continents,
I urge to give my heart for his ingenuity
O! God of seas and continents,
Bestow me a place at the feet,
Of the same pleasant incarnation
Of adroitness and truth.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

In Solitude Often I Ponder

I was shaped a perfect being,
Perfect in form and posture,
A turmoil rose among the angels,
Then jealousy and defiance,
Came into action to tarnish my charm.

Bearing a crown on my head
I was placed on the elevated podium,
To instill eyes of the lookers with solace.
But the evil hearts were resolute,
To confound the glorious design.

Ah! Now my all inside is dead,
Numbness has wrapped my entire being,
Tears emerge not in my eyes,
I repent not on my own fatal faults
Distress of others distress me not,
My hands are red with the substance:
Blood of the fellow beings,
And the loss of faith is no matter to me.

Now the vessel of my heart is filled
With hatred, pride and poison of jealousy;
Instead of with the contents of love and piety,
While sitting in solitude often I ponder;
"Do I have any reason still to regard myself,
The crown of the creation? "

Muhammad Shanazar

In The Abyss Of Night

Thorns and thistles
Of memories are yet in the feet of my poems,
My ghazals are yet wrinkled, crease in crease,
Life has to yet bring the forsaken rhythm of love,
Who knows how many meanings came out
Of the abodes with the changed costumes
I have to recall them yet,
Thorns that bristled up in the throat of my pen,
They are yet to be quenched with the blood,
The caravans of thoughts
Whose camel-men slept exhausted
I have to yet awake their sand-laden eye-lids,
If there is sediment in the abyss of night
I have to cast it away, the ocean has not yet
Uncaught anklets of the shore,
And the winds have not yet broken any mast.
What is it, if the waves stepped ahead?
Let them come on,
The arms of my shores are capacious enough,
To encase them all, to embrace them all.

Written by Shazia Akbar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

In The Blanket

The night is waning, consuming itself,
All residents of the world,
Are latent, resting their heads
Upon the arms but here far away from her
I weep holding the hem of her recollections.

She might be sleeping unruffled,
Dishevelling hair upon her shoulders
Placing her head upon the beloved chest,
And snuggling in the blanket of someone.
Then why should I blubber sobbingly,
And languish and pine away for nothing.

Muhammad Shanazar

In The Company Of Cain

A sojourn on the far distant strange land,
Took me to a plain of the scorched sand,
Replete with the countless vertical holes,
Each was guarded by a figure with a wand.

Their round entrances were all black sable,
They were the abodes of those who did gable,
And agonized more the miserable fellows,
With the blood, the world they did dabble.

They were confined with no end of pain,
And were facing the plight for being vain,
Their cries mingled in the rising smoke, for
They were doomed in the company of Cain.

Muhammad Shanazar

In The Memory Of 23rd March 1940

Let us remember greatness,
Of those moments,
When we had in a glance
The tidings of brilliant future,
When we made all understand
The meanings of Pakistan,
Status of the Muslims in the subcontinent,
There was a glimmering galaxy
Of love in the Manto Park.

Let us remember greatness
Of those moments,
That day, that momentous day
That is alive even today in the history,
Though darkness prevails,
Yet the day is brilliant even today,
The same day
When the grand structure was founded.

Let us remember greatness
Of those moments,
Whom for Minar-e-Pakistan is witness evidently,
In fact the founder of Pakistan witnesses,
All around spreads there glow
of the gleaming inscription,
Let us remember greatness
Of those moments.

Muhammad Shanazar

In The Perspective Of Tsunami

What a massive calamity leapt on you!
All around is the clattering doom,
How many corpses are lying coffinless!
The wailings cries and shrieks are gagged,
At the source they emerged wherefrom.

What a water it is of the shore!
Whose each mighty wave claims heavy toll.
It is such a typhoon submarine,
That shakes, shatters the rocks.
Ah! Life has slept with such a tranquility,
That the earth itself weeps embracing,
Its own rotundity.
Cries, shrieks the existence of nights,
The pangs of hapless life are expressed,
In the wheezing eyes on each countenance,
And the dreams bloats on the watery surface.

What a massive calamity leapt on you!
All around is the clattering doom,
How many corpses are lying coffinless!

The wailings cries and shrieks are gagged,
At the source they emerged wherefrom.

Muhammad Shanazar

Innocence

O! The Dove of Peace,
You bear the branch of olive in the beak,
But you are in a state of war,
Sitting on the muzzle of cannon
You are busy in singing the song of love and peace,
You know well that the wolves shall turn
Their deaf ears to your songs,
They shall never value in their hearts,
Your love for peace and prosperity,
You shall remain only a tiny worthless bird
For the cruel hawks, though you know well,
Yet in this era of chaos,
Sitting on the muzzle of cannon, you are immersed
In singing the song of peace and prosperity
For inhabitants of the world.

Written by Dr. Nisar Tarabi Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

It Is Possible

It is possible that you
From each word of love,
May derive thousand of meanings,
And then your yourself refute them.
It is possible My Dear
That its charm may make you paralyzed,
And you finding yourself
In the lonely dark cave of heart
May confess, express reality of love.

But who will guarantee?
You never write 'No' prior to 'Yes',
And you never write 'Yes' prior to 'No'.

Muhammad Shanazar

It Is Time To Come Into Senses

O! Friend these gallant eyes,
These pretty limbs of body,
This splendid structure,
On which the world is astonished.
Are ordained to be decomposed.

Here pain of love is shocking
No I but the whole world declares it so
O! Friend this love is nondescript
It always deprives one of crown and throne
On all sides around it rules.

O! Friend do not cherish frivolous hopes
No one gets flowers here but thorns
Do not run behind the shadows,
O! My friend.
It is time to come into senses.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Journey At The Pitch Dark Night

I journey through the wilderness,
Pitch dark night,
Drowsing moments,
Harassed Earth,
Uproar of the clouds,
It seems the sky will drown,
All possibilities of the journey.

But it will not happen so,
On arrival of the clouds
The winds will blow,
And scenting my dress
With fragrance of primrose
They will fade away, and when
There will be Raag of Rim Ghim
Scent will cling to my feet,
And I will listen to
The melody of clouds,
And will go on in the company
Of faint breaths along the banks
Of flowing sensation,
I will see leaves in the blows of wind,
Smiling and swaying,
Prime beams of the delicate countenance
Of the sun will fall too upon my breaths,
Along with drops of rain,
Impinging down
From the fluttering tiny leaves.

Muhammad Shanazar

Kanti Ma Ma

When I beheld you for the first time,
You face looked a piece of poesy;
Today after years I see the same poem,
But meaning of the poem,
Metaphors and similes all seem altered;
Rhyme, rhythm, metre and diction are similar
Even then the poem is not the same

Only rhymes and rhythms do not make
A poem just like as a river is not a river
Sans current,
An ocean is not an ocean sans depth,
We can't regard any spot a garden sans flowers.

The waterfalls of your eyes in which long ago
I beheld fragilities, and heard the jingles of Malhar
Smiles bore along colours of thousands of roses.

Your eyes, your smiles seem,
Have gone astray amid the puzzles of ruins
Like a parentless child, perhaps this is the reason
I cannot find traces of the older poem,
Which I read at one noon of June long long ago,
While I sat in front of you in search of my future,
My thoughts,
My feelings,
My passions, my impressions absorbed
By and by, into your face,
And I went on weaving a tale of the poem.

Today I am in front you,
And trace prints of the same poem again,
Instead I see slices of the old newspapers,
Heaped up in your eyes,
I see surging throng of incidents,
In search of those moments, you have lost
Since long into dust of the route of long journey,
I try to read and re-read the poem on you face,

But return time and again,
To the steak of sunlight that passes through
Your white hair that bears old title of this poem,
Only title but nothing else.

Muhammad Shanazar

Karachi

Karachi contained in its existence,
The dance of deer, on each moment,
And on each moment the peacocks
Of life used to skip.
In the lawns and lanes hustle bustle glowed
Like the eyes of doe deer and each day
Karachi breathed in the affairs of love,
Evenings of the days had miracles of the wishes,
And silvery moonlit nights had
The secrets of intimacies.

Each morning was radiant
With the luminosity of the scriptures;
Height of its truthfulness
Spoke like pinnacles of the Mount Sinai.
Its streets were peopled with the world of lights,
And all sects of life
Shared pain and pleasures with each other.
The hands of my lunacy have ravaged
The love-packed city of brotherhood
Made it deserted, in such a way,
As Karachi looks
At me with regretful plaintive eyes,
And then sinks down into bewilderment.

Written by Ronaq Hayat
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Known And Unknown

O! The denizens of the earth
Who will disclose the place where
The captured terrorists are confined,
No one knows what has been told by them
To the investigators,
Whether we shall have In hand
Some findings or not.
Who are these and who abet them to commit
Suicidal attacks?
Why do they shatter into shards dreams
Of the innocent infants, young and old?
They cause death but die themselves too;
Which kind of stones their chests contain
In the place of their hearts?
Who have brought them up?
Who are their fathers and mothers?
Is there any court in the country
Where the offspring of Ibn-e-Zyad
And cursed Shimmer may be presented
Whether the sun
Of this century will behold them or not,
Or they will remain unknown
Like an unknown spot
Where they have been confined.

Written by Ayub Khawar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Lamentation

Yesterday at noon
A farmer,
Was run over by a Parado,
Blood splattered the road,
People of the village,
Tattled about the death,
A moment few,
Then silence prevailed,
As if nothing happened.

Today a crow
On the electric pole
Has entangled
Amid high tension wires,
And the whole family of crows
Lamented over the death,
Almost the whole day,
As if nothing of theirs
Remained in the world behind.

Muhammad Shanazar

Let Him Do

If he is true to his claims,
He should have coloured me
In his own colour,
He should have ruled over my heart,
I plead the dove to reside at my house,
But I see a wave of blood encroaching
To my residence, if he is bent upon to tingle
Let him do, but he should not invoke
My patience, the game will go reverse.

Written By Sabina Riffat

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Let Me Listen To

Let me compose,
New songs of springs,
Do not lend my eyes,
Autumnal tinge.
Though there spreads,
All around,
Marshy land of sorrows,
Yet let me listen to,
A prayer,
Of some mother,
And laughter,
Of some child.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Let Me Talk To The Wind

Let me talk to the wind,
We have to tell the complaint,
That we nourished against her,
Often it knocks at the doors,
And disturbs our sleep,
Sometimes brings along from abroad
The news of arrival of the dear one,
But he comes not. It blows out
All quivering lamps of the lashes,
Sometimes awakens melody in the lute,
It mixes itself in the beats of heart-beats,
Sometimes it fells aged dried leaves,
It gives the birds a ride
By making them homeless.

Let me talk to the wind,
Look how it descends,
Pushes boats on the chest of the sea,
It blows from all directions around,
And with a caressing touch
Shapes unsullied faces on the coastal sand,
Then it flattens them all and how it trains
The wingless clouds to soar,
Then squeezing the drops
Out of them garnishes the Earth,
How it smiles and hums
Diving into the chain of breath,
How it blows swishing
And then becomes motionless;
To make out these secrets,
Let me talk to the wind.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Let The Sun Arise A Bit

Let the sun arise a bit,
Many tears of mine,
On the surface of my heart,
Are ice-formed, frozen,
Will melt pouring out,
In the form of verse;
But wait,
Let the sun arise a bit,
Let it appear,
From behind the mountains.

Then from the snowy rocks,
The snow will dissolve,
The drops of water then joining,
Will move directing themselves,
To seek out the channels,
To originate the streams,
To formulate the river,
The several rivers merging,
With one another,
Will shape the oceans.

Think a while,
One who is in incessant journey,
Was mere a drop,
Sometime became it a stream,
And on the other a river.

Lo! Where the journey is accomplished,
These poems, these ghazals,
Are merely my verses,
But see!
They begin wherefrom,
To be poured upon the pages,
And whereto they are finalized,
But wait,
Let the sun arise a bit,
From behind the mountains.

Let Us Compose A Poem

Let us compose a poem,
In the drizzle of Monsoon,
Or in a small valley,
On the moments,
Which spent accompanying you,
Or
On innocent sentiments,
Or
On your brilliant eyes,
Or
On my quivering eyes,
Let us compose a poem.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Let Us Confess

O! My love,
Separation of centuries
Ensued between us,
But the son of love
Still shines in the heart.
Though we parted
Yet remained loving;
Let us confess that we dwell
In the heart of each other.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Let Us Exchange (A Message To The Nations At War)

Let us exchange the fresh red roses,
Sweet smelling scents and perfumes,
And the restless palpitating hearts too.
Uproot the thorny weeds of disgust,
Spread arms, open the shut windows,
Of the locked rusty close minds.

A time to sweep the paths clean,
Picking up the thorns and stones,
Where upon our children will walk,
Bare feet, advancing to the heights,
In search of the brightening zones.

A time to throw the spacey cobras,
Into the waters of the deep seas,
To remove impending fatal fear,
That makes us all yellow or pale,
To wash blobs of the bitter past.

A time to present honey pure,
Instead of the poisoned cups of wine,
To repent in the remaining time,
On being puppets in the alien hands,
On wounding, perforating chests,
Bleeding no one but ourselves.

Muhammad Shanazar

Let Us Go To The Beach

Let us go to the beach
To weave a golden net
With the lashes,
Dive deep into the ocean,
To thief melodious tones
Of the oysters,
To pick gust of scent
With the tender tips of fingers,
To touch the pain,
And listen to its conversation.

Let us go to the beach,
To see un-ravished petals
Of the roses
On which dewdrops cheer up
For a while then faint down.

The sand of wanderlust
Troubles the eyes,
Let us capture
The fresh moon-beams
In the fist and steal there
The seven tones from the wind.
Let us both make
An earthen house,
Though for a while,
Yet to smile heartedly.
Let us count there
Those months and years
Which have been inscribed
On the stones and dried leaves;
Let us go to the beach.....

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Let Us Grow

How dingy is the Earth!
The Night has confined It too,
Come! Let us all grow the moons.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Let Us Suppose

Let us suppose,
In case you had been faithful,
I would see the dream of life,
Expostulate with the fortune,
Dwell in your heart,
Would make you my own,
Would have never
Bothered the world,
In case you had been faithful.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Liaqat Bagh (2)

(A Poem for Benazir Bhutto)

Let blood shouldn't be congealed,
It shouldn't come on the tips of tongues,
Neither the eyes should wink,
Nor should they shed the drops of tears,
Get all together, and wash
The place of execution before the sun rises,
And there shouldn't be a single clue.

Here is a tradition that post-mortems
Aren't carried out of the princes
And princesses,
Shut the eyes of the daughter of the East,
There are evidences of the murderer,
In the still static corneas,
And lips: the faded buds,
Tighten them close with each other,
Even now they display in silent corner
Frozen identity of the assassin.

The traditions to sustain the wounds
Of bullets, and hang on the gallows embrace
Each other in tranquility,
Now both of them are to be consign to
The blind dungeon of untold history,
Avarice will collect lies and so-called
Truths, to flag them in the streets,
Lanes and lawns, and along the highways,
And they will make amendments
In their constitutions,
For elections are going to be held soon.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Life How I Curse Thee

Life I curse thee

Like an old haggard gloomy bat,

Why do you pierce your claws in my eyes.

All day long you lick the skeleton of my dreams,

Why don't you leave me alone.

Night falls and

Like a great hunter

You dig your fierce claws

On the moon to reach the old woman spinning a wheel,

Knitting the thread of dreams on the point of mirage.

In the weaving of dreams and slumber,

You snatch moments,

Drowned in the abandon of empty houses.

Till the break of dawn,

Your restless pale pupils stamp their mark.

All day long you pick on heartless,

Half baked dreams like the bat.

Life how I curse thee

Written by Ayub Khawar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Life-Line

Life is loaded with the episodes,
Many dismal but a few cheerful.
My son died,
A short awhile after his birth,
Came down from the heaven,
Went quickly beneath the earth.

Before we gave him a final wash,
And wrapped him in the shroud,
I opened his fist to kiss his hand,
With tiny fingers and little nails,
And glanced his lines on the palm,
Lifeline encircled the whole Luna
That meant he would live long,
More than a span of ninety years,
But it mocked by leaving us in tears.

Muhammad Shanazar

Light

Light has been murdered
And
In the funeral
Darkness stands
In a queue stretching
Beyond the sight.

Muhammad Shanazar

Lines Of Wisdom

One who walks in a company of his own shadow,
In fact dies of each new dimension.

The thick tree that overshadows us all
Gets burnt itself in the scorching sun.

Those who depart the moon from the patios,
For them there shines a lamp in the glass-dome.

The rain that sweeps away
The roof and spares no ground behind
Her heart does not get mollified.

That one cannot break the spell of negritude
Who himself is afraid of light.

He who blew up all houses of the town,
Lo! How his house burns now.

The wounds of infidelity given by the moments
Take centuries to get them healed.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Lingering Moments

I know not why the nights are tangled in my loneliness,
I know not why the winds have stopped
With no reason apparent,
I know not why silences are lamenting all around,
I know not why warm breathings
Of the sky lie dispersed.
Mingled in voices of haunting silences;
Are days gone by,
Dejection of the birds of desires,
Singed throws of wind sprawled on waves
Stifled sighs of my smouldering existence.

Passing across the lakes of open eyes
Where do the dreams go flying?
Why in moments of retreat of this night
Are the windows of stars still open?
Why do the watering spots of my eyes lie dry?
Why are the streams of my desires restless?
Gathering darkness of the sky
Grabs the rising moon,
I hear your imagination will descend
On my house to burst in whirling dance,
But where are the symbols, the rhythm of trinkets,
Neither melody of a flute nor jingles of anklets

Where is Radha and where is Kanehya?
Where are the dancing thuds of Gopies?
The night is steadily waning,
The sky has begun turning his sides,
Trayful dreams are advancing,
Bequeathing hopes to the tired eyes,
And reviving forsaken memories of the past.
This night too has departed evoking hopes.

Written by Jagdish Prakash (India)
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar (Pakistan)

Muhammad Shanazar

Love

Love is life
And the whole stuff of life,
Love!
The sun floating around
Into vastness of the blue sky,
A constellation of the numerous stars,
A sign of the path of galaxies,
A rim of the moon,
A song sung by the waterfalls,
A thought flowing on the current of time,
A rainbow of seven colours,
A beautiful countenance,
A conspicuous tale writ on the face of Pain,
A fragrant plant in the patio of house,
A rose-like child
Entangling with his toy-flute,
A bird of the memory,
A moment hung on the Cross,
A river of fire,
A dew drop clinging to
A petal of the rose,
A fountain gurgling out
From the barren land of thirst,
A loitering cloud in the sky.
Love is life
And the whole stuff of life.

Written by Abdul Rehman Wasif
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Love Gets Crushed

Lust when possesses the heart,
And rises Its head through earth of wisdom,
At the very moment
When life makes Lust its nucleus,
It sets on fire everything all-around,
And garnishes conquest on Its heads,
At the very moment Love gets crushed.

Muhammad Shanazar

Love Is Like Sand

I said it too,
Love is like sand,
It slips down through fingers,
But some grains stick with the palm,
And when it is bushed,
These grains pass through eyes
While journeying to the soul,
They often weep and wail
Lying in its secret channels,
But troubling a lot.

Muhammad Shanazar

Love: A Gift

Love is a gift
For the Special Ones,
It is fragrance of the roses,
Shyness,
Delicacy,
Perplexity,
And tinkle of the petals
Fondness of flower fly,
Silence of the airs;
It contains,
The glimpse of moon,
The shine of stars,
Heat of the sun,
And whisper of the breeze;
Love is a gift,
For the special ones.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Love: A Miracle

Love is light, a melody,
A strange inexpressible taste it has,
It possesses invincible the strength,
Sometimes digs a range of mountains,
Sometimes tramples sands of the desert,
Sometimes swims on the unhardened pitcher,
Sometimes diverts course of the clouds,
Now becomes captivity of Laila,
And then lunacy of Qais,
Now like Khizar shows the exact route,
Then demands to bow beneath the daggers,
It knows how to walk on the thorny paths,
It knows how to die laughingly,
It knows how to kick the worldly splendour,
It requires to be placed in the being-built walls,
It makes the stakes a gratifying hobby,
Now turns the gardens into ashes,
Then becomes sparkle of the crop of roses,
It is the secret of self and ecstasy too,
Love has a strange chain of affairs,
Now Yasrab then Karbala
In each shape it has been dwelling,
Love is a miracle and total submission too.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Love: A Mystery

(Written By Javed Ahmed Translated By Muhammad Shanazar)

O! Love your existence is mysteriously baffling,
You are in the scattered shattered heart,
And with the intact ego too;
You invent the devices of cruelty,
And you are with the loyalty, fidelity too;
Your manners reveal a tale of darkness,
And enlighten the lamps of pleasing light
And then you are with the gushing blows too;
You are in the fondness of beauty,
You throb in the redness of blood,
And in the colour of Hina too,
Strangely relates your colour to my heart,
You are with the fragments,
And with the cracking sounds too,
Mosque, temple and church all are your prints,
You dwell in the features of idols,
And reside with God too,
You move in the evening gale and with the breeze too.
You move in veins with blood as intoxication,
And pulsate with the palpitating heart too.

Muhammad Shanazar

Love: Perfect Beauty

He says, "What quality of mine you like the most?
I neither have the complexion so bright,
Nor form and features worth-referring,
Nor lips well shaped,
Nor eyes like a deer's".

Convey to him, "My beloved one,
Love is perfect beauty,
Human being just adore idols,
They portray the portraits,
That who sculptures well the idol,
It becomes their god".

The sculptors cannot go beyond
Precious stone, lips made of rubies,
Arcs and curves,
Tallness and bulk with beauty,
They neither can infuse frantic warmth in the eyes,
Nor delicacy of love in the lips,
Nor softness of the arms,
Nor a rhythm of the pulsations,
Nor the magic of touch is given any priority,
Nor flutters of the eyelashes,
Nor flows on the cheeks water of the tears,
They make just statutes of stones,
With the heads resembling human beings.

Convey to him, "My beloved one,
Had my hearing been frozen
How my cheeks would have blushed
On your gutsy comments,
And how the dreams of union
In the eyes would have settled".

Love is not an urge to adore a fine-looking idol,
Else the pivot of loyalty would have been
The house of Aazar,
But it did not happen so, but it did not happen so.

Love is a paras whom it touches,
Transforms into gold,
Love is such a powerful thought as when
It gets utterance through the tongue,
It transforms itself into a concrete shape.

O! My beloved one,
It is not a bargain of loss if I sacrifice my stars
On the glowworms of your desires,
And if I lose my heart just on the gesture
Of your lashes, I shall lose nothing,
The discourse you utter,
Is not less than the divine scriptures to me,
O! My beloved, I just have to say to you,
Whether love is a spell or spell remover,
I know nothing except that
Love itself is perfect beauty.

Written by Shazia Akbar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Madness Or Faithfulness

Every evening in front the mirror,
She sits to adorn herself
With faith and light of hope in the eyes.
A strange happiness spreads over her face,
She combs, braids her hair in the latest fashion,
Powers her face and neck, applies Kajal to the eyes,
Pastes a thin layer of lipstick with faint rosy colour,
Then her sober beauty begins to shine.

She often stands engrossed in the open door,
And listens to the footsteps of each passerby,
Looking into the vacancy she waits for her husband
Who went long ago in the second eve of the wedding
To defend boundaries of the country,
And laid down his life with all colourful hopes.

It is madness or too faithfulness,
She has cherished a belief that he will return,
That is why she reiterates, rehearses the same activity,
And every evening adorns herself
Waits long, and goes to the bed with a new burn,
But her parted, lost companion does not return.

Muhammad Shanazar

Magnetic Force

With the Baraat we went amid the pipes,
Peeling forth the sounds casting magic,
And rhythmic beats of the drum beaters,
Did lead us to the fairy world of negation;
Where from a man can behold the truth,
Luminous clear from distance very close.

Hobby horse would no doubt amuse us all,
That led the procession alluringly colourful,
And dancing, jumping kicked each passerby.

In streets of the village on both the sides,
The damsels clad in the new gaudy dresses,
Stood smilingly with overspreading shyness;
Holding the glasses of sugared milk warm,
They giggled, they chattered and chuckled,
The words dropped from their delicate lips,
As the dewdrops from the moisty petals fall.

Then we were received, feasted like guests,
All young and old then sat in the circle large,
To join the couple in sweet companionship,
On the hazardous, serpentine route of life.

Then Palki covered with deep red satin or silk,
Was brought and the bride with heart piercing
Shriek she did enter into the frame wooden,
As the young men lifted upon the shoulders,
The attached long shafts of the bamboo brown,
Some one would throw up a handful of coins,
Silvery, shining, and they came rattling down,
All looked opened mouths, extending hands,
Alert ready to catch them as they came down,
And some in vain groped, some fell prostrate,
All stiff backs bent and all erect heads bowed,
Like the grazing sheep in the pastures green,
I astounded, coins might have magnetic force.

Make A Search

Search in the world of eyes,
Yes those eyes,
Where your reflection lives,
Where the moon and the star shimmer,
Where flickers a real lamp of true love,
Beholding of which descends
Brilliance inward and out all around.

Search in the world of eyes,
Perhaps you might find the eyes,
But be heeded,
Lest in search of those eyes,
You should lose your own.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Meeting In The World Of Whims

Ah! I cannot touch you,
And you cannot cuddle me,
If I hold you it will be adultery,
Yes; banned deed of the hands.
Think awhile how massive shall be the sin,
Now I shall not look at you with the full gawk,
And you too
For the sake of God will not gaze at me, at all,
Even then if you see me it will be
The intercourse of the eyes,
Think awhile how enormous shall be the sin.
Let hope of the heart shatter around,
Thirst of the body cannot be quenched,
It is the destiny ordained by the heavens,
On meeting of the bodies,
The punishment is imperative.
O! My sweet heart our love is terrestrial
And not celestial, and for the earth dwellers
All punishments are celestial,
In the world of desires, now
We shall have to drag along the load of blames,
We shall have to inhabit the colonies of pain,
Now henceforth if we meet with love,
The punishment will be very pungent,
The bodies will be chained with the iron flogs.
O! My sweetheart, being aware of all,
Do you wish that oneness
Of the bodies should take place, and buds
Of roses should blossom,
And wounds of the heart should be darned?
Yes; it all will be possible
When you shall meet me in the skies,
In the world of whims.

Written by Ronaq Hayat

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Millennium To Millennium

Bearing the corpse of clear sunny day,
Upon the shoulder when I went out,
Alone I was, no one accompanied me,
But some shadows,
Walked along swaying in ecstatic mood,
But some beams,
Accompanied with lashes moisty wet,
But some tears,
That blurred the sights,
But some drops,
The sun whom missed a lot,
But some memories,
Whom upon grew green guinea-grass,
But some moments,
Who riding on the train of centuries,
Jogged place to place, spot to spot.

But some shadows,
Walked along swaying in ecstatic mood.

Muhammad Shanazar

Mirror

The mirror-maker makes a mirror
And sees It thousands of times
But he doesn't think,
Perhaps It doesn't have time spare,
To tell the world a reality,
It shows them their own images,
But doesn't have Its own form and features.

Written by Tariq Iqbal

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Modes Of Love

Who can forget,
Pages of the bulky book of life,
Even though
They are torn to pieces.
The first colour that awoke in the eyes,
The first name that my lips liked,
The village and an unpaved
Path of that village,
The first spell of love,
An undreamt dream in your eyes,
And lowering my eyes of in shyness,
Innocent confession in my denials,
While saying "Yes" my impulsive "Nots"
Who an forget,
All these modes of 'Love'.

Muhammad Shanazar

Mother

O! Mother,
When dust rises
From underneath your steps,
Something echoes
In hollowness of the heart,
The share my sight got up till now
Is the poison of your silent lips,
My eyes only have to see dust
Underneath your blood dripping steps,

The youth harvesting the brimming crops from the farms which destination has
been departed?
I don't know
But I remember your deserted eyes
Telling me the tales of pale flowers

What are the wages
You have earned in your troubled time
Except your sons,
I don't have any awareness.
In the winter,
While burning the dry leaves,
We shared the petty minds,
The tales of elites,
And observed a world of dreams
In the glow of your waking eyes,
At the time of dawn
We listened to the sound,
Amid the grindstones, and your sore hands,
As if it was the melody of your soul.
Ah! That song has been lost,
You too have become silent now,
And hollowness of the heart
Remains behind same like as earlier.

O! Mother,
In my heart,
The radiance of your motherhood
Descends even now,

But the moment of confession always
Remained unaccomplished.
My heart wishes to ask you
If I come across,
Which cumbersome crag
Your hands carry that my countenance pants
For the gentle touch of your hands.

O! Mother
Which are consolations of the troubled time
That you are still living in?
Which are the deserts
Where your rivers till now
Weep flowing through?
Which are the forests and mountains
Wherefrom travel through the drab silence
Of your oldness?
Which are the frail shadows
Where jasmine of your fate is decaying?

O! Mother
It is you or some canopy,
That wavers in the air
Of insipid weather
Getting itself lost
From defeated grips of cords.
It is me or some shadow of your motherhood,
That broke from the cool light
And now sinks down into the dark void,
Now we both in claim of the evidence of love,
Confronting hearts,
Question to God,
"When will be hosted, the Day of Judgment? "

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Museum

Here is a museum, mine, yours or of all,
Here exists a lot, to show and get showed,
But keep your senses composed,
Do not get your astuteness baffled,
Nor get the support of gushing sentiments.
It is just a museum, everything seems realistic;
Isn't it correct?
But all is here fake you know well,
Even the worthless things seem precious,
When adorned in the museum.
We have too discarded all useless, worthless,
Items lying in the corners,
Conscience and codes of self-esteem,
All were lying rotten,
All were brushed, dusted and adorned,
Enameled afresh maxims and actions
Of olden times now they too are glistening.
Though good times were those,
Yet it was a liability of the soil too,
So we divided pieces of the soil,
Placed them in the same museum,
In the hidden recesses, imprisoned
In circumference of the faint romantic glow.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

My Caravan

I have thought,
If my half-travelled journey
Becomes successful,
Sitting somewhere,
I shall unburden my exhaustion.
I shall look for the lake of contentment,
I shall soak the rose-petals,
And place them upon the eyes.
In case I find some coins,
While walking on the way,
I shall consume thinking them a blessing.□
My hands are perforated,
I shall spend all seasons by stopping over,
Listening to the sounds coming across,
And then my caravan:
I, my heart and my shadow
Will dance and dance in the shower of rain.

Written By Sumaira Baqra

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

My Daughter Demands For Crayons

For the last several days,
My daughter has been insisting upon me,
"Mom I need twenty four long pencils of colours,
My friend has gifted me a book of sketches
Which from beginning to the end is un-worked".

She says, "Mom I shall have to fill in colours
In all the drawn dolls,
I have to clothe them all in separate splendidly".

She says to me, "Lo! My doll has in the hands
A basket laden with flowers,
I shall have to colour each petal
With a different tinge,
And mom, look on the next page,
There stands a friend of my doll,
I shall have to daub its dress
With enchanting colours,
Bring me crayons, bring me crayons".

She sits amid the sharpened pencils,
They lie there in order, one before the other,
And I am engrossed on her demand.

"O! My little doll, you are unaware,
The calendar shows it is 25th of the month,
There lay yet bills of utilities on my table,
The kitchen lacks commodities too".

"O! My little doll,
There are several sketches in front of me
To the end of the book of the month".

"O! My little doll, my heart urges
That on your demand I should heap up
In front of you all colours
From all bazaars of the world,
And whatever you demand
I should auction for it my dreams".

“But my little doll you are unaware,
Here the sketch of life lies unfinished by itself,
To fill in it the clours I shall have to put off
Your notebook of sketches,
In the indispensable margins of the book
Of the month,
I shall have to colour the sketches,
And I shall have to console you pretentiously
For some time by pushing back your desires,
And for some time
I shall have to avoid from you furtively”.

Written by Shazia Akbar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

My Dear People

How long my dear people,
How long we shall sprinkle essence of rose,
And smoulder fragrant contents.
How long we shall burn grates of hatred,
And how long we shall pour down
The rain of blood,
How long we shall light up lamp on the graves,
How long we shall strew flowers
On the graves of friends,
How long we shall make graves of our kids,
And how long we shall bury our bodies alive.

Now my dear people, my own people,
We shall not contrive ditches,
In the upcoming days;
We shall not extinguish our existence,
And our faces radiant like candles,
We shall not erase glowing names carved
On entrance of the heart,
We shall not en-kindle such lamps
As they may turn our houses into ashes.

Now my dear people, my own people,
Facilitate life confined in the walls of our own;
Mark difference,
Who is our own and who is an outlandish,
Why should we chase delusions,
Why should we tire our own souls,
This earth is the mother of us all,
We should be proud of it,
Why should we harm ourselves,
While fighting for the interests of others,
Why should we perforate our own eyes,
With the arrows of our own,
And why should we desolate our own existence.

If the strength of our own arms is true,
We should be proud of it,
We have to divert the track of waters,

And change dormant origins into gurgling fountains,
We have to make desolate, the house of plotters,
We have to search for the perpetual enemy,
We have to bless the descending generations,
And we have to bless ourselves too.

Written By Qayyum Tahir

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

My Destination

Get me crossed the river,
My heart dawdles on the bank,
While making foot-prints
On the stretched shawl of sand,
It dreads of the noise made by water;
My Anchal like a flying-horse,
Flies on shoulders of the wind.
Get me crossed on the farther bank,
Pong of smoke from all side around,
Underneath are cold of the river
And black layers of darkness,
But transparent is outer sky.
Take me along to the boat,
In front and at rear of my heart,
And behind in my back are the increasing fears.
My confidant resides across the bank,
In the farther home, and all alone
I have to journey through the torrents,
Take me along to the destination,
My companion, you are my love,
Get me crossed the tempestuous river.

Written By Sumaira Baqra

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

My Destiny

I see standing on the shore of an ocean,
Mellifluous quavering shades of twilight
On the torso of never-ending waves,
I go on seeing unless the milieu becomes the portion of my existence.

I go on thinking,
What is the ocean?
What is twilight?
What is this wind?
What are these surging waves?
What is the wet sand?
In the same style thinking itself is a miracle of my mind.
Who am I?
What is this all?
I am a lump of earth that is breathing,
And drinking life drop by drop like water of the pipe,
Sitting on the bench of breath mending tattered costume,
I am an existence
But there is some else body in it,
I am an urge wobbling in the mind,
The same urge that is watching at all doors of baradari of the body,
That flows into my efforts, my struggles
My senses and my words.

There is an ocean in front of me
On the waves of which an outworn vessel is going on slipping on the dancing
waves;
Where slipping to, no one knows.
Among billions of stars in the sky,
It might be an isolated star that is mine.

I see a sea in the surge but no seashore,
My house? Which one?
Where and at which milestone I shall have to take rest?
Holding whose arm I shall have to move ahead?
I know well who blesses a golden sail to my yacht of embellishing fortitude in a
golden dome of wishes.
Fortitude which is sculptured afresh by sculptors of wishes,
Imparted teachings of traditions replete with arguments,

And then this fortitude:

The chief of my wishes

Handing over a scroll of my actions,

Entrusting me a large sword of new resolution, says to me holding my arm, "Go ahead."

These flocks of my actions are leading me to those routes which have been laid by my own fortitude.

These were some actions and fortitude which were incarnated into a few humans like me:

Moses and Luqman, Socrates and Aristotle,

One Genghis khan and the other Halku

One Buddha, the other Ram and some guardians of faith,

One Ashoka, the other one Akbar,

Because they for self-made wishes settled themselves the angle of actions,

Settled themselves signs of their own destinations,

And then they got access to their stars,

Their fortitude and actions became their destinies.

I standing on the shore wrapping myself in a shawl,

Pray for such fortitude as it should emerge from the dome of wishes,

And some actions as they should become my destiny,

The destiny that should teach me soaring like a small bird in the sky.

Written by Jagdish Prakash

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

My Epitaph

Here lies helpless,
The unyielding Pride,
That neglected the Guide;
The chaser of lust,
The victim of blindness,
Lying mixed into dust,
Pleads for kindness.

Muhammad Shanazar

My Existence

Who am I? Ask me not.
What am I for? Ask me not.
How I spent life amid the besieging trenches?
Ask me not this too.
I am a wounded soldier of a defeated army,
Thirsty, naked and all alone;
I am walking ahead,
On the unfamiliar desert in fears,
In search of some door or window,
In the shadow of which I could breathe,
For a while in rest,
So that from the heap of memories,
I could segregate a few leaves,
And then clinging to the tattered hem
Of woozy wind in the wilderness,
I could forget that I once fought a war too,
On the fronts where today
Helplessness of my life lay scattered.

Written by Jagdish Prakash (India)

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar (Pakistan)

Muhammad Shanazar

My Head Bows Before The Quill

In the dale of death,
I have taken the risk of favouring life,
I have been entrusted an obligation
To contemplate,
Amid those who have apathy against thinking;
It is just like to enkindle fire
With stones in the snow fall.
The leading heads are betrothed
To blemish countenance of the Earth,
And my head
Only bows before the quill.

I resting my feet on a heap of explosives
Have raised my hands for prayers,
The birds,
With hopeful eyes are looking at
The extended nest of my hands.

Written by Dr. Jawaz Jaffri translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

My Heart Desires

My heart wishes that I should pick
Thorns scattered on your path,
I should exchange my pleasures with your sorrows,
And drink all hotness of the sunlight
On your path;
Paleness that gave hot winds to your rosy face,
I should change it into the crimson of twilight,
But how,
All prudence is vain in front of the density,
Even then one should be hopeful,
No one knows when the season changes
And rains pour down to wash the wounds.

Written by Dr. Nisar Turabi Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

My Love

Get me crossed the river,
My heart dawdles on the bank,
While making foot-prints
On the stretched shawl of sand,
It dreads of the noise made by water;
My Anchal like a flying-horse,
Flies on shoulders of the wind.
Get me crossed on the farther bank,
Pong of smoke from all side around,
Underneath are cold of the river
And black layers of darkness,
But transparent is outer sky.
Take me along to the boat,
In front and at rear of my heart,
And behind in my back are the increasing fears.
My confidant resides across the bank,
In the farther home, and all alone
I have to journey through the torrents,
Take me along to the destination,
My companion, you are my love,
Get me crossed the tempestuous river.

Written By Sumaira Baqra

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

My Love You Are My Faith

MY Love!
You are my faith,
I am a Heart
And Soul you are my Love!
You bestowed
The dreams to these eyes,
You touched
Tone of the pulsating heart,
Instilled
Scent into breath,
You unfasten
The window of thoughts,
Your touch transformed
The forehead into moon,
Then you stealthy
Stole sparkle from the beams,
Seeing which all of sudden,
The heart fluttered,
The moon smiled.
Who knows how many dreams
You showed
Till the dawn emerged,
You picked
Bafflement of the lashes.
You are the Guest of my Heart!
You are my Faith, my Love!

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

My Voice Soars

I am still sitting at the same spot,
Where you unburdened tedium
Of tiresome centuries.
I sit there engrossed,
I yearn to step ahead,
But my feet are as heavy as stone,
My voice certainly soars,
But amid the flock of birds.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Mysterious Indifference

After burning all chapters of love,
He asks me, " Why is your countenance so foggy?
Your eyes which had been stunning,
Shone with vitality,
I don't know why they have been deserted
And engrossed for the last many days,
They seem to be saddened and moisty".

Written by Shazia Akbar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Mystery Of Existence

I have ability to think that I am a being,
Therefore, I have an existence.
Otherwise this life has no justification.
I thought...then new passions grew of desires,
New palaces of wishes got embellished,
I thought of the world so there was a world,
There were the moon and the stars,
And vastness of the cosmos,
Silences and flight of imagination.
These beliefs, these traditions,
These religions and these creeds on which
Human beings have been sacrificed.

The spring of fragrant flowers
Overspreading on the grasslands,
The night and the day dissolving in the skies,
Hadn't I thought there would have been
Neither the earth nor the moon,
Neither the sun, nor the sea,
Nor ferocity of the surging waves,
Nor fondling breeze would have moved
On the mountains, nor river would have
Weltered against the banks,
Neither there would have been silences,
Nor spaces, nor calculation of lights,
Neither fascination of sights, nor dust of the routes,
Everything exists for I know how to discern,
Strange is spell of the vibrant dome of mind.

Intensity of fervent love,
Tinges of elegance of the beloved,
Taj Mahal of union,
And battling moments of separation,
A thought of prolific locks perfumed
With lady of the night, and miracle of beams
Emitted by the beloved countenance,
Impatient roses falling from the beloved rosy lips,
That teeming intoxicating wine of eyes,
Volume of intents of the heart,

Opened on the warm breaths,
Immature youth entwined into cheerful yawns,
Appearance of thrill on the speckled body,
Running of acid through veins of limbs,
Overflowing pulsation in the chest,
And life getting a new tang of desires.
(They all exist because I have ability to think.)

Whenever mind composes sensation,
Delivers a new realization to life,
What is that imparts a current to mind,
Thinking, logic or resolution,
What is that which beckons me to life,
And brings me a sense of being here,
What I should name it, my inner-being
Intellect or a wonder, or I should
Name it an abstract hidden character,
Or a soul that animates the existence, How life gets flow
in deep recesses of the existence
And delivers delight and plight now and then,
It is a subject of beginning; it is a cause of decline.

What is the truth, I know not even a little,
Who I am, I know not even a little,
I am a portion of soul or opus of Enlightenment,
I am the reality of creation, or the greatest mystery,
There is something that makes me move,
Delivers meaning to my voice,
Smile to my countenance, I am whether self,
Not-self, passion or only a voice of conscience,
Or being inhaled and exhaled breaths,
Only in the deep layers of meditation,
There unravels the secret of existence,
I have ability to think that I am a being,
Therefore, I have an existence.

Written by Jagdish Prakash (India)
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar (Pakistan)

Muhammad Shanazar

Never Disclose The Treasure

Say to me something my Love,
And annoy me not by locking
Your lips, dis-burden your sorrows,
By weighing them on the scales
I shall collect each word of yours,
Like precious pearls.
I have gone through many odds,
And seen thrones and crowns,
Being sold too cheap in the streets.
I have only learned that one should beat
Smilingly the drum,
When one gets round the neck;
Your silence I do commend,
Consign the secret to deep recesses,
Of the heart as an ocean encases gems
And never disclose the treasure,
To the undeserving my Love.

Written By Sabina Riffat

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

New Year Resolution

Ah! Another fleeting year has passed,
In slackness I ruthlessly lavished,
"Time" the most precious asset of life.

Nothing I did to be esteemed,
Only the false vows I made,
Deceived myself and the fellows too,
Built the high walls of illusions,
The spiders of follies wove,
The cobweb of confounding confusions.

I just have peeped into the inner-self,
And wildly shocked to discover,
The container with numerous holes
In the bottom; and all sooty black,
The coins I dropped, passed rattling,
Through the dismal hollowness,
To the other side unnoticed,
Spoiling the hard-earned stock.

I resolve nothing but to bang the holes,
Mend the perforated parts,
In the coming years; and bother not,
Whether I take,
The container filled or unfilled along.

Muhammad Shanazar

Nip The Evil Intents

Oh Friend! To avoid shameful disgrace,
And earn favours in the Mighty Court,
Nip off the evil intents in the bud,
Lest they should assume the shape of words,
Which might take up the form of actions,
Actions become the character whole,
And the character bears instant catastrophe,
Bitter, painful and certainly tormenting.

Muhammad Shanazar

No Longer With Me

There is no more,
A deep layer on the eyes,
I live no more in the fantasies,
So there is no more agony of love.

I live no more on taking and giving,
And in outline of life,
The moment that slipped away,
From the lashes of my eyes,
And from the palms of your hands,
Had been a dream since ages,
But it no longer exists.

On seeing me your bewilderment,
Is a question,
It is true I am the same and you are too,
But my heart that was fond of you,
Is no longer with me.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

No Shade In The Scorching Sun

Now the time has encroached,
To settle down affairs of the game,
To depart from here.
Time dawdles with a snake
Around His neck, but I have
The desire to start life afresh,
To build hundreds of houses.

Ocean of fire waves in the chest
But the rainy season has overwhelmed
From all sides around;
I remained hesitant silent,
When Love distributed alms bounteously.
Ah! I could not find a single tree,
When my head needed cool shade
In the scorching sun.

Written By Sabina Riffat
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Nothing Else We Have Here

Nothing else we have here,
Our sojourn was here for nothing,
We came here to pick some wild fruit,
To etch names on the crust of trees,
To drink the water of fountains
With the bowl of hands,
To bolster backs
Against the stones to have rest,
Our sojourn was here for nothing.

By God! We did not know
This region was the zone of fate,
Else we might not have moved to here,
Or might have returned before the eve encroached.

Nothing else we have here,
We are staying here without any aim,
For a few moments, and that too
Because the grain-loaded camels became slothful,
Else nothing was to do here,
And nothing else we have here.

We could stay anywhere else,
In the depth or there on the top.
Anywhere!
We neither intended to fix up the tents,
Nor deployed guards,
We had neither custodians nor spouses,
Nor maids nor poets to sing panegyrics.
Our all assets consist of
Grain loaded on the sluggish camels,
Books in the trunks
And portraits sketched with hands,
That we picked precociously
From the native library while we departed,
Nothing else we have here.

We only will pass here a chunk of night,
And then

Will leave the place for onward journey,
Having eaten thick loaves
By dipping them in the curry of mutton,
Nothing else we have here.

Why are you giving us so much importance?
Why have you brought here
These so many combatants in armours?
Why are you heading with too cautious tread?
We have offered you the camels loaded with grain,
And loyal dogs too,
And you might have these all in possession,
Nothing else we have here.

We shall move on ahead
But we all do know, you are bent upon
To snatch the trunks packed with books,
And portraits sketched with hands
For you know well,
If we become successful in making secure,
These books and portraits,
Sometime whenever we return, we shall occupy
The Houses of your untaught sovereigns.

Written by Muhammad Izhar ul Haq
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

O! America Reverse

My opinions are changed,
My heart lacks fervour,
For you launched the war,
Purposeless,
To liberate who are already free,
To enrich who are already rich,
To make the fierce, more ferocious.

When will the time intrude you,
Make you see the brilliant aspect of the affair,
And humanity will sing the song of peace?
When will you peep into your inner-self
To see the reflected image of you own?
When will you obey the divine commands
And make out them that God forbids pollution
Smog and fumes of turmoil wrapping His fair Earth?

Now open your eyes
The shores are red;
The lands are coated with blood,
The skulls are scattered like stones,
For the sake of oil or the reserves of gold,
Be aware a single dropp of human blood
Possesses more worth than all treasures
That the earth contains.

Now stop killing; enough, enough,
You neither surrender, nor do deprive others
Of the rights which the divine commands allow,
Go through the lanes with moderate bearing.

Live like a benefactor among the nations,
Share with them your victuals,
Stock of knowledge and skills,
And snatch them not of their own.
Return fathers to the orphans,
Husbands to the widows,
Brothers to the waiting damsels,
And sons to the aged mothers,

If not then compensate them all,
For the broken hearts, shattered dreams.

Hatred against you thrives,
Magma against you grows,
Let the volcano sleep,
Beneath the layers deep,
And only once apply,
The strategy of the weapon of love
Discarding the old devices of uranium.

The amount you spent on the arsenal
Would have been enough to feed the world
Though ten times bigger;
If you had ruled the hearts,
The world might have been a different place
Of love, peace and harmony.

Through force your aims will never be gained,
So amend the ways and stroll on the route
That enhances you in respect and esteem;
Review and revise the modes of actions,
Follow not the path that leads the world
To the chaos, and on the point of no return,
For there will be a dark dungeon of curse,
O! America, for the sake of humanity reverse.

Muhammad Shanazar

O! Buddha Look Behind

O! Buddha look behind for a while,
And see how in the religious
Narrow mindedness what havoc
Your followers play with the humanity.
Though I do not regard you a prophet,
Yet no less than towering apostles of the time.

See how followers of Muhammad (PBUH)
And Alia are victimized by your deviated cliques,
They bestow you grandeur and dignity,
Hundreds of years before they hailed upon the Earth.

O! Buddha look behind for a while,
And remember how you were troubled,
On seeing sufferings of the human fellows,
Irrespective to caste creed and colour.
Remember how often you wept at nights,
Discarding all regal pleasures of the palace,
You escaped to the nearby woodland,
And mediated for weeks by exposing
Yourself to the winds and harshness of weather,
And once you saw the Enlightenment
Beneath a thick shady Banyan.
I have a belief in presence of the Omnipresent,
And the enlightenment was his manifestation,
You found the existence but I have a faith.

O! Buddha look behind for a while,
And remember how you prayed for
That some thirsty animal should quench
Thirst by drinking your blood,
And the starved hungry by eating your flesh,
The shivering beings in cold might warm themselves,
By burning your bones, and the needy naked
Might clad by stitching the dress of your skin.

O! Buddha look behind for a while,
How your followers distorted your teachings,
They on plains and forest of Burma,

Have fried in the cauldrons the kids and infants,
Of the followers of Muhammad (PBUH) and Alia:
Whom you dreamt, you founded the religion,
They are being rustled in the boiling oil,
Men and women are being chased to death,
Their limbs are being cut asunder with sharp
Weapons: swords, rapiers, daggers and knives,
Their chests are perforated with the bullets,
Streets of the cities and villages are coloured red,
Blood is splattered all-around and smoke rises
From ashes of the burnt cottages,
Dead bodies lay there indisposed in the streets,
On the plains and in thick forests of Burma,
Stench of the burnt flesh torments even animals,
The cruelty has surpassed all precedents of history.

O! Buddha look behind for a while,
And speak me whether the brute are your disciples,
Or the ones whom you have cursed and condemned,
And to whom you have no relations at all.

U.N.O is silent, N.A.T.O's peace keeping forces
Do not have any concern for the Muslims
Are being killed, I myself am a culprit, a wrongdoer
For I don't have the courage to raise voice
And shake conscience of the kings and heads of the states,
Who live in the palaces with numerous wives
And whores and with the children whom often
They do not recognize if by chance
They encounter them in the palaces amid the ocean.

Muhammad Shanazar

O! Dear Love

O! Love, love, dear love,
I thank thee to awaken me;
From the slumber deep.

Thou showed me a path,
To the roses among thorns,
To pleasures with dew of tears,
Thou widened my vision, my sight,
Opened the hidden mysteries,
Of life, of smiles, of sorrows.

Life is but rubbish,
If devoid of faith,
In master and fellow beings.

Muhammad Shanazar

O! Death Stop

O! Death stop, O! Time tarry, stay;
Enlarge the hours of night and day.

On the soft beach of poetry I stand,
The waves touch, caress the cold sand.

Bring they to me the colourful beads,
It is the time to fold the worldly deeds.
And to pick all the pearls scattered,
As the world seems to be shattered.

Allow me to join the beads in strings,
Let me replace with the fatal things;
That men carry them in their hands,
And straighten the entangled strands.

For I long to see humanity converse,
In a tongue but no other than verse.

Muhammad Shanazar

O! December

O! December,
When you come this turn again,
Bring along,
Reports of the city,
The city that dwells in my heart.
Where glimmer galaxies
Of glow-worms,
Where spheres smile,
With the colours of butterflies,
Where all around lingers
Fragrance of faithfulness,
And that who feels it
With the finger-tips,
Or gets its glance
Becomes fragrance incarnated.

O! December,
When you come this turn again,
Bring along
Reports of the city,
The city that dwells in my heart.
Where grains of sand
Are the stars,
Where roses and nightingales,
The months and Moon
Are metaphors of truthfulness;
Where heart is an ocean
With several banks
And where the Deity of Fate
Sparkles in the fists.

O! December,
Ask us not about
The plight our own city;
Here rests in the eyes,
The dust of passed caravans,
Love is cold like an iceberg,
And grows
In the farms of sunlight,

Here when the dawn approaches,
All visions of the night melt
In the form of a thawing heap,
Here prick in the eyes,
Bits of the broken passions,
Here we weave our dreams,
By dipping lashes
In the blood of heart,
Then we live and we die
In those dreams;
Though it is not possible
To stitch words of the ragged soul,
Yet O! December,
When you come this turn again
Bring along
Reports of the city,
The city that dwells in my heart.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

O! Farzana

O! Farzana: the daughter of Eve,
You were alone to be stoned,
The stoners were twenty five,
They held in their hands the pieces of bricks,
Threw them from all sides around,
They hit your heart and the head,
Targeted your chest, ribs, legs and feet,
Blood sloshed as water trickles from the founts,
You cried but no one listened to your shrieks.

O! Farzana: the daughter of Eve,
You were stoned for the sin
That you followed the voice of heart,
No divine book allows the deed,
No religion impedes making the choice of heart,
We all do but misinterpret the contents
In the colouring of our own intents and ego,
In the light of false faulty visions.

O! Farzana: the daughter of Eve, □
The stoning was performed in the lawn,
In front of the Court of Justice,
The police remained silent observer,
The Prime Minister called it "Unacceptable";,
The Supreme Court too came into action,
The nation lamented, repented
The delicate hearts wept shedding tears of blood,
But all in vain, we could do naught good to you,
The pang you suffered from at each stroke,
Was not on account of your destiny,
But the effect of feeble laws for they are made
For the weak; the strong enjoy immunity.

O! Farzana: the daughter of Eve,
For how many times you were stoned,
For how many times you were slaughtered
At the altars of gods, to invoke them for the waters of Nile,
For how many times your face was singed,
For how many times you were buried alive,

For how many times you were encaged,
For how many times you were burnt alive
On the piled wood to observe the traditions,
For how many times you were married to the Holy Book.

O! Farzana: the daughter of Eve,
You were stoned; it was not your fault,
It is because we still live in the Age of Stone,
Where Brutality and Cupidity, the twin sisters rule,
And Innocence suffers
Bleeding, crying and lamenting,
On the fate of mother, sister and daughter,
And Justice ever remains the silent spectator.

Muhammad Shanazar

O! Futile Wind

The wall of prison, the roof of dirge,
And an arc of ignorance make a sight,
And we are in between,
This is the sight that has bound,
Parted rotten breaths of the captives,
With the yellow autumn-tide,
But we the captives bother it not.

O! Futile wind, till the moments,
The sap of parting-pang
Dribbles from the edge of the heart,
These eyes and lips will remain motionless.
It is to be seen yet when the sapling
Of desire breathes behind
These frozen moments,
In the window that opens
To the lane of my beloved,
And when in the frosty season
The rose-cheeks smile
Upon the neckline of a decanter.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

O! Gods I Ask You! Gods I Ask You

O! Gods I ask you,
Whether you ever have steered ships in the ocean of efforts,
Whether you ever have made new fronts in the cantonment of thoughts,
Whether you have in your world someone who sees dreams,
Writes poem,
Sings a song,
Who streams a tributary of love from the valleys of heavens,
On the bank of which Heer Ranjha settle abodes of felicity,
Whether there is someone among you like you
Who may define new destinations in the darkness,
Who holding Cross like Christ may gather all pangs of the world,
Whether among you, you have a figure like Socrates who may abase to ask
questions,
And the convolutions of those questions may seek compromising responses,
And then on the route of faith
Gulp down a bowl of poison smilingly.

O! My gods tell me,
Whether you have ever rewarded the children of Adam who attribute all
adorations to you.

O! My gods tell me,
Whether you have ever rewarded human efforts with good fortune and loyalties,
And ever you have visited dark world of Man to enkindle it with your
enlightenment.

O! My gods tell me,
What you have given to the kids of Adam,
Except dungeons of hatred,
Display of religions,
Holding the bows of brutality
The pungent smell of faiths,
The earth coated with blood,
Caravans of rotting dead bodies on the roads of panting cities,
Sighs of the orphan kids,
Depressed dismayed girls
Who prayed to you in idolatries and places of worship,
To evoke your blessings,
Your benedictions,

A life of peace.

O! My gods tell me,
What you have done this;
What have you done?

Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

O! Judges Of The World

O! Judges of the World,
The Guardians of peace,
Listen!
In the ablaze valley of Kashmir,
To the dripping trickling of blood.

O! Judges of the World,
The Guardians of peace,
The breathers in the spheres of liberty,
Realize you the human rights,
And fix no limit of cruelty,
In Kashmir who inflict atrocity.

Now our houses remain or not,
Our heads, the bodies retain or not,
We will utter the word "Freedom",
We will snatch the right "Freedom".

O! Judges of the World,
The Guardians of peace,
Listen!
In the ablaze valley of Kashmir,
To the dripping trickling of blood.

The sons died tossingly in front of mothers,
The sisters' shawls ragged in front of brothers,
Coated in blood is each leave and plant,
Each grain of Kashmir now does chant,
Listen to the Freedom's band,
Look to the loyalty of the land.

O! Judges of the World,
The Guardians of peace,
Listen!
In the ablaze valley of Kashmir,
To the dripping trickling of blood.

Muhammad Shanazar

O! Life What Happened To You

In the early days
It seemed as if Life
Held all bouquets,
Garlands and bracelets
For me to offer,
It revived fragrance and perfumes
In my inner-self.

But now for the last some days,
It seems as if Life standing at distance,
Shows me empty hands,
Keeps at me Her gaze,
And laughs at me mockingly.

Muhammad Shanazar

O! My Dear Be Not Annoyed

O! My Dear be not annoyed,
Accede what I plead,
Many anxieties of ours are common,
I have many complaints to you too,
I confront myself at the moment,
And it is a time very hard for us both.

O! My Dear be not annoyed,
Accede what I plead,
My old companion!
Many pangs have become latent,
Rake not them fresh again.
Where will you find, where will trace?
The killers of our wishes live here around,
There left behind all colours of life,
They were to depart despite our strife
We made them to regain,
We got nothing but hurting pain.
O! My Dear be not annoyed,
Accede what I plead.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

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Accede what I plead.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

O! My Dear Thar

O! My dear Thar
None could change your fate,
Your land is made to burn forever,
Your residents will have to suffer from starvation,
Those who could run last year,
Cannot even walk,
And those who could walk a year before,
It is hard for them to creep.
They have fearful eyes,
And bones wrapped in thin paper of skin,
Death dances all around,
The animals lie boated,
Those who are the rescuers,
They prefer to the photo sessions,
Instead to help them out,
The young and old have been starved,
Just owing to the recklessness of the rulers,
Wheat lay there in the bins rotting,
And the residents tossing,
On the burning sand.

O! Dear Thar,
Go on suffering,
Your dwellers, birds and animals,
Will go on drinking water
From the same ponds and puddles,
You do not deserve yet the purified water.

To save your beauties,
Is not in priorities of the rulers,
They have yet to save the culture
Of five thousand years old, and construct
Roads over roads just to promote sale
Of cement and iron bars, flourish foundries,
And bargain with the foreign firms
To settle down the ratio of profit,
That the Metro Buses will crop.

O! Dear Thar,

Go on weeping on your fate,
And don't look around or behind,
You will have to walk on thistles
Instead of the petals of roses,
Though I shed tears for you
Yet I cannot help you out,
For my own feet are chained
And tangled in the thread of other issues,
So weep, weep and cry alone,
Shedding tears on each scattered bone.

Muhammad Shanazar

Note: Thar is the biggest desert in Pakistan, now in the surge of famine.

Muhammad Shanazar

O! My Enemy

O! My enemy,
There was no route to reach you,
The wastelands of my eyes and heart
In the deep silences,
Scorching sunlight,
And profound exhaustion,
Used to search an ocean for the thirsty soul,
They also inscribed their desires,
On the shade-less walls of whims.

From the dome of negritude of night,
They have picked dreams
From the sleeps attributed to you,
And disclosed nothing to anyone

O! My enemy,
There was no route to reach you,
The darkness had been in my bunch,
And glow-worms in your fist,
So till now
The thirsty heart is in search of an ocean,
And asks your hollow eyes for the route
To sink down in its own wilderness.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

O! People Hear Me

O! People hear me,
The prayers that emerge on your lips,
The voices that float in the air,
Fidelities that mould themselves into love,
The ambitions that swagger on the dreamland,
Do not let them fall,
Adorn them on the eyes.
Enhance light of the amp,
And do not let it extinguish,
We have to plant yet flowers afresh,
We have to habitat yet a new world,
Though the tale is olden,
Yet new actors are to introduce,
New spectacles are yet to be shaped,
We shall have to be proud of our loyalties,
We shall have to burn
The boats to commence a new journey.

O! People hear me,
Transform this season of rigidity
And depression,
Erase shadows of fear, starvation and thirst,
Knock down the structures
That have been beleaguering
Us since beginning,
They neither show their mercy,
Nor do we protest for the rights,
How long bread
Will be distributed among the rich,
How long assassination
Will rule openly unhindered,
Let the season approach,
The scenario will change,
These structures will fall,
Let the countenance of Man be changed,
Let the bent looks uplift,
And let us challenge the enemy,
Let us begin
The journey carrying heads on the hands.

O! People hear me,
Uplift the down cast eyes,
Look towards the firmament,
Look into eyes of the dangers,
And see how the environ changes,
O! Astray people, you are only
At a little distance from your own caravan,
The world is destined to change;
Oppression is to enfold its wings,
This land, these oceans,
And these labouring countrymen all are mine,
These farms; these grain-yards are mine too,
I sell my sweat to rotate wheels of the mills,
These workers, these growers
And all professions are mine,
We the stone-bearers are proud of our madness,
Hear me!
Now we shall begin the journey afresh,
Caring least for assassinations of the heads.

Written by Asad Baig Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

O! Poets And Men Of Letters Awake

The world is in the shadow of nuclear war
Our own neighbor chatters to use the nuclear devices
As if a thing common or a child's play.

O! Poets and Men of Letters awake
Only and you can save the earth from the imminent doom.
The weapons are with the so-called civilized nations,
As if the guns are in the hands of monkeys,
We too have processed uranium
Enough to combat the challengers many times,
But we possess patient hearts in the chests
And minds discreet, prudent and judicious in the heads.

O! Poets and Men of Letters awake
From the slumber deep for it is a time to weep,
Use your pen and paper and moments of nights and days,
Your talents, the power of your embellished words,
Weave the stories of novels dramas, and lines of poesy
To shake the inner most part of the souls
Of the leading heads of humanity who make a trade
On human blood: the most precious gist of the universe.

O! Poets and Men of Letters awake
Infuse into them astuteness to discern the difference
Between just and unjust, between right and wrong,
Instead of making tiresome efforts to please the kings
And approving their all actions though immoral,
Write not panegyrics lest you should become accomplices
Against the crime of trampling sanctity,
And deforming magnificence of the Mother Earth.

O! Poets and Men of Letters awake
Impede the itchy fingers of the leprous hands
Lest they should press the buttons in their own craze,
If once they push the buttons, there will be a chain in reaction,
And then holocaust, extinction of biological life,
The cities, the towns, and the villages big or small,
The parks and streets, the houses and huts will become silent.
The earth will move dull drab, into spaces around the sun,

With a load of skeletons, skulls and bones,
But all purposeless like an astray stallion whose veteran
Is killed in the battle and it runs away unrestrained.

Muhammad Shanazar

O! The Sacred Land

O! The Sacred Land,
May ever fall, flow melodious cascades,
Flourish your deep valleys, green glades,
And may time erase the streak of divisions,
Of caste, of creed, of sects and grades.

O! The Sacred Land,
May upon your face flowers ever bloom,
Till the world goes on, till the day of doom,
And may He secure, protect your treasures,
Cast away winds of pain, clouds of gloom.

O! The Sacred Land,
May sweet sun ever shine upon your land,
The rains ever pour upon your thirsty sand,
May your children live the life full of bliss,
While going ahead supporting hand in hand.

O! The Sacred Land,
May you ever progress by leaps and bounds,
And ever vibrate with the melodious sounds,
Your valleys, your plains and forests green,
Your lofty mountains, your hills and mounds.

O! The Sacred Land,
May God thrive your village, city and town,
And He wrap them all with heavenly gown,
Of love and faith, of peace and patience,
And rule the world wearing the golden crown.

Muhammad Shanazar

October 2005

(The Earthquake in Pakistan)

The massive blunders evoke the massive waves,
Of wrath that push the inhabitants to the graves;
The faults of kings fall upon the heads of subjects,
The cottages and the palaces, their ferocity raves.

Ah! What a horrible devastation eyes have seen,
The sepulchral cries shook the spheres between,
The earth, and sky; the nation has no stock of tears,
To make the pangs wash, to make the breasts clean.

The villages, the towns, the cities have been raved,
Preyed upon; ravaged and razed as the Will craved,
They have become an extended theatre of tragedies,
Time differs not, ripe or unripe, paved or unpaved.

The valleys, the green slopes and the rising peaks,
Where upon the life laughed with the shining cheeks,
And smiled with the sweet curves upon the rosy lips,
How sooner laughter changed into inaudible shrieks!

Ah! What terrible deaths occurred under the heaps,
Unendurable weights made sudden ferocious leaps,
The beams on legs, pillars on heads, earth in mouths,
How hastily they all moved to the black dismal deeps!

Humanity neither has enough waters in the eyes,
To meet the magnitude of calamity; in the breast sighs,
To consume pangs, and overflowing bereavement,
Nor rains have mourning drops reserved in the skies.

Oh! Mansehra, Balakot and Bagh, cities of the land,
Blood of your sons and daughters have made grand,
Each plain, each valley, each hill and each mountain,
Your dust, your rocks, your waters and your sand.

On your fate Nature Herself will ceaselessly lament,

Each year snowy flakes will fall to weep and repent,
The trickling tears will form ponds, rills and rivers,
Each year nightingales will sing elegies on the event.

Muhammad Shanazar

Oh! Departed Soul

Oh! Departed Soul,
Look behind a while,
How quicker the sighs consumed!
How sooner dried the tears!

How avaricious are the sons and daughters,
To feast heartily the carnal needs,
Upon the wealth you left behind,
Which you earned unscrupulously,
Being heedless to death and God.

It built the high walls of hatred,
Between brothers and sisters,
It made blood white and thin,
They fight as do the vultures,
To devour the putrid flesh,
From the skeleton of carcass.
While quarreling over the shares,
They often give indignant remarks,
On you who toiled a lot the life whole.

Oh! Departed Soul,
Now you might have realized,
That the worldly riches bear shame,
In the Glorious Court,
When heaped up not righteously,
And giving the posterity good men,
Is much better than hoarding
Gold and wealth, the cause of disruption

Muhammad Shanazar

Oh! Man Mend The Ways Old

I once in a dream flew into the world of future,
On the wings of fear, with the heart of agony,
And landed into a burnt zone,
Remotely resembled the world of man,
All wrapped in grimness of smoke.

I beheld men and women:
The remains of nations in rags,
All grubby with harrowed faces,
Impressionless eyes they had in the sockets.

They were at war against one another,
Not for high objectives nor to subjugate the Earth,
But for water, food and zones of fresh air.
They all carried the charred clubs,
Or the sable stones in their hands,
When they were at rest they shivered with cold,
Oh! Man mend the ways old.

Muhammad Shanazar

Oil, Water And Blood

When I sit all alone I meditate,
And ponder over the plight,
Of my dear descendants, a fear
Gnaws me, deepens to the marrow
Of my bones, depth of my soul.
I get lost into my own-being,
My mind becomes a battlefield,
I smell stinking burning flesh,
Smoke enters into my nostrils,
Blazes touch my sensitive body,
I hear rumbles, grumbles
Of dropped bombs, hooting ambulances,
Volleys of bullets bruise my ears,
Spurting missiles make me appalled,
Blood muddles into puddles,
Reeking wounds of hapless fighters,
Torment and cries shrivel my brain,
The environ becomes a mess,
And I behold an amphitheater
Of scattered shreds, the forests
Set on fire, metropolitans into ashes.

I don't depict any havoc of the past,
But images of encroaching warfare
The future winds bring to me.
Ah! This will happen, would that
I be there to hold back the rash hands
Pushing buttons of nuclear weapons
For oil, water and mines of minerals,
But blood won't be their concern.

Muhammad Shanazar

Ominous-Shadow

Why the Knock standing,
At sills of the door,
Rubs, shuffles Her feet?
Windows of the houses are shut,
They are yet to remain bolted, for
There roams though the streets,
All around some ominous-shadow,
Coated with blood, with creaking
Sound enters breaking the doors,
And lodges in the hearts, sight becomes
Lifeless and voice grows hoarse,
Soul becomes desolate, then
The ominous-shadow devours
Our dreams with relish,
From within these bodies made of sand.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Omnipresence Of Breeze

Matter melts, burns or dissolves,
When travels at the speed of light;
I often ponder what the being was
That extracted from my material body,
It seemed as if it was I from Me,
And began to travel to some destination
Which I will not tell,
For the fear of being beheaded,
The body flew and flew through spaces,
Might be speedier than the light,
I felt nothing on the way
But a gentle cool flutters of breeze,
As in the month of March
We feel early in the morn.
In the empty spaces of cosmos,
Omnipresence of breeze like
Substance baffles me;
Isn't it the existence of God?

Muhammad Shanazar

On Bidding Farewell

When there is no one around me,
I peep out through the window,
That opens to the back yard of past.

When I was a child very small,
Could hardly run about in the streets,
Came out holding finger of my mother,
To bid farewell to the young-men,
Of the village who enlisted themselves,
To render the daring sacred job,
Of defending the feeding motherland.

Still I recall the time remote,
And see men, women and children,
Bidding farewell, waving their hands,
The old mothers kissing the faces,
The fathers embracing them with love,
Patting the backs of well-built sons,
Well-bred with milk and pure butter.

The damsels weeping smiled,
To conceal sighs of their hearts,
Hoping their soon return,
To make them their own brides,
And award them wedding pleasures,
But the innocent hearts knew not.
Seldom return whom the country calls.

The great people whom I remember,
Passing away to the world of eternity,
Made the streets despairingly desolate.
The life forced me to leave the place,
Often I visit, find it the village of the dead,
Inhabitants are confined in the walls,
They neither laugh nor share the tears.

Ah! Lust for wealth has hardened,
The soft fertile lands of hearts,
Making us all devoid of sentiments.

Muhammad Shanazar

On Death

A physician that relives,
Pangs of all maladies,
Indiscriminate to small or great;
Treads under the heavy hooves,
Who are too raised in the world,
Presses them hard to flatten
But it touches them gently,
Who crumble their rebellious ego.

A frequent visiting phenomenon,
Yet forsaken by the victims,
Rough to arrogant and proud,
But subservient slave to Omnipotent,
Fears not obeying His commands.
Removes the screen opaque or green
Eclipsing inevitable final reality.

An open door where from,
Each one has to go through,
The weak, fragile and humble,
Pass with Extra-case and dignity,
But the fat, strong and arrogant,
Are flayed 'to shorten before,
To the size, with a chopper,
Crumbled and crushed ruthlessly,
With, forky nailed claws of death,
It is hard, really hard, very hard.

Oh man! Feast not upon arrogance,
Do fairly right deeds of charity,
Lest unbridled pride should make you,
Too fat to pass through smoothly,
From the door affixed in The lofty well.

Muhammad Shanazar

On Departure To Umrah

O! Fortunate fond friend,
Forgive us if we did offend.
We bid you farewell,
On the journey long,
With tears in the eyes,
And on the lips song.

Pray we all for your safety,
May God bestow you purity.
While going around the Pivot,
Remember us the sinners a lot.
Forget us not in the prayer,
For life bestows chances rare.

In front of the Tomb Green,
Meek is where a king or queen,
On our behalf scatter showers,
Of petals of tribute and flowers,
Saying, "Many wait for their turn,
Their souls pant and bodies burn."

Muhammad Shanazar

On Doing Little

I stood all alone
On the round rock,
And beheld below
Into the valley,
The smouldering substance,
Smoke rose,
Dissipated into spheres,
Explosives
Blackened the ground,
And I smelt the stench
Of burning blood.

Then I saw descending,
A queue of angels,
From heights
Of the yonder mountain;
They were white, black and brown,
They were toddling down
To the singed valley,
And in hands they bore
Beacons of dreams.

They gathered around
One by one,
Sat jumbled holding
Their tiny bare feet,
All pricked, perforated
With the points of thorns;
And had a similar complaint
On the lips.

"You scattered
The seed of bushes,
On the path
Whereupon the children
Of Adam
Would have to pass,
You multiplied miseries,
You snatched

Richness, and fertility
Of the mother Earth,
You polluted
Rivers and rills,
You eroded
Mounts and hills,
Faults were yours
But we suffer though the penalty."

I listened to them
Drooping my head,
And felt guilty
To my own conscience,
On scattering seed
Of thorny bushes,
Instead of planting
The cuttings of roses,
I was really ashamed
On doing little
For the angles:
The descending generations.

Yes! I confess,
I made the world
A store of weapons;
Its plains, the battlefields.
Oh! Inhabitants of the Earth,
It is time to revamp
Our mode of actions;
Let us remove
The fear of extinction,
By disposing of instruments,
Of conflicts, fights and wars,
Conventional, chemical and nuclear.

Let us eliminate,
The stench of explosives
By perfuming the world
With sweet fragrant roses.
Let us sing
A song of harmony:
Peace for the East, peace for the West,

Peace for the North, peace for the South,
And peace, peace for both of the anti-poles.

Let us hand over the world
To our children
Beautified and worth-living,
Let us be the residents,
Being makers and producers,
Architects and designers,
And manufacturers of commodities
Of love, of faith, of tolerance,
And not being the destroyers:
Killers and slayers.

Muhammad Shanazar

On Harvesting

Life is fleeting,
Its days and nights when pass
Leave behind a stock of memories,
I recall time when I was a child
And I harvested wheat along with
My parents, uncles, brothers and sister
We used to sit in a long line and divide
The crop in rectangular long pieces,
And our sickles moved vigorously.
Sometimes my fingers were injured
Or bruised, my mother tore
A piece of her anchal
Wrapped around my fingers
And lovingly asked me to be heedful.
Then a time came we harvested,
When my brother and I were married,
Two more reapers were added to the family,
It was the loveliest time we had had,
My father was averse to harvesting,
He often avoided the work
And moved on edges of the farms,
When my mother exhausted
She stood akimbo surveying the crop,
And I often looked at the route
Where from my aunt brought lunch,
At noon we had meal
With oven-baked loaves smeared
With butter; lassi, sauce and hacked onions
Were other items of the lunch.
Then we snoozed in the shade
Of mulberry or sissoo tree, the short sleep
We enjoyed ourselves on the grass,
Even the kings might not have tasted
On the cozy beds made of ivory or gold.

Then a long pause of time ensued,
I did nothing worth-mentioning
Today after thirty years
I again performed the pastoral practice,

On the same farms but with sons
And daughters, nieces and nephews,
The changed young reapers,
No one was there from the older ones,
My parents, uncles
And the eldest brother are no more
In the world, but in imagination,
I felt them all sitting in line, my mother
Standing akimbo surveying the crop,
My father avoiding the work
Lingering on the edges with slow steps,
Uncle doing the double job:
Reaping and managing the cattle,
My mother leapt tearing a rag
From her anchal to bind my finger
When the sickle gave me again a fresh cut.
My melancholic deepening mood
Taught me well, we all are peasants,
We sow and reap turn by turn,
And when harvest is done we leave
To snooze in the cool shade,
Either of mulberry or sisso of Death.

Muhammad Shanazar

On Killing Before Birth

My winged inner-self
Took me to the world astral
Along with all senses alive,
The world where fates are ordained,
Where records are maintained.
I rested in front of two mansions
Whose main doors were conjoined,
One left the other right,
And the inner parts were dark.
The men and women,
One by one,
And turn by turn,
Leapt out like birds,
As they hop out of the nest,
Early in the morn.
I beheld a long queue of the kids,
Extended beyond the sight,
Aging less than the years ten,
All sweating, perspiring
In radiance of the Sun of that world,
Dismayed and dejected,
Nearby stood in the row a child,
Resembling face and features
One of my sons.
Then I was disclosed a mystery
"The are the souls of kids
Whom parents have killed
Before their birth
They lined up themselves for their turn:
The turn that will never turn again."

Muhammad Shanazar

On Love Half Realized

Even in the dream
Never lay your lashes
For half-realized love.
Half curtailed dreams
Torment the eyes.
Implant not half-recalled memory,
In the terrain of heart, for it pricks
And wheezes restlessly therein,
Rattles agonizingly,
And flashes like lightening in the blood.
Let go away love half-realized
For Love, Fondness,
And Love Madness
Are always unfulfilled, half-realized.

Muhammad Shanazar

On Playing With Sand

Yesterday,
An amendment was made,
Men and women danced,
Goblets stroke in the hall,
To celebrate
An occasion of success.

Today,
The same amendment
Has been undone,
Men and women have danced,
Goblets have stroke in the hall,
To celebrate
An occasion of success.

Tomorrow,
Again the amendment will be made,
Men and women will dance,
Goblets will strike in the hall,
To celebrate
An occasion of success.

This is how our government goes on,
By doing and undoing amendments,
Like children who play on sand,
Make houses, stupas, towers and tombs,
And smash them with kicks,
To make them afresh,
But the difference is they do not celebrate,
An occasion of success.

Muhammad Shanazar

On Poverty

Poverty savours bitter,
So it is a thing unwished,
Upon whom it invades,
Makes them utterly worthless.

Sheet by sheet taking off,
It exposes inner of man,
Making naked, brings out,
Deformities and spots heinous,
Abhorrent, full of disgust.

Brothers, sisters and relations,
Who once heartening embraced,
Sneer, jeer full of hate,
Pointing out thousand faults,
Break all bonds of propinquity.

The world becomes a cage,
The life hard punishment,
Where a moment stretches,
As long as unending year.

The distasteful victual becomes,
Crispy, delicious and delicate,
Staking the whole entity;
The sufferers sell the characters cheap,
Neither they die nor breathe,
Pant between to compromise,
What is hateful and unjust.

Poverty leads to the path,
Dark, deep, amid the steep
Unending, winding around,
Leading to no destination,
Where blurring winds dust the eyes,
Where thorns forky and sharp,
Prick barefooted travelers.
The coiled mazy route,
Of misery seldom crosses,

The glorious road of riches.

After striking against the rocks,
Vibrating echoes become still,
Feeble cries reach no ears,
Changing bodies into ghosts,
Unabated miseries lure to death.

The fallen dried leaves,
Resist a little but they not,
To the gusts of wind;
They move to this on that end,
With the gushing blows.

The friends fly away,
As the birds do,
When the fair weather changes,
Who stands and who turns the tail,
It testifies faith in friends,
Strengthens fortitude, opens eyes,
Imparts wisdom but too late.

The calamities dark and sable,
Visit by their own accord are trial,
But those brought by fellowmen,
On the other are turmoil,
Outcome of violation,
Of the fair rules of God.

Fate is not blind and unjust,
That brings evils terrible on us,
The rules of God are just and plain,
He who is kind to great and small,
Inflicts not huge disparities,
We the avaricious become a cause,
When many get a little,
And a few devour the whole.

Muhammad Shanazar

On Searching Calmness

Where should I search for calmness,
And where should I find loyalties?
Where should I go in the queues of life?
In the valley of my mind reside anxieties,
There is hotness in the world of perceptions,
Questions surge like powerful waves,
Doubts never abate in the mind,
As if every moment there runs through veins some fretfulness,
The life is relentlessly entangled into strange sensations,
Pain and worries invade all the times,
And I confront at each step huge mountains of hatred,
I feel myself strengthless in the system of time.

My inner-being questions to me,
And my not-self questions to self,
I confront the enigmas of day and night,
And thoughts of finale,
I move astray in multitude of the world,
Long for calmness of my own being,
Sometimes endure slaps of wind,
Sometimes hum songs standing all alone,
Want to consume time of the dotage,
So that the display of life should fold itself,
I think the affairs should have been so and so,
If I do not have senses what may happen,
Sometimes I repent what would have happened if my wishes were realized.
Why is there is no harmony in each day that arises?
Why is not each moment like the moments of yesterday?
Why are my thoughts wrapped in the fog?

System of the world moves ahead with acrobatic movements,
Sometimes a sense of union, and sometimes pangs of separation,
Whatever is happening does not accord to the vision,
Sometimes fiction of the past, sometimes narration of the present,
Everything that passes by is distracted: the moon and years of life.
Should I go to the fortune teller, or promise to sacrifice on some shrine,
Should I raise my hands to pray for,
Standing aloof on the brim of some stream to understand myself,
And pray for to get myself composed at each moment.

And beg for indecisiveness to conjoin hearts,
Or beg for curiosity of the dervish to seek the final truth,
Sitting on the mat lying on the bare ground,
Or pray for numbness of the heart so that it should not review the past events of
life,
Nor demand to get revealed the secrets of future.

I wish there should be realization of my longing somewhere in the farthest
spaces,
As dreams take shapes in the arms of night,
There should be extended in front of the eyes the blue oceans,
There should be open all-around doors of cheerfulness,
Someone should descend again like a prayer,
Someone should fill again colours in the airs,
Someone should depart blessing me with the costume of tranquility,
Someone should come to see me humming like breeze.

Now I am sitting in a corner of the street,
I behold passing by a multitude on the road,
Someone should console whether I shall get relief,
Should I be fortunate enough to find calmness for myself?

Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

On Slaughtering

I claim not, fair or unfair,
But tell you, what I did see,
On the chicken slaughterer's shop
When I ordered for the one.

They were numerous,
Moving and clucking,
Soft, white and vigorous,
Unaware to the death approaching,
For they were to be dined.

A man callous faced,
Clad in dress blood stained,
Caught one from the wings,
Pressed legs with a clumsy foot,
Wrenching neck, stifled throat,
With the thumb nail.

With a heart hardened by practice,
A long sharp knife, moved crosswise
Blood thick, red and warm,
Welling out from the cut,
Sprinkled staining the dress more.

It uttered not a sound, a cry of pain
As we do, when crushed,
Under the feet of heavy woe.
For we have tongue, voice and wisdom,
But they not.

Throbbing a little became still,
Cutting off legs, he ripped up,
Fluffy soft, feathery cloak.
A thing alive a moment ago,
Was lying lifeless to be served.
Then gutting out entrails,
He made pieces eight,
With a chopper sharp.

Who knows life and death,
Are cousins, close and intimate,
Who knows equal are the pangs,
Of death to great and small.

On eating meet and being fierce,
O man! Detest not the animals,
You too are found of eating flesh,
But the difference is,
You eat spicy cooked,
And they bloody raw.

Be aware treat them with care,
Be loving, grateful and kind,
For they are the feeding servants,
Give you flesh and fur, milk and marrow,
And for the sake of yours,
Suffer painful agonizing death.

Muhammad Shanazar

On Suspicion

A dormant volcanic eruption,
When bursts, bursts with quakes,
Vomits havoic fiery substance,
Burns mind, body and soul.

A blurring cataract in the eyes,
Darkens the vision, mists the realities.
A fatal poison with no remedy;
More relentless when works among
The life partners and loyal companions.

One's own blood and flesh seem alien,
Sets homes on fire where from,
Nothing emits but smoke from ashes.
Fortunate are those who ward off,
The vehement attacks defending well,
And keep themselves moderately poised.

Muhammad Shanazar

On Sustaining Strokes

A slight before the wintry nights,
The vivacious children of the street,
Signaled whistling with inviting voices,
That we all should come out of the houses,
To be beaten amusingly playing a game.

We could not resist and came out all,
Gathered in the yard with no wall around,
And squatted in circles with bending heads,
Then was twisted an Anchal, pale or red,
Into a flog hard, longer than a yard.

One of the older moved and moved around,
And placed silently behind one of us,
On the turn next, he began to beat,
We ran and ran around in circles,
Sustaining strokes on the delicate backs.

While running around and being beaten,
I did feel perhaps the participants older,
Lashed to harden, toughen us more,
To face beats and callous odds of life,
When we would grow up, pacing on the path.

Muhammad Shanazar

On Terrorism

A bestial sport that erases,
The names of men from the book,
Of creatures fair and courteous;
Brutalizing into the savage beasts.

A black, heinous, sable spot,
On the beauteous countenance,
Of humanity, making appearance,
Frightening of atrocious cannibals,
Of those who shudder not least,
At committing the murderous game.

They find profuse panic pleasure,
In licking warm trickling blood,
Cutting throats, perforating chests,
Sucking marrowed bones, eating flesh.

How proud are they of wearing dress,
Stained with coagulated paint,
Escaping from the temporal rules,
They know not, they are not afar,
From the eternal penalizing,
Laws of inevitable fair justice.

They harm no one, but themselves,
By heaping up terrific perditions,
Upon their too fragile backs,
Rashly obey the Perfidious Friend.
Their minds are too weak to perceive,
The catastrophe they are to face,
The fiery fangs, the clutchy claws
How anxiously quiver to devour,
To feast upon them unendingly.

For ransom they are to be condemned,
To the torturous infernal lands,
Under the huge burning blocks,
Chained with the slings of hot iron,
Without an end; Ah! Without an end.

Muhammad Shanazar

On The 2nd Anniversary Of Benazir

O! Great lady you performed
Your role contributing heroically,
But you died an engineered death.
The dynamite placed deeper
Than your strategies has blown up
Your missions and bold existence.

Though death is inevitable,
Sooner or later each one of us
Will have to taste the tang of death,
Yet you lived your life
With vigorous soul,
Brimming with emotions.

Now you live into the world across
Where from no one returns;
We all miss you a lot,
Our eyes are heavy,
They are still carrying
The load of unshed tears.
The hearts are cumbersome,
For they have cargoes of grief.

Look behind!
Some hospitals, roads
And airports too,
Have been attributed to you.
Though your own prudent partner
Rules the kingdom,
Respects you in abundance,
Places a photograph
Of yours in the chamber of presidency,
Yet no FIR or MLR has been obtained
To trace the prints of assassins,
Which even the hire-less have the privilege.

When I sit alone,
And brood over your death,
I am grieved more and more.

Ah! You left no "Hamlet" behind,
Whom your apparition,
May convey the secret of treachery,
The way Chess has been played,
The way you have been removed
From the stage, and he may avenge
Your blood though with indecisiveness
And deep precision.

My heart often consoles me,
Asks me to remain tranquil,
And tongue-tied, by saying,
"Be silent! When bad times come,
The evil are up, the honest are down,
The snake that tingles you
Often wears the crown".

Muhammad Shanazar

On The Drum Beat

On listening to the measured sound,
Of the distant drum beat,
With sweeping sounds of the pipes.
On the other end of the village,
On wedding of couple,
I was carried out of myself.
And thrilling blood ran into veins,
With the sense of vitality.

I lost my control on me,
As if my limbs were not mine.
For the spell queer.
Worked on me and my fellows,
Of the same age,
Who being charmed ran,
Attracted by the drum beat.
As pleasing smell attracts,
The bees, flies and moths.

Each taking two rods wooden,
Hastened to the cottage of groom,
Gathering around the beater,
In the airy yard,
Who stood pivoted in the center,
Black and tall, with pink faded turban,
His rhythmic hands beat,
On vibrating ends of the drum,
Hanging with his neck,
With long leather belts.

We danced and danced in circle,
In ecstatic heightened spirit.
Our hands, feet and limbs,
Mechanically moved with the beats,
Among the chorus of wedding songs,
And clapping of the adorned ladies.

Striking of the wooden rods,
Produced sounds harmonious,

All dancing and cheering,
Were carried out of themselves,
To the fairy-lands of strange joys.

Then all of sudden,
The beating hands stopped,
And we came down to the earth,
Falling head-long, as wings of a bird,
Flying into the zones high,
Are clipped short,
So for him ceases everything,
When dashes to the ground
The broken spell of rhythmic beats,
Brought us again,
Into the world of woes and pangs.

Muhammad Shanazar

On The Fall Of Dhaka

When we all were small girls and boys,
And played with dolls, and ball like toys,
Were often asked to drift and lead the cattle;
To the nearby meadows, farms and forest,
To have them grazed from morn to eve,
And freshened them with the water clean.

We the little masters of cows, goats and sheep,
Letting them loose sat on top of the mound,
Among the old reverend shepherds,
Who told us the tales of olden times;
Ups and downs of the world they had seen,
How they fought the World War Second,
How they did see the roaring fighter jets;
How the rumbling sounds of the shells,
Did resound and reverberate in the valleys,
How they did watch meadows, fields and farms,
Littered with the human blood flesh and shreds,
How the two shining glaring cities of Japan,
Were obliterated casting perpetual horror.

One day as we sat in the sunshine of December,
Among us someone broke the depressing news,
That our one hundred thousand sons of the land,
Spotting, smudging, smearing the whole history,
Surrendered themselves throwing the weapons.

We the little masters of cows, goats and sheep,
Sat sad and silence prevailed wrapping us all,
As in the days of frost often fog envelops,
The visible objects and blurs the beauties,
The waves of rage and wrath formed and broke,
Emerged and submerged in the ocean of heart,
Then someone of us set a bush on fire,
We all then ran, made the torches of the sticks,
And soon the whole forest was on fire,
We all wished the entire world be burnt,
For we had lost our dear Dhaka.

On The Grave Of My Brother

The spot where now I stand was empty,
Undisturbed for the years, only tufts of grass swayed,
But now filled in with a heap of fresh dug earth:
The grave of my brother.

The memories of the past have begun to emerge
As panic fishes come out upon the surface of the sea.
We slept on the same bed for a decade,
We played in the same yard together
Through the years of childhood,
We played hide and seek, ran after the butterflies,
Yes, together in the mustard farms,
We ran through the streets while monsoon rains rained,
We stood under the spouts to have the most delicious bath.

O! Brother you explained to me
The mysteries with the childish wisdom,
"The stars are the shining rivets,
The moon and the sun: the loaves of gold and silver,
And twilight the crimson particles of dust."

O! Brother you laboured, you toiled a lot
Against the odds of life, at last you lost the race
Trudging through the quagmire of misfortunes.

O! Brother you are fortunate for you have got
The place in the feet of your mother,
You have been entrusted to the grave
Amid the sobs, shrieks and cascades of tears,
With all religious obsequies, all threw handfuls of earth,
And some performed the obligation with shovels.

I see into future we who remain behind are not sure
What fate we shall meet, whether we shall have graves
Or our bodies will lay unburied with the scavengers around;
Who knows when itchy leprous fingers will activate
The nuclear or chemical devices, the world will change into
An amphitheatre of corpses rotting in the hot sun.

On The Iceland Of Purgatory

The waves were beheaded,
The shore was annoyed to,
In the whirlpool of loneliness,
The oars got lost,
My happiness grew worn-out,
I had only one hope
Merging, emerging,
I know not which was the wave,
That showed me an Iceland,
Then leapt lightening,
And I beheld ahead,
Footprints of someone too
That there already had been printed,
I thought to return,
But when I looked behind...I witnessed,
Ah! What I witnessed,
My boat was burnt.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

On The Lost Diamond

O! People,
I have lost the Diamond,
And washed,
The wounds with tears,
The missing pearl could not find,
Though wept for ages,
I have gone through,
All four directions,
Nothing seems to me,
Safe and undestroyed.

What tale I have started,
For long is the tale of love,
I have been learning,
The lessons of faithfulness,
And got drowned my own boat;
The string of words is unending,
But I them all entwined.

Written By Sabina Riffat
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

On The Night

The beauteous bride dressed in black,
Whose fair forehead is adorned,
With a huge round piece of gold,
Glowing galaxies are fretted,
In the combed lustrous dark hair.

Always comes out after the sunset,
Walks behind the groom of day,
With modest gait, blushed shy face,
Exposing what revealing light conceals,
But hides the frail deeds of humanity.

Muhammad Shanazar

On The Nine Eleven

What deed did you do? What gain did you gain?
O! The sons Cain, the sons of Cain, the sons of Cain.
Why did you cause on the earth perpetual pain?
O! The sons Cain, the sons of Cain, the sons of Cain.

Why did you push humanity into the dismal zone?
Whom did you obey? What goals were you shown?
Alas! You would have the palpitating human hearts,
And have imagined the cumbersome gagging groan.

Who educated you with so-called divine education?
Who infused in your blood, and heart's palpitation,
The poison, the venom, the fire and bursting flames;
That you wreaked vengeance on Adam's generation.

You crashed; you stroke planes in the back of Towers,
Only to be known, the suiciders, the killers of flowers,
Would that! You were trained, you were only taught;
How to exert influence of love with wholesome powers.

Would that! You have felt ponderous pangs of the spot,
How working men, women and children aspiring a lot,
Were soon crushed and crashed, pounded and pestled,
Who a slight ago moved, cherishing hopes in blood hot.

The cries subdued, suppressed in the hearts squeezed,
How sooner the paragons of beauty to ashes decreased!
With them were crippled crushed, desires and dreams,
Such a spectrum could please only the minds diseased.

We are children of the same Father, the same Mother;
And have been sent on the beautified Earth to gather,
Flowers, to seed pills of happiness, not of the thorns,
Only love, peace, tolerance and harmony to bother.

Muhammad Shanazar

On The Second Day

I went through
This busy bazaar
Yesterday;
Here sat a man
With the wares of bangles,
And fake ornaments,
Who chanted with a melodious sound,
Echoing, mingling,
Into the evening gale,
And around him sat some damsels,
With overflowing emotions,
Selecting the ornaments
Trying them on fingers,
And delicate wrists.

There sat an old man:
A fruit-vendor selling oranges,
And claiming them the rarest in the land.
I can recall the beheld smile on his face,
And shine in the eyes.

There beside the electric-pole,
Lay a man with amputated legs,
And each passerby threw a coin or two,
In the begging-bowl,
Place in front, and went on with penitence.

I n the middle
There stood a steak-seller,
Who fanned fire of coals,
And with agility turned over
The spicy steaks,
Forked on the iron-spikes;
A few men gathered around,
Ate them with relish, and I too
Passed by with a drooling mouth.

Beside him stood a toy-seller,
The kids dragged behind the parents,

When they passed by,
With a wish to afford them
Balls and balloons.

In that corner
There sat a fortune teller;
Around him sat the young boys
Spreading their palms,
Anxious to know about their future,
And the palmist described to them,
Stars and crosses, and hair on
The lines of life, heart and mind.

Ah! Today the spot is lamenting,
Just a few hours ago,
Have been gathered,
Human shreds, bones and skulls,
Limbs and legs,
Placed jumbled, indiscriminate,
In the ambulances.
A few remains left behind
Of destroyed vehicles,
Of blackness of soot mingled
Into redness of human blood,
Of explosives: a pungent smell.

Muhammad Shanazar

On The Threshold Of 2010

Days blend into weeks, and weeks into months,
Months make years, and years compose centuries.

I stand on the verge of 2009: the threshold of 2010,
With my kids overshadowed by apprehensions.
Here at the entrance of the valley of 2010,
I vividly see fog of smoke hovering over the hills,
Forces of the kings running in helter-skelter,
Using the most fatal weapons to snatch
The reserves of oil and the treasures of soil.
The same ancient law of forest is in vogue again
With full fervour, with fresh teeth, new-fangled hunger.
An amphitheatre of human bodies stretched
On the slopes and each rock is coloured red.
I smell the reeking stench of burning blood,
And shades being murdered of thousand of trees,
I fear passing through the valley of horrible events,
Where I shall have to go on leaving behind
At each step injured or murdered fellow beings.
Here I stand forlorn and I can not respond the question
Of my kids overshadowed by apprehensions,
"Criminals, defaulters are the elder but the recipient
Of unjust punishment will be the younger,
Or those who will step into the world in 2010."

Muhammad Shanazar

On The Tree

The cool benevolent,
Shadowy branches,
Thick and dark,
Extended all sides around,
Shelter the travelers,
Treat them as guests,
When they are sweating,
And out of breath.
Give them soothing solace
And ease as the parents,
Over-shadow the child,
In hot sun, wind and weather,
And expose themselves to the calamities,
And blazing wind of sufferings
O Man!
Be not heedless and blind.
Do as does the tree,
To the mankind.
Be forgiving, kind and loving,
To the suffering fellows,
In their plight,
Painful, poignant and grave,
And expect not,
A reward in return.

Muhammad Shanazar

On The War

The war, and exhibition of human shreds,
A show of skulls, flesh, blood and bones,
A bestial game, turning men into beasts,
And abhorrent spot on the fair forehead,
A dance of death with the exploding,
Music of blasts and thundering of canons,
For fond glories, and vain victories,
For a piece of land or contradicting creed.

A field where aggression pretends righteous,
Where Carnage and Greed the twin sisters,
Always indiscriminate to false or fair,
Ravage about with roaring howls,
Upon the hapless weak innocence,
Who being offended vainly defends.
Oh Man!

Change not the world into inferno,
Forbear patiently the existence,
Of fellows infesting upon the Earth,
Intrude no the limits of liberty,
Fixed to breath with solace and ease,
For tactics are ripe to the culmination,
Slight recklessness might result in havoc,
Leaving behind neither winner nor loser.

Muhammad Shanazar

One Day

One day the life got,
One day the life lived,
One day conversed to the nights,
One day got another day to talk,
One day the breath entangled in fatigue,
One day the destination was hoped to gain,
One day was taken by ambitions,
One day the desires staged a drama,
One day hustle bustle was at my house,
One day I stood alone,
One day the autumn was in surge,
One day the spring was in full swing,
One day was fixed for a tale,
One day was for to see the impinging rain,
One day the clothes became tattered,
One at each step was monsoon,
One day the breaths were borrowed,
One day was to spend the night in wakefulness,
One day is for exhibition of my soul,
One day is for another excitement.

(I have beheld and gone through)
A few roses of delusions,
Precious Pukhraj of a few memories,
Some arcs of elegant events,
Bitter agonies of some cumbersome efforts,
This sneaky day will too leave me alone,
In the measureless canopy of space,
Where the spectacle of night wraps each moment,
To see one day on its zenith.

Muhammad Shanazar

One Evening

When I peeped
Into the ocean of your eyes,
I went on seeing it
Time and again.
Perhaps,
When you are away,
The ocean
Remains in surge too,
Because the feeling that crops up
In the ocean,
Makes my emotions wet.

It happens so
Each time, each night
When you are beside me
Each wave of the ocean
Damping my each feeling
Passes though
Each pore of my existence;
And when you are away,
These waves, sometimes
In the dark recess of the heart,
Sometimes in dreams,
Sometimes in fictions,
Sometimes in the abodes
Of unexpressed desires,
Smash their heads.

Waves of the undulating ocean
Of your eyes saturate my existence
And only I can sense the feeling,
For you have empowered only me
To fathom depth of the ocean,
You have empowered me, only me.

Muhammad Shanazar

Only One Blessing

I can pay least,
Gratitude to God,
Only for the one blessing,
That He made me,
Neither one of the killers
Of Hussain (A.S) ,
Nor did He place me amid
Those favour them.

Note: Hussain (A.S) was the grandson of the Holy Prophet Muhammad (Peace be upon Him) , he was assassinated along with the members of His family by Yazid and his companions: the so-called believers.

Muhammad Shanazar

Our Bones Are Of Iron Made

(Written when my country had a threat)

My heart does beat,
Pulse does pulsate,
For Pak-lands,
Oh! Enemies,
Beware!
Our bones are of iron made,
And bombs are the bodies.

Whether you challenge
On the snow clad lofty peaks,
Or in the frosty valleys,
Or on planes of the Punjab,
Or onto the adjoining waters
Of the boundaries,
Or in the thick forests,
Or upon the hot sand,
We are a nation that cares least
Of life, of wealth or property,
Or of fatal consequences
When our honour is at the stake;
We pluck out the eyes
When they look with dingy intentions,
Break the jaws that ajar
To devour us.
We promote not turmoil in the world,
We believe in respect of others
And be respected,
We are a nation that writes
History not in ink or on the sheet of paper,
But in blood on the sacred soil and sand.

Muhammad Shanazar

Owners Of The New Plaza

(A poem on a dialogue)

“Lo! The wrath of God.”

“These earth-quakes do not respect Pakhtunkhaw.”

“Stop a while brother!

Excuse me,

I have to talk in native Punjabi,

Neither they show any passport,

Nor they demand any visa,

They just slip from underneath the feet,

And get hold of the heads,

Indifferent to creed, caste and colour,

Nor they submit any request,

Nor they see signs on the orders;

We have rendered sacrifices

Since our ancestors lived,

They come to us shrugging shoulders,

Leave us demolishing,

And perishing everything behind,

Lo! The wrath of God.”

Written by Najam Hussain Syed

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Pain

(A poem for Narender)

O Friend! What is pain how should I describe to you,
Pain is a black streak in the transparent mirror,
A worn out wooden-beam of a deserted house,
Acrid acid mixed in the water of Ganga,
Cold congealed blood coated on the torn Anchal,
A bulge of dark night on the shut windows of evening,
A cry of silence clinging on the body of night,
A strange encroachment of darkness in the bright day,
A small bonfire of smouldering yellow leaves,
An overwhelming sheet of mist in the month of January,
Panting shadows on the walls,
A shroud of hard snow on the mountains,
Pain is a fate of the dispersing wind,
A spring buried in layers of the delicate heart,
Or an abrupt deep breathing of the chest.

O Friend! What is pain how should I describe to you,
Pain is a cry of an intense sensation,
An emerging memory at the wintry night,
Pain is a tear, pulsation and a tempest too,
An urge, a whirlwind and a main track of blood,
Let it be kept hidden in the fissures of heart,
Or far away on shores of the ocean of the past,
Pain is a poem, pain is a wound,
Childhood breathing its last on the footpath,
Stones hailing on canopies,
And flames spurting in the jungle.

O Friend! What is pain how should I describe to you,
(Since you have gone all charms have departed from the world.)
It seems as if neither spring has come,
Nor showers of monsoon have poured,
Nor laburnums have blossomed this turn,
Nor birds have chirped on boundaries of the farms,
Nor flowers have bloomed,
Nor cuckoos have sung in my house.

O Friend! What is pain how should I describe to you,
Pain is losing of the path amid the wilderness,
Extinction of some sign of the childhood,
Separation of fascinating dream from the eyes,
And annoyance of moonlight at nights of youth.

O Friend! What is pain how should I describe to you,
A dawn of beleaguering belly of a poor fellow,
A countenance of a child with marks of dried tears,
A stifled sigh in the chest of a fraught being,
A gaze of a kidnaped child,
An old-man breathing his last on some footpath,
Fledgling aspirations of a prostitute,
Pain is mixed mingled in each vein of the heart,
Gripping minds like darkness of the moonless nights.

O Friend! What is pain how should I describe to you,
A pigmy tree amid the wasteland,
A shingled route leading through a deserted valley,
Like youth of waves smashing heads against the shore,
Pain is a forsaken tale of the past,
A hope that doesn't let someone die,
Disappointment that incites to leave the world.

O Friend! What is pain how should I describe to you,
You will find the Pain concealed in sighs of the sinned,
Hidden in the eyesight of a despised lover,
Burden on the youth of a poverty stricken man,
Pain in the thoughts of a poet does melt,
It is just to be felt! It is just to be felt!

Written by Jagdish Prakash (India)

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar (Pakistan)

Muhammad Shanazar

Paradox

A crawling worm on the wall,
Vanishes, goes out of sight,
Whether it reaches on the other end,
Of the wall or falls in between,
Only the wall is a propping
Support of its existence.
The worm demands nothing
Just liberty to crawl,
If it gets the opposite end,
Enjoys itself the tang of life;
But its being in life itself is a danger,
For on existence of the lifeless worm,
There stand erect giant
Lower and upper houses;
But the dwellers put the worm down
And they now in its anguish
Will raise the slogans of protest.

Written by Angila Hamesh

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Peace On The Battled Plain

The soldiers have returned,
After a victorious expedition,
They are descending from the ship,
Harboured ashore, some are singed
Some amputated and some injured.
They will be soon awarded
With the medals of silvers and bronze,
For the lost legs, hands, arms and eyes,
And with a few currency notes.

Their mothers and sisters,
Wives and daughters are anxious,
To have their look,
They watch with the eyes alert,
Some have got restored their similes,
But many of them will return despised,
With tears in the eyes,
And subdued shrieks in the hearts;
But there is peace on the battled plain,
For all heads of the families have been killed,
Ah! Now peace, tears and subdued shrieks
Will go ever side by side.

Muhammad Shanazar

Peace Will Be On The Earth

When wars launched for peace,
Will finish by consuming their ferocity,
And they will eliminate,
The signs of life on the Earth,
And when the planet,
Will go singed and lifeless,
Around the sun,
Through the boundless spaces,
All sleeping, silent,
And cockroaches will rule the world,
There will be peace,
Yes! Peace, peace on the Earth.

Muhammad Shanazar

Pedants

Beneath your curly lock
Your pedants shine,
They enrich more
The glow of your splendour,
And at each moment
They double the charm,
Your fans die
As moths die on the lamp light,
And they talk
Mysteriously in a profound tone,
My heart does not forget
Your pedants glowing gently
Beneath your black curly lock.

Written by Dr. Nisar Turabi Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Perception

Stop me not from committing sins,
The sin is a reality for when it is realized,
From the glow of its perception,
The lights of contrition and piety sprout,
Discernment between moral and immoral springs,
Then the bright hands of luminosity,
Lacerates the heart of darkness.

Written by Ronaq Hayat

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Permission

It was a strange day,
It is a strange night
How much restless is in our bodies,
The surging blood;
But why do you behave with coldness?
Why do you slither away where I am?
Why do you thunder like clouds?
Why do you grow furious on the touch my hands?
Just give way to your wild blood,
And offer me
Some bouquet with you tender hands,
My body will pray for you
If you absorb with love mine in yours,
It will utter many voices;
It will give you lights and loyalties,
And cool winds of love.
The sky announces
In glimmers of the moon and stars
That daylight is about to spread,
Now the dawn will descend on the earth,
The night is about to die and pass away,
In extended bleakness of the dark,
The day with bright forehead is about to step in,
So think awhile about scarcity of time,
Permit me to come around you,
Permit me to overshadow you,
Permit me to glimmer and tumble,
Permit me to wake a little the dormant emotion,
Permit me to shed a little blood of desire,
Keeping in mind scarcity of time,
Think a while,
Do not interrupt me,
And do not hold me back please.

Written by Ronaq Hayat

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Phoenix

A dream of the whole age
Is hidden only in one kiss,
What should I tell in which hearth I placed
The wood of fate-line of the palm,
And turned it into ashes.

Your agony like phoenix
Gets rebirth from ashes,
And resides in my inner-being.

One kiss that composes my life,
Every evening I placing it on my lips,
Entrust to an eye of imagination,
And come into life again and again.

Muhammad Shanazar

Pity

He demanded
My eyes from me,
The black lace of lashes,
Shy rosiness of the cheeks,
All sparkle of the face,
Pinkness of the lips,
Dark night of the locks,
Golden sunlight of the forehead,
Curling hair, and ear-ring,
All grace of innocence,
Immature charm of youth,
Silvery arms,
And essence of the existence.
He demanded and I granted all,
But the secret has revealed today,
All affairs of love
And loyalty were transient,
Emotional and fleeting,
He nourished only pity for me
And not love.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Pleasure Are Infertile

Pleasures are infertile,
The live in themselves and die soon,
But sorrows do not die,
They manage their procreation,
Take hold on all moments of life,
Even in the moist of dawn,
Or darkness of night,
They do not unhand us,
They do not leave us alone,
They walk by themselves
By carrying the load of pain,
They are dignified, loyal and grand,
Sorrows never die,
They have been going along humanity since ages.

Written By Shazia Akbar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Poems Are The Sparrows

Poems are the sparrows,
Swing they branch to branch,
In the green tree of poetry,
They chirp and pick the grain,
Of diction, thoughts, metaphors,
And bring in their beaks,
The straws of meters,
And thorns of realities.

Poems are the Sparrows,
Build their nests place to place,
In the valleys of poetic minds,
To lay and hatch eggs of wisdom,
Awake they early in the morn,
To sing hymn, when gently
Breeze begins to blow, to and fro.

The sparrows chirp in my heart,
And when hiding behind the tassels,
Extend I my hand to them to catch,
They fly away; and when I scatter
The grain, they cluster around me,
To sing the chorus of love and peace,
My restless heart then pours
Them on pages of the book,
And the starving ears become,
Impatient to listen to the honeyed,
Lines of love.

Muhammad Shanazar

Poetry

The Sacred Message from the Source,
Impinging upon the minds,
Sensitive, clear and delicate,
Transmitted into the lucid lines,
With the symphony and music of soul,
Tempered with the winged emotions,
Appealing to hearts rather than minds,
To raise black or opaque curtains,
Of life, universe and final truth.

Muhammad Shanazar

Poetry Is Too Shrewd

Poetry is too shrewd,
She in guise herself keeps hiding,
From my too watchful eyes;
When I plough the farm of others,
She dives into the ocean of my belly,
And swims like a fishing monster.
When I return home after toilsome labour,
She sits on my hanging loathsome arms,
And when in the sterile fruitless land,
My eyes meet indifference,
And they remain bewilderingly forlorn,
She assumes the soothing form of a damsel,
And strolls into the world of my dreams,
When ferocious enemies search me again,
Allege me of stealing the gold of poetry,
At that moment she resides in my heart,
Wearing the costume of fear.

Muhammad Shanazar

Poetry: My Sweet-Heart

She was born with me when
I inhaled the first breath;
In infancy she showed herself to me,
In the dim hazy colours of rainbow,
That floated in front of the eyes,
Like an astray flake of coloured cloud.

In childhood she flew in front of me,
Assuming the shape of butterfly,
Stayed close, lingered, hovered over,
The yellow blossomed mustard farms.

In boyhood before the years of maturity,
She played hide and seek,
And I chased her till I did exhaust,
She too oscillated me on the swing,
Under the huge banyan tree,
With thick cool shade.

In the years of adolescence
And the days of full ripeness,
I saw her smiling,
Under the bundle of too lush green grass,
She walked with heart-mincing graceful gait.

Now she dwells in the cottage of my heart,
Thatched with the dried tassels of dreams,
She wipes my tears, consoles me when I weep,
And supports, props my bent body, when I tumble.

Muhammad Shanazar

Poison! Poison!

Poison I breathe, poison I eat,
And poison poison I do drink,
Poison are my thoughts, poison are my acts,
Poison are my sleeps, poison are my dreams,
My blood is poison, poison is my flesh,
And poison poison are my bones.

Wherever I move
I envenom my fellow beings,
And enlarge my kingdom,
This is how my life goes on,
Living in the world: all poison poison.

Muhammad Shanazar

Poke Not The Ashes

How pride of the dreams
Shattered in a moment!
And how the bits bled the eyes!
Who placed,
The burning coals on the tray?
Who deserted,
These wrists of yours?
Who erased
The lines of hands?
Who inscribed the pang
Of separation on the forehead?
The descending fog will blow out
The lamps of lashes;
Ah! It is not a delightful fun
To poke the ashes.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Power Of Gold

I claim not to be a true lover,
For I would not fetch down galaxies,
The planets or the heavenly moon,
From the sky to lay at your feet,
Neither would I build a house,
Of shining gold nor glaring glass,
Nor die down into the icy river,
As despised, dejected lovers do.

Though I have fragile fragments,
Of the broken heart to scatter,
Under your feet to tread upon,
To greet you in front of my cottage,
Yet I know wealth and gold,
Would avert your face to light,
The palace across my dwelling,
Leaving behind darkness and pangs.

Muhammad Shanazar

Praise To God

Infinite in wisdom, will and power,
His skill speaks, in stone and flower,
In moving winds, in floating clouds,
That bring the rains, drops of shower.

The Maker of night, the Creator of light,
The source of both, pleasure and plight,
The Supreme Mind, the Ruling Hand,
That always remains, behind the sight.

Kind and Beneficent, to short and tall,
And sustains well, the great and small,
To whom are equal, the rich and poor,
He keenly observes the rise and fall.

We search for Him, in founts and wells,
In rivers and oceans, in dens and dells,
The eyes are blind, to find the mystery,
For God is Love, and in hearts dwells.

Muhammad Shanazar

Probability

If you desire to have a glance
At my plight,
Then peep into your own eyes.
We who have been living since ages,
Together in murkiness of timelessness
And unbounded space,
How we can live without the moment,
Which departing from us both has left behind
The universe deserted.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Procrastination

Poison is my blood,
Poison is my body,
Poison are my thoughts,
They hum around my mind like flies,
Poison is my food,
Hate, jealousy and pride
Are the plants of poison;
They grow in my fertile land,
As wild weeds grow unattended,
I make venomous
Everyone whom I touch.

My existence is contagious,
Why should I be afraid of poison,
Procrastinate in front of the potion,
Now I must have a drink,
For poison will cause no impairment to me.

Muhammad Shanazar

Progress

The folk of my village
Have progressed,
They have made the houses,
On the imported designs,
Much more sophisticated
Than the older ones,
Made of mud and stones,
With very low walls,
Over which the neighbourers
Could pass the saucers
To share the meal.
Now motors hum
Through the streets
Where voices of animals
Goats and sheep
Cows, Bulls and buffalos,
Milk being churned were heard.

Men and women have changed
But the seasons come and go,
On the previous modes,
Spring and Monsoon sojourn
On the meadows
Fragrant grass grow,
Wild trees blossom, dew falls
And rains pour down
To give them wash,
And they sway in the sun
When the wind blows,
But no animal is seen
To graze the green objects,
No shepherd moves around,
With a rotator to twist strands,
Of fiber into the double cord
Spun to weave the cots.
Older women are not seen
With the mowers or scythes,
Or going to the homes, at noon
Bending backs with loads

Of stuffed sacks of green grass,
To feed the awaiting stock at home,
In consequence the nation drinks,
Milk of chemical contents.

Muhammad Shanazar

Promise!

Promise!

On arrival of the New Year!

You will not stitch a patch,

Or any rag on the edge of dress,

Dingy, spotted with odium

And displeasures,

Soaked with tears, wrapped in sighs,

Taken out of the basket

Of the bygone year.

Promise!

On arrival the New Year!

Promise!

On arrival the New Year!

Written By Farheen Chaudhry

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Protest Of The Phantoms

At the time of dawn,
When the lights went out,
I bolstered my head,
On the pillow,
Closed my eyes,
To loosen my thoughts;
I felt negritude
Extending its limbs,
Into infinity,
And I began to ponder,
On the plight
Of my countrymen, times
We were going through,
And consoled myself
Thinking that we had
Better times to live in;
The era of crimes,
And brutal deeds
We had left far behind.
Our descendants
Would have bright future,
For we made ourselves
Secure from the suiciders,
We built high walls
Around the residences
And installed razor-wire,
Deployed gunmen
At the entrances.

My mind was occupied
With these imaginings,
When I began to behold
The darker images in the dark,
They began to surround
From all sides around,
They were numerous,
They were the phantoms
All of women in Burqas,
Their gloomy, irritated eyes

Were only faintly visible;
They assembled to protest
For a certain demand
And one of them said
With a mournful tone:
"We are passing
Through the darkest era,
The hardest times
Of the human history,
Ask them to do some legislation
At least for rights of the dead,
We are not secure even
Underneath stones of the graves."

Burqas: Veils

Muhammad Shanazar

Protocol

Whistles of the wardens blew,
The highway was vacated
From the vehicles,
Three bikes went away hooting,
Two jeeps passed in a blink
With the uniformed men,
Pointing Kalashnikovs
To all sides around,
Then five imported Mercedes
Headed in formation,
One ahead, one at the rear,
One left and other on the right,
Protecting that was in the center,
Afterward passed
Two fully armed vehicles,
With alert
Professionally trained personnel,
At last passed swishing
Two Mitsubishi Ambulances,
Tracing the track.

Who had the protocol?
You must not be worried to know
He was neither
The Secretary General of U.N.O,
Nor the King of Great Britain,
Nor the President of U.S.A
Nor U.S.S.R,
But one of the ministers
Of my motherland,
Yes! The minister of a robbed nation,
Who had a fake degree of graduation.

Muhammad Shanazar

Punishment Of Hurriedness

I have been deployed
To attend upon the three of life,
In the prolific branches
Of which are perching
Avaricious crows.
I fastening stones of inaccessibility,
On the belly am living on the breaths
Of my own share.

My body,
Is an impediment on the path of my life,
On the slates of my eyes there reveal
Such songs as readers of which are waiting
For the moment of their own creation.

I am gathering harvest of punishment
Against hurriedness of my birth,
My genuine life will commence
After my death.

Written by Dr. Jawaz Jaffri translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Quatrain

Now he does not even my name blurt
And does not worry when I am hurt,
The brutality that I underwent in union
No one faces when goes through flirt.

By Saamee Aejaz Translation by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Reaction

Written By Sughra Sadaf

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

He who regards me a half being,
He must know at least,
How much complete he is.

Muhammad Shanazar

Realities Baffle Me

Realities baffle me,
Distract me the facts,
When I ponder over,
Whether,
I contain the universe,
Or it contains me,
It is a mystery.

Muhammad Shanazar

Reflections Of The Previous Night

Soundless nights of the deserted city are in fact
Continuity of the evenings of aloofness,
In the disorder of my voice your voice staggers,
Your splendid features sometimes sink
And sometimes emerge,
The lamps of love are doused,
The candle of pain have been lighted up,
In the mirror; reflections of the previous night
Telling the tale of loyalty, of self-negations
Sink down into the deserted evening.

Written by Ronaq Hayyat

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Replacement

Amid the village is a deserted house,
That gives depressing impressions to the onlookers,
The windows and doors are shabby broken
There dangle bats on the walls at nights, and crows caw
At noons in the branches where nightingales sang,
And often at nights mysterious sounds we hear.

Ah! Four decades ago it was inhabited,
Noise of the children spilled out of its walls,
They all played hide and seek with the befriended kids.
I too played believing in the innocent notion
That time and tide could not part us asunder,
Whether rains rain and clouds thunder,
But my self-assumed belief proved fragile,
Then the shocking moments approached,
And occupants departed to a better dwelling abroad.

I often recall the moment when they departed,
The whole village gathered, men, women and children wept,
Their eyes were red as if blood would dropp soon;
They were kissing, embracing the departing fellows,
I wept too stealthily, and felt as if my soul was being torn apart.

Now after many years their descendents come and go,
Nobody receives or bids them farewell, nor do they bother anyone,
And each time they visit, they replace on the gate,
The rusty lock with the new one.

Muhammad Shanazar

Revision

Often I flip back the pages,
Of the bulky book of time,
Revision rakes afresh,
The dormant memories,
Pleases or makes me sad,
Pangs begin bubbling,
Pleasures spring up again,
As subterranean channels,
Find out from fountains,
Their way when dug deep,
Or blocking ooze is removed.

Who knew a cheerful lass,
Walking with frolic gait,
All alone in the deep forest,
Offering ripe sweet berries,
Plucked with the soft hands,
Streaked, stippled, scratched,
Spotted with the dew of blood,
And who clang on listening,
To the fluttering birds in the trees,
The stirring rabbits in the bushes,
Would be my love my mistress,
And break the heart in twain,
The waves of time would drive
Us apart never to see again.

Muhammad Shanazar

Run! Escape!

(Written when the media broke the news of police brutality at Pindi Battian in presence of M.P.A.)

O! My poor people,
Run, run, and run!
Escape, escape, and escape!
Escape to the oceans to dwell
In the abyss of waters,
Amid the unexplored rocks,
And devouring monsters.
Escape to the African Forests
Live amid wolves, dogs and dragons.
Escape to the snow-clad region
Of Himalayan Mountains,
Or to the frozen poles of the Earth.
Escape to the Mars or Moon
Or to the Sun: the parent origin
Of the revolving world.
Escape to the canyons,
Or the spots where the Earth is gaped;
For now in my hard-earned country
Ear-banged Democracy governs,
With the assistance of twin Gentle Sisters,
Villaino-crazy and Policeo-crazy.

Muhammad Shanazar

Sarcastic Remarks

Poetic mind knows no bounds,
No confining walls of time and space,
Now plunges in to the abyss of past,
Then climbs the stairs leading,
To heightening zones, zenith of future,
Wherefrom he sees, catches visions,
Of encroaching events, pleasant or painful,
Riding on the slimy, slippery back of time.

A winged dream wafted me and placed,
Softly thousands of years far behind,
Beside the circle of shrewd shepherds,
Where the joking folk gathered around,
The reverend, esteemed, glorified figure.

Abased he in the middle of the ring,
Wrapping his head with a faded kerchief,
A woolen bag hung down his shoulder,
Amid the sarcastic smiles with patience,
Suppressing the wrinkles of his worry,
Delivered he to the deviated crowd,
The sermon, preached he the commands,
And recited he to them the verses of God.

One of the audience did me whisper,
Pointing to the figure, making a gesture,
"He is David, the prophet of God,
Teaches his nation the sacred commands,
And in return the majority pass,
Jokingly the sarcastic remarks.

Muhammad Shanazar

Search

I am embellishing in metaphors:
Eliot and Kafka;
I am going on stitching them
On the worn out attire of my perceptions,
The same attire that I inherited
Just only for this night.

Then I have to return at the same spot where
Those who live in cottages,
Those who sleep on the sills,
Those who travel back in the evening,
To their homes on the roofs of busses,
Those who are happy though they are underfed,
For they all are in search of me.

Muhammad Shanazar

Seasons Remain Not The Same

The birds have awoken,
So discard the intension
To trap them with no water
And with no grain. They too need
Some crimson evenings of freedom;
They are being invited
By the washed clear dawns,
And by the spring-tide.
They remember too the soil
Of unpaved mud-plastered yards,
They like to dream about fragrant roses,
And they bear in minds
References of the books.

The birds have awoken ...
Their nests in the trees sobbingly wail,
They make them perturbed,
Their dreams are frailer
Than the wings of butterflies
That smolder in the burning coals.
They all are being brought up in the flames,
But it is the time of their wakefulness
That this red wind-storm is just like
The scattering wall of sand.

The chains of separation
Do not always jingle on the feet
Nor the inscription of union
Always does glow in the eyes,
Nor airs always fragrance contain,
Nor seasons always the same remain.

Muhammad Shanazar

Separation Became Indispensable

Very brief is the tale of separation,
Strange was my plight,
I was just to step ahead
At the very moment,
Address of the destination
Fell from the hand, and then lost,
At the same moment the fate slept,
While She was about to awaken,
So separation became indispensable

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Separation Weeps

Those who break up relations,
Perhaps forget,
They meet by embracing,
Each season all alone,
But they weep not alone.

On becoming restless,
Saddened and impatient,
Separation itself,
Accompanies them in wailing.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Shadows Of Tyranny

Human blood is being shed,
Who knows where has gone Love;
This Man of caves is moving ahead,
Wiping away the signs of life.
These diamonds of mothers,
These anchors of sisters,
Bracelets of brides,
These petals, these bodies,
Lay torn scattered,
Somewhere in pieces,
And somewhere leaf by leaf.

These dancing shadows of tyranny,
Overshadowing the souls
Who knows when they will dissipate?
Who knows when they will dissolve?

Written By Farheen Chaudhry
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Shamshan Ghot

When the Sun hides countenance
Behind the black shawl,
All of sudden the city of night
Awakes with a poisonous turn,
It begins to glimmer like heavenly bodies,
And on the measured beats of drums,
And tinkles of anklets,
Begin to sway in the air, the tinted Anchals.

Geeta, Roshi, Amereeta, and Chanda dancers,
In the herd of obstinate jingles
Dance as step feet of a peacock,
On the tones Tha Tha, Thi Thi,
They strut, twist in pride,
And after showing,
The glimpse of heartiness,
Beautify and elegance,
Making the bodies bows and arrows,
And embellishing lips with fake smiles,
Dance amid the rain
Of brand new currency noted.

There surmounts all around
The noise of unabashed guests,
The chief-whore chewing the betel leaves,
Glints up the right brow,
She is cheerful with the prettified eyes.
Think awhile!
Isn't it a Shamshan Ghot, of womanhood,
Her Ego and reverence,
Respect and deference?

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Notes: Shamshan Ghot: a place where the Hindus dispose of dead bodies.
Tha Tha, Thi Thi: the tones upon which the professional dancers dance.
Anchal: a piece of light thin cloth used by the women to cover heads.

Shut Windows

Tears write a poem,
Breaths weave a song,
Windows of memories are shut,
Nights are suffocating,
Forsaken images rise again,
In lonesomeness.

In the empty rooms of this house,
There is uproar in silences,
Emptiness has grown in the grass
Gripping the border of lights.

The shadows vibrating on walls
Write the future of our fate,
Sunshine is encaged
Behind the bars,
On the shut windows
Of the fascinating house.

In the wilderness
Of memories, annoyed is
The hope of flight,
Here we have lost our entities,
Amid the walls life,
I have just returned
To this enthralling house
With nothing in hands
But the pebbles of memories
And some shards
Of the broken pledges.

Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Silent Forest

Today amid the thick forest,
I am here again on the high mound,
The central seat to administer
The cattle left loose around.

It is the same peak where we all
In the days of my childhood sat,
The reverend shepherds rested
Gossiped about the olden times
Narrated their life long experience,
And some twisted the fibers of jute
On the rotators to make cots.

Different noises of life gurgled
From all sides around,
The goats bleated, the hounds barked,
The sheep moved lazily after being fed,
The camels ate tassels of the trees
The donkeys brayed at the noon,
The bulls fought entangling horns,
The birds chirped in the shadowy branches.

Here are the patches where the old women
Of the village came to scythe grass green,
I see my mother too, carrying the stuffed sack,
Going back to home in the long queue.

At noon the damsels or the elderly ladies
Of the village brought our lunch
With pickle, or onions or sugar
Home baked bread smeared with butter,
And milk in the earthen pots.

We all excitedly waited for the moment,
Then gentle winds made us all sleepy,
We slept sweet sleep on the bare ground,
While the cattle sat, rested and chewed.

When evening encroached, we measured

The stretched shadows with our feet
To know the time of return,
And we moved exhausted to homes
Behind the trails of surfeited lazy cattle.

Ah! It is the same old forest
That often makes me nostalgic,
Melancholic memories begin to assemble
Forcing the tears to dropp into dust.

Sounds of life come from neither side,
The trees stood dressless like ghosts,
Or like bony skeletons that haunt in dreams,
As if flesh of nature has been eaten away
By the callous scavenger modernity.

Now I being engrossed in the pensive mood □
Hear nothing but the dirge of doleful silence
While air passes through stiff dry grass. □

Muhammad Shanazar

Sinking Voices

I dreamt a dream yester-night,
With an account of dejection,
With a shade of disappointment,
And some references of tears,
When it broke there was nothing.

Then again I dreamt a dream,
With the colours of pleasures,
With fragrances of spring,
And some references of light,
When it broke there was nothing.

I found the final fact,
Life is nothing but sinking voices,
Sometime grief-ridden,
And sometimes confidant of delights.

Written By Sumaira Baqra
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Sleeplessness

My creaking dreams
On the cot of palm braided leaves,
Overwrapped in the shawl of reality,
Have been conversing
The whole night to Darkness.

The exhausted voices are dying down,
The routes are annoyed at the steps,
The roads are silent,
The bazars melancholic, the crosses,
The streets all are nervous,
Pungent smell of rubbish
Prevailing around the city
Is entering through pours,
And each perfume of makeup,
Floating over the humming mosquitoes,
Is dissolving in the ducts of minds

It seems tonight too
Sleep will remain away,
The night lamenting on its helplessness
Will pass on, in the same mode,
It will leave behind on the creaking dreams,
A few eruptions for the feeble conscience
Of the city, they will pop up again
At the night of tomorrow
Before galaxy will appear in the sky.

Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Slips

On the feet of Love and Loyalty,
Are the sores of pains and pangs,
On the palms of Hopes
There are pricked tiny slips of
Hatred and Badmouthing,
Who will see the troublesome sores?
Who will root out tiny slips of Hatred?
Look! If no one comes to cure,
These slips will prick deep,
The sores will weep shedding tears.

Muhammad Shanazar

Smoke Of Violence

He works squeezing strength,
Sweating body, agonizing soul,
Moulds and re-moulds,
Shapes and reshapes,
The metals hard.

Loads on and unload cargoes
From the ships and trains,
Breaks into pieces,
Heads of the boulders,
With the force of shoulders,
Lays them straight to make the roads
Leading to destinations.

Contrives dams to block water,
Or turns tracks of the rivers,
Builds houses and hotels,
And sky-scrappers too.

He blackens his whole being,
While working at the kilns,
And subterranean tunnels of coal,
But sleeps on the path and pavements,
Or on the bed of bare ground.
His kids go through the lanes of life,
Unschoolled and underfed,
With dry lips and starved bellies,
And always with a load of patience,
Curtailed dreams hover around them,
But always out of their reach.

They cry out to call out,
The hoarders of wealth,
Pioneers of the world,
To rescue them out,
From the self devised quagmire,
To compose the world a place worth-living,
Else it will remain smouldering,
Emitting out smoke of violence,

And the world will remain plague-ridden.

Muhammad Shanazar

Smoldering

I sat beside the sappy smoldering straw,
Thick grey smoke rose from the substance,
With the undulating curvy dancing motion,
When the winter wind blew form the west;
And dissipated far above into the dusky air,
Like an apparition of a despised phantom.
Then the gushing blows spurted the flames,
That altered the heaped pile into dark ashes,
While the heap burnt I listened to the blistering,
Sounds conveying: smoldering either extincts,
Or spurts, it does not go on for the long time.

Muhammad Shanazar

Snakes! Snakes!

Though it was a nightmare, yet very close to reality,
It is too hard to decide,
Make difference what the world was,
Where I was placed.

A patch was no more than an acre but full of snakes,
They sit coiled very close to one another,
Those which crawled, crawled with slow move.
They were of many colours, form and shapes;
Some were gold shining and some dark green,
Some were glassy transparent,
Trailed their bodies behind their thick necks,
Lashed flexibly if made of ploythene.

I had hardly a spot to place my feet,
At each step I was stung with deadly fangs,
At the bitten spots I felt the trouble as someone,
Placed the burning coals;
And in the veins my blood ran,
As boiled water runs in the tubes.

At last a big black serpent bit the spot at my chest
Where my heart pulsates underneath;
I fell back upon the creeping reptiles,
And they covered my body from all sides around.
As I wriggled to come out of their grip,
I awoke with a sense of pain.

Though the nightmare was fleeting yet it left behind,
An effect of permanence.
Now when I sit alone with lose thoughts,
And relaxed mind,
I feel the same titillating moves on my body,
I can not decide where these reptiles creep,
On my body or in my soul, but snakes impart me pain.

Muhammad Shanazar

Sobs

The Justice of Time,
When gets flown away
The birds of peace,
From the crops of Time,
And there would be orders too,
To celebrate homicide, we fight
A battle against our conscience,
Or
When the conscience gets defeated,
All our claims, dialogues
And slogans of peace prove hollow.

Written by Tariq Iqbal
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Sound Of The Dome

Silence is concealed in the nucleus of sound,
Dejection is absorbed in the nucleus of silence,
Heart-beat is tangled in the same dejection,
And my heart-beat is an assembly-house of incidents,
I stand all alone there to wait for a moment,
Everything of which is imprisoned
In circling dates of the calendar.

Listening to the broken breathing sounds,
I just look at the quavering curtains;
Standing at doors of the assembly-house,
Look at the unceasing dance of Loneliness,
And listen to the increasing tremour of silences;
In a hope perhaps you too holding a finger of Silence,
Might partake at this spot of my unrequited desires,
Where now an isolated bird of sounds,
From this dome to that one
Soars away and then comes back,
In search of a moment again which is not yet buried,
Beneath the dates of this calendar.

Written by Jagdish Prakash (India)

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar (Pakistan)

Muhammad Shanazar

Speak A Bit Of That Moment

Speak a bit of that moment,
A moment that contains centuries,
A moment that halts time,
A moment when someone sees
A route leading beyond the cosmos.

Speak a bit of that moment
When water and clay mingle,
And in a moment of union,
Sprouts a bud of flower.

Speak a bit of that moment,
When eyes become a heart,
When heart becomes eyes,
A star of dream, a rain-bow
Dither on the lashes.

Speak a bit of that moment,
When the Sun places its fire
On the bank of a lake,
And water becomes gold,
Miracles begin to happen.

Speak a bit of that moment,
When Love begins to blather metaphysics
When chest becomes hollow,
And heart dwells in each particle.

Speak a bit of that moment,
When sunbeams begin to fade,
The sights become vague,
The Sun dives down into puddle,
And the forms begins to muddle,
The earth beckons,
The desire of long sleep places her fingers
On the lids of eyes,
Speak a bit of that moment,
Speak a bit of that moment.

Written By Qayyum Tahir
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Spectacle Of The New World

Written By Sughra Sadaf

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

I urge for the rainy season,
And joining of the hearts,
The wet soggy nights;
And whispering in silence.
The moon be in the sky,
And I in your company wishing
For the beams being rained
From all sides around,
Breaths be packed with perfume,
And all colours enter into
The threshold of eyes.
There would be honeyed tones,
And broken all walls of hatred amid
The steady secured spectacles,
And all around be worshipped
The Deity of Love,
And life be a fruitful endeavour,
Hopes reside in the eyes,
And words of good wishes on the lips.

Muhammad Shanazar

Spontaneous Queries

O! My motherland,
Your countenance is blood coated.
O! My motherland,
Colours brimmed from my eyes
Mingled mixed into your soil.
O! My motherland,
Who set on fire
Your grey shining anchal?
Who removed the wall?
Who threw us into darkness
Snatching from us moonlit nights?
Who robbed us of life?
Who were the robbers
Who robbed us of tolerance?
O! My motherland,
The feet of those who trampled
Flowers of your paths will sow soon
The seed of burning coals.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Stay For A While

Stay for a while,
The night is lingering on,
Do not depart yet,
Dreams will descend soon,
Light of the lamps
Has not turned scarlet yet,
Steady rhythm of rain has not yet begun,
Thoughts have not arranged words yet
To dance on the tip of tongue,
The paddler-passions are seeking
The route to come close to you,
Stay for a while,
And do not depart yet.

Muhammad Shanazar

Still Life

O Children of my poor country!
Children with scattered traits of faces!
Children innocent since beginning!
Children sweeter than the ripe fruits!
Whenever I munch an entire loaf,
Your deficient bodies,
Undreamt dreams and callous world,
Make me shed tears of blood;
Trouble me from the core of my heart,
And envenom my each victual.

Alas! I could entrust to your delicate hands,
Such a quill which could write,
Sharper than a dagger,
And intents of the brutal could break
Into shards in an instant,
And could write your fate quite afresh.
O Children of my poor country!

Written by Sabina Riffat
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Swaang

How quickly runs time with the paces quite inaudible!
And how speedily slips snubbing the stock of delights!
How sweet memories leave behind the spots indelible!
How pleasures vanish as seasonal birds take flights!

Hardly I was only years five old and nothing was told,
About the polluting profanities of silver and gold,
I recall when my uncle took me to the village nearby,
To see Swaang 1 when the stars did shine in the sky.
Half way I walked catching fingers on the boulders,
And half way I travelled sitting upon the shoulders,
With legs around his neck, gripping his head tight,
On the serpentine way twisting now left, then right.

The drum beaters, the pipers were crowded around,
By the villagers, dancing with the rhythmic sound.
Then they sat on the cots arranged, in the circle placed,
Some sat on the walls and some on the roofs abased.
They gathered to be amused with the crude players,
Who were babblers, gabblers and nothing but sayers.

All were excited, impatient and restless were the eyes,
They among themselves were strengthening the ties.
The women were banned, restrained to share the game,
One who dared, throughout life would have to lame.

Then entered entertainers in the yard wide, spacious,
With the seemingly model lady, beautified, gracious,
Her face was too powdered; too painted were her lips,
Her bosoms were heavy and fleshy thick were the hips.
When she pounded with her heavy feet on the ground,
The excited spectator cheered, the voices did resound.
The rhythmic beat, sound of Ghanghroon¹ them thrilled,
Loathsome sleeping hearts with pleasure were filled.

Blood rushed, ran into the veins of the young and old,
Some flung in the air notes and some did them unfold.
A shirtless short man dipped his torch in kerosene oil,
Kept in front of the lady to enlighten charm of the soil.

To make it clearer, more visible to the eyes capricious,
The mouths slobbered, and leapt the hearts lascivious.
The dancer's flexible movements fascinated the minds,
And songs with the music transported even the blinds.
So they awoke the passions, which dormant remained,
Songs raked afresh wounds of the lovers that pained.
I recall, "Uncatch my wrist and wrench it not to break,
The glassy bangles, " I listened between sleep and awake.
"What wrong I did, why do you remain afar annoyed? "
The viewers watched, cheered and vivaciously enjoyed.

In ecstatic joy I escaped, I was swayed to the fairyland,
Much more beautiful, charming, enchanting and grand,
Than the world where Man suffers, groans and moans,
Is tortured, troubled to the flesh and marrow of bones.

Dancers seemingly ladies appeared, and went away,
Turn by turn playing their roles during the short stay,
Before the villagers, sat to be amused and entertained,
In viewers, tongue-tied, confused I myself remained.

Then the end drew near, night was to fold the wing,
Then entered Mirza, Saibaan 2 to perform and sing.
When Saibaan was eloped by Mirza the killer of love,
The rain began to down pour, the voices grew shriller.
The rain-washed, the painted powdered Saibaan's face,
Exposing black hard masculine skin devoid of grace;
The reality revealed putting end to my confusion,
Morning broke magic of Swaang, the world of illusion.

Muhammad Shanazar

Symphony (A Long Poem)

(On the terrorist attack in the procession of 10th of Moharram in Karachi)

Ya Hussain!

Son of Ali,

Ya Sayeedi!

When will this perpetual Karbala come to an end?

The taste of blood is still strong,

In the trembling maddening sand beside the dunes,

Severed heads entangle in the worn out branches,

Wind in state of travail spins and takes refuge in bushes,

In our times,

Son of Ziad and son of Shmir don't have a hideout,

Now they wear suicide jackets

These traders of heaven and heavenly beauties,

Have pulled Karbala back in the last few years,

Although this suffering land has seen,

Blood emitting ebb and flow of terror.

Ya Hussain,

Son of Ali,

Ya sayeedi!

In this journey to fifteenth century,

These Kufi and Kharaji,

Enemies of progenies of Abraham

Have become blood thirsty of every man

In whose heart beats in good balance of here and hereafter

Every man with desire to walk in tandem,

With the world is in the aim of these blood thirsty murderers,

Whoever wants to live his life his way and in freedom

Ya Hussain!

Son of Ali,

Ya Sayeedi!

Strange Koofa killers, barbarians, mad heartless murderers,

Always die before they kill innocent infants,

Young and old men and women,

With pieces of iron wrapped around them

They take a leap to hell themselves,
Turn roads, streets, squares, places of worship and bazars
Into abattoirs

Ya Hussain!

Son of Ali,

Ya Sayeedi!

Although we haven't seen burning camps,
With our own eyes,
But whatever is etched in the mirror of history,
That eve of Karbala,
With evening of the wretched,
Full with wails and cries of women and infants,
Refuses to flow with tears,
And instead resides in the crevices of hearts,
And bodies of mourners,
For whom everyday is Karbala
Each evening of heart rending grief
Every house, alley, bazar burns
Like the camps on fire,
Where innocent children burn,
And in that fire smolder the innocent,
But this time on the 10th of Moharram
Suddenly killer iron pieces rained on
The gathering of mourners,
That was the time of waning sun
The evening of extreme terror,
Burning bazars was like the burning camps,
Then they went on a looting spree,
Hell fell upon hell!
Karbala is still on fire!

Ya Hussain!

Son of Ali,

Ya Sayeedi!

Spread over centuries,
When will Yazeediat come to an end,
And decimate at the hands of Hussaniat.

Written by Ayub Khawar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Tamsooma Geotar Gumya (From Darkness To Light)

(A dialogue between Raja Jink and Rishi Ya Golkia)

At the night brightened with full moon,
The universe was on ecstatic move,
The atmosphere was scented with the smell of mangoes,
The swaying wind was stirring the tenors of guitar,
And Shah sat on the cold sand of Ganga,
He asked Rishi, "Where is the straight path of righteousness amid the darkness
on the route of life? "

Raja asked, "O! Rishi,
When the sun will go astray in the dark spaces,
And the moon will lose itself in the trenches of skies,
And the iron-made pillars of darkness will be hanging all around in the universe,
Tell me Rishi,
Which light will enlighten the path of Man,
With which light the universe will move ahead? "

Rishi replied,
"When darkness will spared all around,
And dawn will be seen nowhere,
Then some spark,
Some flame from the fire of forest,
Agni Ka Par Kash (Translate by yourself)
Will flicker your conscience,
And that spark will contain radiance."

Then Rishi became silent,
Silences prevailed all around, just like as
Snow becomes hard on the mountains.

Suspicion raised its head in Raja's mind,
The horse of doubts galloped again,
And he said,
"What will happen if there is no fire,
And no expanding conflagration,
And extinguished are all bonfires
Dormant are all volcanoes,
And if the world of light is lost."

Rishi smiled and said in His silky voice,
"How long will you extend the array of doubts?
But listen!
When darkness will surround from all sides around,
Silences will squat over brooding,
Neither there will be the sun, nor the moon nor stars,
All fireworks will hide themselves
Then there will upswing a voice, a sacred word,
A sound of curiosity,
Holding your hand will lead you ahead,
It will take you there, where lies you final destination."

Raja again asked,
"What will happen if there is no voice,
The existence of voice will lose itself in some alley of disruption,
And will be robbed the appearance of speech, grumble and reverberation,
When there will be neither the moon, nor the sun, nor flames nor winds, nor
sounds, nor moving spheres, nor lamps nor goblets
All around will be the smudges of blackness,
And there will be extended emptiness to the farthest end of the heaven,
And negritude covering immense distances,
O! Rishi, where will Man find the specks of his life and his world? "

Raja beheld cloud was hovering in front of the moon,
And glow of the moon was dimming down,
Raja inquired again,
"If clouds consume themselves while raining down,
And with the winds darkness grows darker and darker,
What will become of Man Rishi? "

Rishi beheld the distant sky,
And the outspreading dance of moonlight on the fluctuating waves of Ganga,
Smilingly touched the forehead of Raja,
And said,
"O! Shah, take along your perceptions,
Peep deep down into your inner-self,
Identify the light of your existence,
Consider this light the beacon of your guide,
Call you inner-self, □
Take along your conscience,
Go ahead lacerating the chest of darkness,

And then you will behold,
Growing in the skyline the dawn gold.”

Tamsooma Geotar Gumya
From darkness to light,
Go ahead, being bright.

Muhammad Shanazar

Tears Of Sand

Whirlwinds dance,
Shrouded in sheets of humidity,
They stay in a trance of dance.

Each day the flock of sheep
In hot burning graze lands
Of small thorny trees
And brackish shade
Fall upon each other
To find a reason to breathe.

Shepherds
With dry eyes,
Tanned faces and
Empty starving stomachs,
Tie burning sand to their feet.

All day long under
The skeletons of their hand
With drooping eyes
Far away but a little above the
The surface of the desert
They see a congregation of mirages.
Sun, adding heat to the extremity of their thirst
Slowly coils down.

Drenched in the mud of Sindh,
Dying to sleep
With thirsty trembling waves,
Where should these poor go
For even when they weep
Grains of sand fall in place of tears

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Tend Your Lad

Tend your lad with kindness and love,
For he is as innocent as a turtle dove,
Afford him toys though he does break,
But keep bottles, blades high or above.

He must be bold, and he must be told,
That an honest character is the real gold,
He must learn to waddle with patience,
Through the waters either hot or cold.

Let him happily do whatever he may like,
Teach him to ride a horse or a motorbike,
Taunt him no more, nor use words harsh,
Let him enjoy well while he goes for a hike.

Coax him not when the school bells ring,
When he sleeps let him embrace and cling,
You feed his mouth with the lawful bread,
Then expect him to rise heights of a king.

Sow seed of love and harvest lovely corn,
Kindness bears a rose, harshness a thorn,
Friends! Argue not, it is undoubtedly true,
The cat has neither any hoof nor any horn.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Bare Truth

Written By Sughra Sadaf

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Wilderness of your eyes,
Desertedness of your countenance,
From your physic, your structure
And repentance of my heart,
All are confessing altogether,
That it is a bare truth, we are faithless,
I tormented you, I made you weep,
And in response you remained loyal,
Ah! But I disregarded you.

My conscience: the voice of my hart,
Whispers that all rulers,
All despots, small and giant
Yes all made you weep,
They all will come back to you again,
They all who gamed with you,
Made you toy, now played then broke,
Now plundered then sold,
I see now the patches of your garden,
Dull and drab, and body weak and frail.

O! My country how I should see you
In miserable plight.
O! Motherland you have a tale of love;
There had been times when scarifies
Were the ornaments of your forehead
But now strange are the reversions,
We have forsaken you by diverting our face,
In the love of rivals, and we all are the witness,
That it is a truth, a bare truth, "We are faithless."

Muhammad Shanazar

The Best Service

O! Friends, where have gone the old preachings,
Of the divine prophets and of the saints teachings?

Why has Man averted His eyes, His heart and face,
And has followed the direction that leads to disgrace?

Why has Man made gods, Money, Silver and Gold
To the Eternal Enemy He very cheap His soul has sold?

Why does He worship them chasing His perdition,
Against the voice of conscience, Divine Admonition?

Why does He usurp and snatch the rights and shares,
Of others, making the world a muddle full of cares?
No prophet and no celestial book will now descend,
Then who is, the responsibilities, the duties to attend?

Allow not Man to advance to the zone dismal, dark;
Where the loins growl, the wolves howl, the dogs bark.

The Crazy Artist a horrible picture of the world paints;
Time calls forth, the poets, the men of letters, the saints.

For the best service to the blind is to lend him eyes;
Breathe forth your breath into his mouth when he dies.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Birds Do Not Stopover Now

The birds do not stopover now;
The desolate tree of my yard,
Gazes at the ways since long.

There had been the days, when
My house hustled and bustled too,
All the younger and the older,
Were busy in the worldly doings,

Now the same fondness,
The same taunting,
Of the affectionate parents,
Appear a distant dream!

When my brothers,
Tempt me to the alien lands,
A shriek of helplessness,
Arises in my breast.

Ah! I fetch back wherefrom,
Those spent, depleted moments,
In which felt I the true savour of life.

Who knows when will return,
The same hustling bustle of my house,
When the morn and eve will echo,
With the melody of olden delightful songs.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Birds Of Peace

No one Knows,
When and where to,
The birds of peace,
From the crop of time,
Have flown to chatter,
Only God knows better.

Written by Iqbl Tariq
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Black Clouds

Never had I seen the blacker clouds,
As I do witness encroaching them now,
Emerging from filthy firmament,
In the grim sky of the West,
Before the utter horrifying darkness;
They advance merging among themselves,
Like sooty sable flakes of cotton;
They are not the clouds that carry the drops of rain,
Those quench the parched breast of the earth,
Those bring good tidings for the rich affluent future,
But the harbingers of destruction and ruin,
The omens of blackness,
Those take birth when explosives explode,
And chemical weapons blast,
Sprinkling the drops of human blood,
Too red, too thick, and too innocent.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Black Dog

When I was mischievous and playful,
My dreadful uncle made me afraid of dog,
Soon I became horrid and pale,
My mother sheltered me in her lap,
Singing a lullaby lulled me asleep,
I felt flying over the forest,
Thick, dark and shadowy,
Landing into the deep steeps,
Chasing a black dog behind.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Black Roses

Yesterday morn we blossomed,
With the brave show of colours,
And shades dark, deep and dim,
Combined with fresh tenderness;
In long rows along the highway,
The vehicles passed by swishing,
No one stopped to praise the petals,
To compare to the fairness of the face,
And delicacy of the beloved's lips.

Our fate is worse than the primrose,
Unheeded, whose petals wither unseen,
And die unpraised in the deep thick,
Forest, beside the glimmering stream,
Or tripling, dancing water of the fountain.
We breathed the air smoky and smelly too,
Poisoned with the contents of carbon,
Black, unpurified water was sprinkled,
To take, adulterated and impure light,
Through hazy spheres came upon us.
Though we lived a day and a night,
And another day too, now before the sunset,
We discern the difference between the times,
We were born and the moments of departure,
Impurities of the world marred our grace,
Beauty, tenderness and splendour too,
Now we are all black,
Not because we are the black roses:
A very rare specie, that tempts the eyes,
That enchants, exalts the hearts,
We are black for we sucked the sooty air,
And nourished with the black, contaminated
Poisoned, carbonized water, that now runs
Through our veins, and black fumes,
Have settled upon the beds of petals:
The olden seats of the dew drops.
Oh! Inhabitants of the world, be happy ever more,
Though you fed us with poisonous air, polluted water,
Yet we emitted fragrance; dissolving petty existence,

To prove our trivial worth that we possessed.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Bond Of Remembrance

Which is the bond of remembrance
That I have to recall you,
Neither have I seen
The glow of stars in your eyes,
Nor I have seen
The overspreading dew of unspoken words
On the delicate quivering petals of your lips
Nor any moon on your forehead,
Nor any dexterity of the moon beams,
In the colours of your ear-rings,

Your silky anchal has clung,
Around my hollow torso,
Neither has the magic,
Of your fingertips: spectral-bow
Of wax-made hands
Descended into my soul.
You just retreated as an annoyed dream
Withdraws caressing the lashes,
Which is the bond of remembrance,
That I have to recall you
O! My soul, the multitude of rivals wasn't
So less kind earlier too,
Think awhile
Sometime staying barefoot on the wet sand of the shore,
How strangely the waves of water steal
Clean grains from underneath the soles,
You will feel as if the feet incessantly sink into sand,

The multitude of rivals
Just like the waves of water
Steal soil of the feet,
The soil of my feet has been stolen,
Now in the pause I halted and reviewed
The bygone age,
Ah! What did I see;
I have lost all my earnings
Against the war of multitude of rivals,
Only there remains behind pulsation

That has raised commotion in the wilderness of heart.

Who knew
That the bland multitude of woes
And worries when surrounds a man,
It squeezes even the last drop of blood
From the phalanges,
Then he gets in legacy a piece of soil,
Eye-full sky and glowing moon.

Now at the fall of night,
I have to remember you
In the elegant milky glow of the moon,
But you are who retreated as an annoyed dream
Withdraws caressing the lashes;
Which is the bond of remembrance,
That I should recall you,
Neither have I seen the glow of stars in your eyes,
Nor any moon on the forehead

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Builders

Who knows what loss do we meet,
When spend moments of the life spoilingly,
And lazily surfeit the mouth of lust,
Turning back to the pure deeds of purity,

The curtain was raised for moments a few,
And I was shown the toiling busy hands,
Whose movements are attached to our deeds,
And was led to the world of sandy soil,
Uneven humps stretched beyond the sight,
Plains unvegetated, or without forest green,
Neither light nor darkness prevailed the zone.

A region was specified for the work of construction,
The fresh dug earth laid long in heaps,
Along the trenches of foundations deep,
Some half erect buildings I did see,
The rooms roofless, the yards wide open,
With no walls around, confining the lawns.

A team of laborers I did find resting,
Sitting alert in rows straight and long,
Besides them laid their shovels and pikes,
I was disclosed the mind baffling mystery,
"They are The Builders, move their hands,
When we perform the blessed living deeds,
And they take rest when humanity sleeps".

Muhammad Shanazar

The Bunged Doors

At the noon outside my working place,
I heard hue and cry of the crows,
Just amid the grove of the trees,
They cawed as if some colossal calamity fell upon them,
I expecting some snake, or wild cat
Or some beast of prey,
In hurry went out, went very close to them,
I saw two crows grappling,
One held tight with its beak the neck of the other
And its claws were on the belly,
While the victim of tyranny lay supine,
Tossed fluttered on the ground,
Seeing me very close, they uncaught the grips,
And flew up and sat in the shady branches,
Then hush prevailed.
The victim turned up,
Jerked its body and looked at me as if with thankful eyes,
It too flew up and sat in the company of its fellows,
But a little upset as we wake up all of sudden
While we go through some nightmare.

Yesterday in the street,
Two men on some petty affair,
Just a little before the sunset,
When crimson twilight spread in the west,
Grappled, they tore shirts of each other,
They uttered aloud the words of abuse,
They nailed one another too,
One's teeth and the other one's nose bled,
At last they uncaught the grips by themselves,
And threatening each other went away.

The street was thickly peopled,
All doors of the houses were bunged,
No one came out on their hue and cry,
I myself had no time for I had to offer the evening prayers.
God made Man the crown of creation
But now has grown worse than the crows.

Jagdish Prakash: This parable seems like Aesop's tale. It tells about insensitivity of the modern man. How the values of compassion and concern have been debased and man is reduced to the level of crows or even worse

Muhammad Shanazar

The Burial Of Tragedy

Recollection of childhood,
Takes me behind to the past,
The memories,
Sometimes make me sad,
And sometimes quite glad.

Now I recall a man, middle aged,
Mysteriously mad,
I knew not his origin, he ambled
Through the nearby town,
With disheveled hair,
Dressed in tattered brown,
He had unwashed body
With lean sable legs, and feet
Always with sole-broken boots.
Though his face was harrowed,
Yet emitted prints of learning.
He didn't accept coins
Or notes of charity, nor did he beg
As if these diminished his dignity.
He only lived on the pieces
Of fallen fruit, and often tumbled
On them with a grin,
And a smile devoid of pleasure;
He slept at night in an ancient,
Deserted inn beside the highway,
Made in the reign of Sher Shah Suri.

The man roved around the town,
With an old leather-bag,
Always pressing against his heart,
He never allowed anyone to touch,
As if he concealed some gems of treasure.
Ah! At one wintry night at last,
The cold caught him, the folk found
Him dead lying supine in the morn,
But still pressing the contents
To his heart; with ever growing curiosity
They unfastened the straps,

And brought out nothing
But his degree of graduation,
All crippled, and faded;
The forsaken graduate lay dead,
As if there lay an incarnated tragedy
Waiting for its funeral, and all mourners
Threw coins and notes of currency
For shroud and perfumes:
The necessary items of a decent burial.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Catastrophic End

Humanity can not help making
The devilish weapons,
Each nation is running the race
Of inventing the fatal devices
For the catastrophic end,
Conventional, nuclear and chemical,
Some have attained the skill to devise
The antimatter bomb.

I know on a certain day
Some crazy so-called pioneer
Of peace will push the button
With a leprous hand,
A hail of missiles will pour down,
The earth will sustain the wounds
Of enormous, massive craters,
Smoke will engulf the planet,
Biological life will be at the verge
Of extinction, a few furious rivals
Will survive, but they will incessantly fight,
With stones, clubs, teeth and nails.

A time will encroach when two rival combatants
Will remain behind,
They will wrangle with each other,
One will be killed and the other left behind,
He will regard himself in arrogance,
The great warrior, the hero, the triumphant,
And move unaccompanied all alone,
Prolonged solitude will make him brute,
And he like a lunatic bull will smash
His head against a rock by ending himself,
No animal, no scavenger bird will be to dispose
The bodies on the lifeless face of the Earth.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Clarion Call

O! My Motherland,
Respond! Speak!
Why are you so down cast?
Why have your beats of heart become still?
Why is your fate bound with negritude?
Why does silence prevails on your lips?
Where are the guardians of motherland?
Why are your cities so plight ridden?
O! My Motherland,
Respond! Speak!

Somewhere glimmer all lamps,
Somewhere dance enchanting scenes,
Somewhere toss starving children,
Somewhere wheezes miserable life,
Why is it difficult to enkindle the lamps?
This is the dilemma of my motherland
O! My Motherland,
Respond! Speak!

Why are illuminated their houses?
Why are dark our dwellings?
In front of them the Life dances,
And our fate is inscribed with adorations,
Who has devised all these divisions?
Who has enmeshed us all?
O! My Motherland,
Respond! Speak!

Death dances all around,
Life is enfolded with smokes,
Somewhere toss the injured human beings,
Somewhere lie dead-bodies coffinless,
Where are the sentinels of peace?
Why has decay overshadowed the garden?
O! My Motherland,
Respond! Speak!

We shall have to up lift the eyes,

We shall have to enkindle the extinguished lamps,
We shall have to wipe out contents hatred,
We shall have to revitalize this garden,
We shall have to hold up the flag of righteousness,
This is the last part of all oppressions.
O! My Motherland,
Respond! Speak!

The heads will never stoop henceforth
Tough they are cut off,
Those who are on the way will never stop,
O! My enemy, test the mettle of your arms,
A flood of heads is heading onward.
Now who will dare hinder the heads?
Now who will encumber the clarion call?
The passionate heads are now bent upon
That our country will become an Eden-land.
O! My Motherland,
Respond! Speak!

Muhammad Shanazar

The Coin Of Death

Come! Let us steal redness from the blood,
Leisure from the time,
And a little warmth from the sun,
Then let us drive sinking pulsations
With the lashes of heart beat,
So that we get the wilderness of life,
Leave behind in race all rivers,
Kick hard the mountains,
Squat on the ashes of harsh wind,
Then we shall change the world,
And turn over the coin of death.

Written by Shazia Akbar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Cold Stars

It is sweet madness, insanity,
Or something else?
If anyone knows,
He should teach me the malady.
Now hearken me,
And my awakening dream.

My body ethereal and unseen,
Shot up, leaving behind,
The sloughed mortal frame.
As the fiery-weapon, propels up,
From the catapult or launching pad.

Much swifter than the shooting star,
Passing through the darkest zones,
Instantly covering distances,
Huge and immense,
Entered into the world of light,
Clear, cold and serene.

Where a star shines,
Much bigger than the sun,
Above the four small,
Forming a rhomb,
One with a brighter ring,
Emitting out dazzling light,
Of the same colour, milky bright,
Cold, delighted and pure,

Beholding up, I saw the sky,
As tranquil, clear and blue
As ours after the heavy rainfall.
Icy needles long and thin,
Penetrated into body,
Feathery, light and subtle.
Straight, supine no ground beneath.

The world seemed much inferior,
I wished my stay,

Unending and prolonged,
In the smokeless world,
Of tranquility and brilliance
With a sense of timelessness.
Such delights could never be found,
In wealth, food and height of success.

Then came down, down and down,
In swinging motion,
To be imprisoned again,
In the bony cage,
Laying unconscious, in my sleeping chamber.

If it is madness,
Thousand times preferable,
To wisdom wingless and without flight.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Complaining Cries

The gushing blows of the future wind,
Bring echoes of the distant voices,
Complaining Cries of the descendants,
Against muddling refined pure nature,

The wailings disturb my sleep at night,
As the ghosts haunt one in dreams,
Bring the dews of anguish on the forehead
And make me old ere the age ripe.

“Oh! Fathers, grandfathers, forefathers,
What heritage we have been bestowed?
Is it a world, God made a thing fair,
Where find we drab treeless mountains,
And clouds dropp black sooty rains,
Waters all around and underneath,
Pungent, too smelly, hard to take,
Futile lands, eroded seas, smoky spheres,
And singed surface remind us Inferno? ”

“Ah! Cool breeze, snow clad peaks,
White flakes of clouds, starry nights,
Glimmering lakes with the shadow of moon,
Smokeless airs, clear trickling founts,
Spectacles of covered green hills,
Sweet songs of the birds melodious,
And blooming spring were the things of past.”

“Oh! Fathers, let it be revealed to us,
Why are we for the wrongs undone,
Being punished in the zones of Hell.”

Muhammad Shanazar

The Congealed Dew

Though I move in the multitude,
Of men, women tall, thin, fat, small,
Yet find no breast or a shoulder,
To rest upon my head to shed tears,
Drops of molten pangs and sorrows,
Which make my heart too loathsome,
That always cries to slacken its load,
Borne since I was born to abide,
In the world where each rose,
Is surrounded by thorns,
And each pointed thorn bears,
The dew of congealed dry blood.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Crop Of Feet

When She emerged out
Of the layers of centuries,
Somewhere she confronted,
The moments devoid of peace,
And somewhere
She went through the forest
Of scandalizing eyes.
The stars remained asleep
Putting the blanket of dust;
She had to grow the crop of feet,
And there was a torrent
Of footless bodies which by remaining
In circles for centuries,
Got perforated extremities.

Somewhere amid the drifting sand,
Somewhere on the burning rocks,
And somewhere in the blazing winds
She had to grow the crop of feet,
She had to grow the crop of feet.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Dance Of Darkness

Though in the later years I was born,
Yet history makes me forlorn,
Rocks me back in the past behind,
To the horrible event and tragic morn.

I see the roses with blighted faces,
Satchels on backs, toddling to schools,
Playing in parks, swimming in pools,
The men, women and the old folk,
Busy in their worldly doings,
Teenagers move with flowing passions,
With longings for the better times,
Brighter future and happier days,
The stream of life goes with dancing waves.
The lovers still on the beds, bending
Over one another peeping into the eyes,
Measure the depth of bottomless love.

Oh no! Now my receptive ears clearly hear,
Incredible rumbling roaring of thunder,
And eyes see huge yellow bluish flame,
Whose dazzle makes us all blind,
All blackness of humanity spurts out,
In the shape of sooty mushroom,
Upon the earth spreading sable shadows,
The explosion smashes and blows up,
The whole structure of civilization,
The hopes resting in the beating hearts,
And cherished longings in the minds.

I see humanity being fallen,
To the meanest level of savagery,
Cruelty and abyss of brutality,
What game have played the pioneers of peace,
The busy men, women and sucking infants,
Being nourished in the soft soothing laps,
Burn as the rosy petals do,
When thrown into the furnace,
Where terrible enormous heat,

Melts metals hard, like butter,
The Darkness dances all around,
The echoes of laughter have changed,
Into wailing, crying and painful shrieks.

Who are these who move like ghosts,
Charred bony figures with hanging shreds,
Lamenting upon the horrible deed,
And despised nature sighs and sobs,
That who knows when time takes turn,
Who knows moments of calm and peace,
Might contain the centuries of sorrows.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Daughter Of A Stone Crusher

"I am a daughter of a stone crusher,
Poverty is my progeny,
In sweltering heat at noon
I work with my parents,
Brother and sister,
At brim of the road, the whole day
I crush the stones,
And in hardness of each stone,
I crush my dreams,
On my face and figures
Redness of the sunlight shines,
All water of my tears,
Drips drop by drop in my sweat,
As if someone sighs and pants."

"When early in the morn,
Neat clean kids go to schools,
Then why I and my brother,
Come to crush the stones,
And each night under the sky,
Seeing stars my eyes recall forsaken dream,
Which with a cumbersome heart
I hid under the heap of stones,
Then they all sustaining deep injuries,
Emerge in my eyes one by one.

"I arrange in order shattered questions,
Then my mind gets me shuddered,
To whom should I ask?
To whom I should reveal my heart?
My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother,
The stone crushers, exhausted of the day labour,
Have gone to their beds, oblivious to the world,
Stars and the moon all are muffled,
No one is to listen to my discourse,
Then I often converse to myself,
And ask you all
For whom are the routes that lead to schools,

And the hands that deserve pens and books
Why they are given heaps of stones,
Why they carry burden upon the heads
That deserve the crowns of knowledge,
And whose destiny is void of interpretations,
Why do the dreams often torment them? "

Written by Shazia Akbar Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Daughter Of Eve

Who sorts out scraps of sustenance,
Bending upon the hump of smelly trash,
And picks up the sucked eaten bones,
Stuffs them into spacious juty sack,
Hanging down upon her back,
Or sometimes drags behind toiling,
The load of life, out of breath?

Bare-footed, wearing smeared clothes,
Knotty hair, unwashed since birth,
Has baby kind three years old,
Resembling mother in gait and form,
Half dressed, the thumb in mouth,
Standing among the black crows,
Feeding upon the garbage scattered,
Along the roadside, she wondering looks,
At the running mindless blind beasts,
Speedily pass with the swishing sounds,
And across the road at high mansions,
Shining, painted glaring white,
Where from peep out sophisticated couples,
And children with blighted rosy faces,

The erect spectrum of pestilent radiance,
Provokes more in the stifled hearts,
Scornful pangs of the burning blotches,
The disdained despised daughter of Eve,
Forlorn in thoughts perhaps thinks,
That fate might have committed an error,
Placing her on the wrong side of the road.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Daughters

(Dedicated to Atika Iram: My Daughter)

Blessings are the daughters,
Sin is to discard, disdain them;
They make the house alive, vibrant,
A place pulsating, worth living,
When they cling around the neck,
Or greet at the door blot all tedium,
Of the toilsome, tiring, arduous life.

When they play hide and seek,
And confine themselves in the rooms,
Or conceal behind the doors,
Or under the cots, or ride on the backs,
Of fathers making them their horses,
They seem to be the lasting assets,
Or long going, propping companions.

They grow like the trailing creeper,
Or like the boughs of wild prime rose,
Or too green mustard plants,
That grow in the manured, watered farm,
Of wheat on the plains of Punjab.

Then all of sudden a procession,
With pipers, drummers and fire work,
Arrives at some certain day,
To take, snatch them away,
When the parents look at the departing convoy,
With the tearful eyes the world seems hazy,
But these moments reveal a reality,
To the parents, perplexed, unascertained,
That the daughters are not home-pertained.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Days Are Lengthened

Who knows where have gone
Half dreamt distorted dreams
Snug in quilts,
The dervish of moisty
Gusts are about to depart,
Leaving behind
Galaxy of dishes placed
On the brassy sheet of moonlight;
And where is the dew to leave
Overspreading the anchal of breeze,
Leaving behind the carpet of grass?
The birds have begun to chirrup,
The blooming
Buds have scented around the air,
On the hum of flower-flies,
The butterflies sway in ecstasy,
It seems as if,
The days are lengthened!

Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Demons Of Follies

Often at dark nights,
When I rest my head on the pillow,
To relax myself, to calm down tedium of the day,
And put down the lids of my eyes,
The door of some mysterious world swings open;
And I see the images of a strange creature,
No bigger than the physic of full-sized frogs,
Resembling the cartoons,
They stalk around me with glad movements,
Some dangle like bats on the doors
And windows of my dark room,
They emit pungent, disgusting impressions,
And some time I hear a whisper,
"We are your follies; we shall reside with you,
Till you live here and hereafter."

Muhammad Shanazar

The Descending Sun

Unheeded forsaken beauty,
With a faint pale deep-golden countenance,
Looks behind as if annoyed
On going through the dismal experience
Of the day, looking down beneath
Upon the hilarious, uproarious world,
Where upon the several spots
Smoky mushrooms rise,
Wrapping the Earth from all sides around
With sable murky blankets
Impeding lights;
Or of glancing at the spectrums
Of human blood, mixing into mud,
Descends consumed depressed glowering
Deciding not to come back again
Into the aching painful zones;
But the next morn re-ascends
Refreshed with washed features
Radiant, all silvery glaring,
To accomplish the assigned job
Of sweeping the scrap of blackness.
This is how the office of God goes on,
Playing hide and seek
The Dark chases the Light
And the Light defeats the Dark,
As seamen prey upon the shark.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Dew Drops

The guests of night secretly come,
Riding upon the wings of subtle air,
From the unknown remote world,
To spend a short span of time,
Rest on the tenderly coloured petals,
Soft leafy beds and points of thorns.

Untouchable glassy gems of purity,
Are made to be seen and praised,
Only by the pure eyes and tongues,
The sun beams pass through them,
Manifesting their divine existence,
Composed with the ethereal colours.

I often ponder sitting by them alone,
A child is as pure as the dewdrops,
When comes creeping and crying,
Into the world of woes and worries;
But the touch of our filthy fingers,
Makes them fall to mix into lying dust,
Of heinous ego, jealousy and vain pride.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Dignified

They are the dignified who being elevated,
Speak among the folk low, low and very low;
Like the laden loaded limbs of a tree of fruit,
To the ground with the wind bend and bow.

Their hands distribute the treasures of God,
To seek His pleasure they respect mankind,
They do not chase wealth to quench appetite,
They give their eyes, their sight to the blind.

They are who share others woe and worries,
They sacrifice the dainty delicious delights,
The kind hearts breathe the air of divine fear,
They always soar to gain marvelous heights.

Their eyes are open, they are not curtained,
With the thick black blinding layers of pride,
They match their consent with Almighty Will,
Submitting themselves throwing Satan aside.

They are happy when humanity is pleased,
They are depressed when the fellows pass,
Through the vile valley of pains and pangs,
Through scratching thorns, balding grass.

They are the iron-wall in font of oppressors,
They care least for their belongings and life,
Fortitude, patience are their sharp weapons,
For the Right they pick up the sword or knife.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Discovery

In the wall-less wide dusty yard,
My heart urged to be amused,
But I found nothing around,
And would play with toyless hands.

Standing in middle of the drawn ring,
I moved my body round and round,
Stretching arms like a Turkish dervish,
Who tends to gain ecstatic heights,
Till made me giddiness thumping fall.

Lay I with forcefully opened eyes,
Watched the trees, houses and ricks,
Running around making sacred circles,
As if I were the pivot of the world,
And all they the tributing pilgrims.

The figures then slowed, slowed down,
I rubbed my eyes and pondered finding,
The circling objects standing still,
Ah! At the discovery I was shocked,
By the circling world I was mocked.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Distributors

I bother not who regards me,
A split being or a psycho-case,
Telling you fact, undoubted fact.

Once my ethereal inner self,
Took a flight, landed on the plains,
Remote, too far to explore,
With the material means of wisdom,
Found myself in a spacious barrack.
The wide floor and thick walls,
Were made with rectangular sills,
Of stone hard, gray and quite old.

Covering with the white sheets,
A few men in deep silence,
Lay resting on the low cots;
In the slight dark as we feel,
In the deep shade of a thick grove,
A slight after the sunset or before rise;
It was dusk or dawn, I could not decide.

Wishing to have a view of the outer world,
Went up the steps leading to the roof,
Saw the world much bigger than ours,
Vast sky with a few remote stars,
Emitting out light thin and faint,
Looking around a man I found,

The poor fellow not much reverend,
In the eyes of inhabitants of the world,
With whom I have been acquainted,
Since my playful child-hood.

He by profession was a barber,
He was distracted strolling about,
The ridges on his faced exposed his heart,
He told me his worry, cause of confusion,
Making a gesture to a small room,
Accosted me to plead his case,

To an elderly person resting there,
That from the womb of his wife,
He had no delicious fruit of life.

On his plight I could not refrain,
Went straight into the small room,
Where I saw a humble man resting,
In a chair with a book large,
Opened wide upon his knees,
Wearing brown simple dress,
Serious gentle looking had he,
With the knees bent, I sat in front of him,
On the floor, covered with a mat,
Made of dried palm woven leaves.

I said confessing " I am a servant,
And meek disciple of those great-men,
Who lead to the glorious path,
Of righteousness approved by Almighty,
This friend of mine does not have,
A child to remember his name;
Pray to God to bestow him one."

At my request he wrote something
In the book of fate opened wide
Nodding his head that meant, " Yes."
After a year I met the friend,
On asking he happily me told,
He had a baby daughter two months old.

I exposed him not what I had seen,
But firmly felt, it revealed to me,
God is the creator of all treasures,
His sacred beings are the distributors,
The fate writers, subservient secret hands,
Have the authority to bless more or less,
But do nothing against the consent of God.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Dividing Line

Come on for no spectacle changed
In my city of love;
Where there had been the shops of books,
At the spot where
Meetings took place every day,
And the wounds of love were darned
By the pretty hands with the good wishes,
And on the branch of heart
The flowers of love blossomed and bloomed,
The gusts of fragrance embracing you
Loitered around,
Where we both sang the melodious songs of love,
We hummed each second,
Each moment, and day and night,
At the same location at the restaurants,
The men of letters and scholars
Talked about the philosophy of life,
All bitterness changed into sweet expression.

My city till now has been such an Eden
As it remained a harbinger of lights
In darkness of nights,
But in the dormant city,
I have dreamt a dream tonight
That at those all venues of love,
Where gusts of fragrance embracing you
Loitered around,
At the same dormant Eden
Some billionaire drew a dividing line;
At the spot where meetings took place every day,
And all bitterness changed into sweet expression,
There instead of the sacred spots,
The business of interest flourishes,
Where gusts of fragrance embracing you
Loitered around,
At the same spot stands
An elegant building of a commercial bank.

Written by Ronaq Hayat

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Divine Message

(An experience that I went through when
I was only five years old)

All around, everywhere, yellow, yellow, yellow,
The mist from the Earth to sky, the spaces filled;
Neither the moon, nor stars, nothing was visible,
The dominating fear, my blood, my bones chilled.

Alone, alone I was, nothing except me I found,
Silence, silence, serene silence was all around,
Nothingness led to the region of celestial wonder,
One tastes seeing no universe, no sky, no ground.

Then words of golden light appeared, disappeared,
In space but I could not read the divine message;
Still it confounds me when I recall the experience,
And I can not decide which I was led the passage.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Divine Secret

The divine secret we all should know,
The seeds we sow that certainly grow;
When the rain falls and the sun shines,
And soothing congenial winds do blow.
Acacian pills bear no sweet mangoes,
Or fragrant roses that sway and glow,
So the deeds issue the plants of results,
Delay not my friend, learn to timely plow,
And scatter the seeds with devoted faith,
He will reward you either soon or slow.
Otherwise blame not the Providence when,
You are haunted by a vulture or a crow.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Dwellers Had Gone

Four dejected sons,
Shouldered a catafalque,
Of their deceased father,
Each propped the corner,
And went ahead sweating,
With prints of grief on the faces,
The Imam also move ahead
In their company, and the five
After having performed obsequies,
Stood with grave looks around
The fresh dug conic heap of earth,
And raised hands for the prayer
For the deceased mason,
Whose built houses of the village,
Still stood behind the banyan tree,
But with the silence prevailed lanes,
For the dwellers had gone,
To watch the annual dogs' fight
Fight till death,
Death either of the one or of the both.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Earth Of Prophets Burns

Before the birth
Of days, months and years,
When the space was empty,
And boundless nothingness prevailed;
Who knows how long
God might have considered
And reconsidered plan of the universe:
Fair earth, suns, stars and moons,
How long He might have thought
For creation of the crown creature,
How He would have been proud
Of the Fairest Being,
Whom for He sent prophets and saints
To instruct and impart
His heavenly wisdom;
But Lo! How the Earth sometimes burns,
And sometimes takes bath with blood:
The most sacred substance
Of the universe,
How explosives are exploded
On the planet, the same planet where
Christ and Muhammad,
(Peace be upon the both)
Ambled with the Holy Books
Transmitting the celestial message
Of peace, love and harmony.

Muhammad Shanazar

The End

The affair advanced,
In such a way,
He sent me a rose,
I opened the book,
Placed amid the leaves,
And kept it hidden
From all spying eyes.
At last it happened
There remained behind,
Nothing else except,
Some dried petals, and a little
Perceptible fragrance.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The End (2)

Whom should I ask
Why this bogie of train
Has been cut off,
Why has the train left the station,
Leaving behind this compartment,
On the deserted station,
of the small village?
What is this nameless village,
I know not?

Perhaps darkness has engulfed
The signboard of the station;
I see no passenger other than me.
Where have gone,
Who accompanied me in the bogie?
I feel hush silence sprawled,
On the empty seats of this section,
I hear nothing,
But vibrant breathing of myself.

Where have gone those all passengers?
Why has the train left the station?
Why the bogie has been cut off
On this dark platform?

Should I accept this nameless
Village my destination?
Whether I embarked
This compartment knowingly,
Which had to cut off here.
Perhaps it was fact, it was my fate,
Or there existed some worn out
Belief in my mind that got me
Embarked this part
Which was destined
Not to go on anywhere.

I am sitting here in this compartment,
With the hope that another

Train might take this one along.

I am beholding the station,
Mysteriously wrapped in thick frost,
And this empty compartment,
An unintelligible hallucination.
The dove of my faith sitting
On the wall of my feeble hope,
Converses to me time and again,
"Wait not for the departure of this bogie,
Your journey was destined to end here,
For incomplete routes
Do not take to the destinations".

Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The End Of Chase

Life is a shattered dream,
That guarantees no realization,
We all chase delusions,
Of smells and colours,
Till we reach the farthest end:
The point of no return,
Where darkness wraps us all
And in the mist of obscurity,
The chase of life ends,
In remorse and regret,
By cursing, blaming ourselves
Amid the vanishing hallucinations,
And confronting reality.
Ah! Then we are left behind,
All alone in the form of carcasses,
Being dined by the Vulture of Time.

By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Equator Of Silence

It would be nice if the affair ended here,
As a river ends on its banks,
And banks end on its wet stretches of sand,
But that affair did not end,
For on all routes silence deployed sentinels
Which like equator divided our lives.

Hadn't there been the division
It might be we could smell together
Fragrance of the morning airs,
And see the crimson display of twilight.
Some events might raise, some complaints and resentments might occur,
It might be the equator of silence would dissolve
In the ocean of our warm breaths,
Or in an untold wish on the quivering lips,
But nothing happened like that.
We had been looking at each other,
Through slits of the shut doors of the mind,
Silent, tongue-tied,
And the equator of silence could not be overlapped by us.
Why? No one knows.

Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The First Phase

The spheres of inferno hang around the Earth,
Fire in the hearts, flames in the minds,
Fury are the thoughts, horror resides in the souls.

Future is wrapped in the sheets of grimness
Shadows of actual joy fled away from the Earth
Soldiers march in bewilderment without knowing
Least the cause of killing and being killed,
The politicians' idiosyncrasy has them hypnotized,
The sons, daughters and sweet partners are horrid,
And uncertain whether they will return
Or mingle and mix their blood, their flesh, their bones
Into dust of the craters, trenches of the battleground
Among the scattered carcasses covering all the field.

Lo! Explosions raise the storms of dust,
Bullets make ineffectual leaps to perforate the sky,
Holocaust has begun to descend,
All around the prostitute of Death knocks
Raising the powdered Earth and smoke of explosives
Scanting the noses, burning the eyes,
Cannons shells explode deafening the ears.

The guns that with the fiery mouths
Are gushing forth fire will become silent soon,
The amphitheatre of carcasses will extend beyond the sight.
Ah! They will not return home but their ghosts
To console sons, daughters and partners of life,
Tomorrow the politicians will chatter in the dinning hall,
The first phase to win the election is accomplished.

Muhammad Shanazar

The First Pilgrim Of The Village

(A Recollection)

I was then just four years old,
And was not yet sent to school,
I heard from some elderly village folk,
"A pilgrim will return from the pilgrimage,
And the first villager who will receive him,
Greet him or the pilgrim will embrace,
His sins will be pardoned by God,
And he will go straight to the Eden
Without being accountable to God, and the account
Of his misdeed will be torn or burnt".

The whole day I planned to greet,
To receive, to touch the pilgrim first,
In the evening a slight before the sunset,
When crimson twilight began to spread in the western sky,
The village folk hastened to the nearby bus stop,
Just three miles at distance,
Each had nourished a desire to be the first greeter,
I scampered scuttled too with small steps,
I remember I was in the only shirt and bare-feet,
I hurried and hurried behind all village folk,
And stopped and paused when out of breath.

The elder have long and longer strides,
The distance between me and village folk,
Stretched more and more, and I was left far behind, all alone,
At last I beheld the village folk from the distance,
Gathering around the pilgrim, they jostled to greet him,
Touch him and have a hug or handshake,
I stopped there and then and watched the nearing crowd,
Then saw the pilgrim nearing,
He passed by me enclosing in the arms his own grandson,
He did not even heed me while I stood
With the right thumb in my mouth, I aspired
Just to have a glance of him from the near, but in vain.

Then amid the village folk he walked ahead,

I walked behind the excited greeters,
I was despised, sad and heartbroken,
I felt my body cumbersome, and feet became bulky,
It was hard to run behind them but I did in the dark,
I got exhausted, the whole night I lay strengthless
But awake, with the heaviness of sins upon my chest.

The poem is your poignant reminder of the contemporary realities where values are compromised for the sake of convenience. The feelings, desires and sincerer aspirations of the weak and poor are considered inconsequential and are ignored. Hats off to you bringing dark spots of our society to light (Jagdish Prakash from India)

Muhammad Shanazar

The Fuelling Arms

Nothing except wonder you behold,
Sitting among the modifiers of fate,
Radiating warmth, light of faith,
Transmitting through thin thread,
Heart to heart with ethereal link.

They throw you high into the sky,
Like a fettle falcon ready to fly.
Flight takes you to the world strange,
On the landing spots, you often find,
The same sacred hands anxious to receive,
The fueling arms open wide,
Ready to embrace, infuse the power,
For further journey to the higher skies.

Note: This poem is purely based on a spiritual experience, and nothing else. In my life I passed through a certain period (from 1992 to 1998) when I often felt a sort of titillating sensation and something dispatching from my physical body and flying with all sensation and consciousness, into the distant corners of the universe, beyond imagination where I observed other worlds much vaster than ours, saw spirits of the diseased men and women, often I had a chat with them who disclosed some mysteries. My poem is a narration of the same experience and it is not merely a vain imagining; I have evaded from exaggeration; I put my case to the psychiatrists, and spiritualists for comments and criticism, the poem also contains a substance for the cosmologists.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Funeral Hasn't Yet Been Shouldered

(A Poem For Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto)

The Wind is shut
Behind the windows,
Dreams are imprisoned in the eyes,
And sounds of the soft fall of steps
Are chained on the way,
Palaces and mansions are wrapped,
In the embroidered shawls of silences,
In the discarded solitude,
Dust of the past ages,
Is reluctant to waft,
In front of dress less glow of lamp,

And the mirrors are giving bath,
To the insipid obsolete throne,
With the perpetual reflection of grief.

The funeral hasn't yet been shouldered,
The wind stands still,
That fragrance of petals of pomegranate recalls her.
Canopies of the princes are deserted,
At the hunting zone,
The courtiers stand like statues,

The funeral hasn't yet been shouldered,
The night has encroached,
Curves of the route have changed,
Into riddles,
And all hopes of return,
Are imprisoned by the Magic

The funeral hasn't yet been shouldered,
The doors of palaces and mansions are hushed,
The pillars silent,
Dreams of the golden age,
Have been stitched in the cold eyes of the maids,
Who stand behind the curtains like puppets

Ancestry and lineage,
Crown and throne,
The disposition of solitude,
Grandeur and splendor,
The season of being princess, ministers
And bodyguards, elephants and infantry,
All lay behind with all prudence, till now.

The Darkness
Along with enormous forces
Has encamped all around
Against the tumbled dignities,
The eyes of its guards are,
As if made of stone

All doors of the city are locked from outside,
And each face bears an urge,
That they must be unbolted,
Silence is curious to listen,
To the voice of a general proclamation:
"Listen!
Each resident common and elite
Must listen to that the person
Who will enter
Into the un-ruled city, earliest tomorrow,
Will be our king".

The herald waits impatiently for the orders,
But,
The funeral hasn't yet been shouldered.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Game Of Butchery

Bomb blast then holocaust,
Blood here, blood there,
And blood all around
Is the fate of my countrymen.
The down trodden are crushed,
The rulers just condemn the deed on T.V,
Sitting in the warm chambers in winter,
Air conditioned in summer,
And ask us to be patient a little more,
Till we reach ashore,
On the ship with no pilot.

Human shreds scatter,
Amid the burnt destroyed vehicles,
Legs here, arms there,
Pieces of heart splatter on the walls,
And skulls lay on the roofs,
All jumbled, unrecognizable.
The game of butchery is played every day,
At the busy spots,
But only the play ground is changed,
And the bodies go to different grave-yards.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Greatest Attribute

O! People scattered the Earth,
Depressed and sad,
Come near,
In the circles of my voices,
For the dew of my tone,
Hands of my words,
And consolation of my sentences
Are only for your troubled hearts.

In those days when I had been
The resounding wind, I was mingled
Mixed in shades and colours,
Physical existence and voices.

On the land of love, hate and faith,
I went through each village, city
And town, smashing my head against
The black walls of hypocrisy.
It had been distance between
Me and the arms of cosmos
When I got myself molten
In the long journey of search
My existence transformed into word.

O! People,
Depressed and sad,
I am a word, a shadow and comfort
The point where end all carnal supports
For your existence I am a silky hand
Placed upon your shoulders.

One that you will not have
Though you claim to have,
I am well-acquainted
With the same perpetual moment.

O! People,
Depressed and sad,
Though you reside in the skies,

You will remain calamitous,
Though you bring out treasures
From bottoms of the seven seas,
You will remain ill-fated.
You will remain enemies of yourselves,
Though you attain great victories.
Justification in justification,
Hatred sprawling on life,
Make you shed tears of blood.

When the past events revisit minds
Against your willingness,
And sometimes pangs of lonesomeness
Torment you a lot then whimper
My own couplets,
This Greatest Attribute I have kept
Only for you and your hard times.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Green Star

The tablet of the Green Star
Is a tablet of the comfort
And we all adore it a lot,
An apple of the eye,
A support for the wild lovers.
The Green Star
A source of confidence,
A source of new life,
Who knows it made us free from how many apprehensions, and fears,
And stuffed our lives with the stuff of happiness.
Now my sweet-heart your bulk and body,
Will remain the same as they are,
You will not boost in any way,
You will remain vigorous and active,
No change will occur to your belly,
So my sweetheart devour the table
Of the Green Star without fear or fright.
It is a tablet of the comfort,
Then the magma of our bodies will gush like water,
And dissipate like foam,
From the same spot where from sprouts
A state of self-denial, and where
Only dainty delicacies embrace one another,
Where echo the soul sucking rapturous songs
Where gurgles the fount of intimacy,
Where wires break on the violin of desire,
At the same spot
Owing to the Green Star,
The magma of the bodies water like flows
And dissipates like foam, men and women are born,
If that water and foam do not flow or evaporate.
This is the miracle of the tablet,
On account of which you will remain lighthearted,
And you belly will remain the same as it is now,
Neither fear of procreation, nor anxiety of slander,
Yes; this is the wonder of the Green Star,
Someone rightly said
The tablet of the Green Star
Is the tablet of the comfort,

The tablet of lost sight
The tablet of freshness
And it is the tablet that guarantees
Oneness of the bodies in hurries,
It is the key that resolves all worries.

Written by Ronaq Hayat
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Hand Of Benediction

Sometimes from no evident cause,
Emotions spring up by their own accord,
Heart begins weeping shriekingly,
The eyes shed molten scaring drops,
Drenching deep scalding the cheeks,
And thick dark clouds of depression,
Wrap mind from all sides around.

The stifled heart at mid-night moaned,
The screaming voices compelled to call,
One of the Helpers to render help,
For they are assigned by God to work,
In the east and west, north and south.
Impatient tongue uttered evoking sounds,
Gurgled up from the recesses deep,
"Help! Help! O! Helper help."
Besought I not in the form abstract,
But in concrete, visible lifelike figure.

On the call third, a complete outer sketch,
Of full man-size in the air emerged,
The dense colours assumed the form
Concrete, compact full in all dimensions,
Sanguine complexion of vigorous visage
Emitted a dim faint glow of light.

Looked He with indignant irking gaze,
As if troubled I much the Lords of saints,
But went I beyond to esteem the reverend,
When I squatted in front to quench the eyes,
Laid He the hand of benediction
Blessingly upon my confounded head,
And the dark clouds vanished fading away.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Hazy Corneas

O! God, what will become of the world,
Its each nook and corner smokes,
With the stench of burnt blood,
And reek of the decomposing flesh.
The blue sky is blue no more,
And the stars do not show themselves
In the costume of original radiance.

Minds of the leading heads of humanity
Are confounded, confused and befuddled,
They work with the muffled hearts,
Subdued by selfishness.
Fogs of pride, jealousy and bigotry
Have spread in front of them in layers
And blur the spectrums of the whole world;
They move on with the eyes
With the hazy corneas, perplexing the visions.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Heart

Each and everyday the heart emerges out,
Of the darkness to shape and reshape,
In the crystals of light and hope,
Sometimes passes through the foggy blurred horizon,
And re-emerges in the form of burning blazing sun;
Then assumes the form of serene silence of the sea,
And on the other moment floats like a free tossing boat,
Blazes it then in the wavy flame like an Anchal of a damsel,
Running after her bleating sheep on the pasture,
Next moment becomes it the tormenting hunger of a child,
And then a toy: consoling, soothing, and cheering fellow,
In a moment it peeps out through the ragged clouds,
Bearing the face of full smiling, laughing, mocking moon,
In the sunshine it expands itself, a bed of fragrant roses,
Scattering colours contracting in the wings of butterflies,
It approaches with a bustling tread of enthralling Spring,
And departs with furtive stealthy silent gait,
Leaving behind the memories of the sweet moments.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Heart Doesn'T Commend

The explosives that snatched
Innocent laughter in an instant
From the frolic children,
Laughing and making acts of mischief
And running after one another
Whether the hands of those who blew out
Lamps have cuddled the laughing kids,
Against their chests, and whether they
While caressing their foreheads prayed
To God for their life and good fortune,
The heart does not commend.

Written By Dr. Anwaar Ahmed Ejaz

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Heart Whispered

The heart whispered,
After the intensity
Of the pangs would reduce,
I would write the verse;
After the bewildering horror
Of death would decrease,
I would write the verse:

The intensity
Of the pangs does not reduce;
The bewildering horror
Of death does not decrease.
The wailing, the bawling,
The crying, the mourning,
Do not let heartily sleep,
Do not let heartily weep.
Then after
Cheerful sleep and weeping deep,
I shall write the verse.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Heavy Satchel

Often when after the hours of noon,
We were set free from the school,
I came out with no addition in the stuff,
Except scarred, lashed legs and back.

I found my mother awaiting in front,
Seeing my laming gait she examined,
The scars on my back, turning over,
The hind edge of my gray shirt.

She caressed my swollen hands,
I stood silent in front of her,
For she knew amid the high walls,
What had been imparted to me.

Giving me a quarter of loafy-sweet,
Consoled me to forget my pangs,
She never complained to the builders,
Against coercion upon her child.

She embracing me soaked my pain,
As sponge does, blotting fallen water,
Two tears moving down from her eyes,
Were enough to slacken her heart.
Then she helped me crossing the road,
Which took an enormous toll of blood,
Of my friends while being trampled,
On the gray hard metalled surface.

I running behind followed her,
With the heavy satchel on my back,
I had to walk miles six each day,
Often bare headed with the legs small.

Illiterate though she was yet me taught,
On the way when rested in the shade,
"Oh my son! Be respectful to the elders,
Be a precedent of gentility for others."

She is now in the grave deep,
Her words still echoing resound,
In the valley of my rocky mind,
It is pity, I could not practise behind.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Hell

O! The prudent poet,
I admit you know
The mysteries of muse,
The words speak themselves
In front of you,
Your poems and panegyrics,
Song and lyrics,
Similes, images and metaphors:
All versified agents of poesy
Are more precious than the gems
Diamonds, pearls and prizes;
Costly than the ancient costumes,
The strings of beads
Clustered rounds the royal necks;
Antiques of the alien lands,
And treasures of the distant fairy world;
They might have shine of the full moon,
As the words,
Like stars glow in the divine books,
But these crystals of jewels,
In black and white,
Quench not hunger of the Hell:
The cruel, brutal belly.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Horror Of Green Sleep

There exists no direction,
Now,
Possibility of the journey is the dream of green sleep.

Over the perturbed souls,
There overspread omens of departure,
Under the frozen skies, in the canopy of life,
A lamp that was kindled
Departs from its own glow.

The radiant morn that was to be dawned,
The star of its fortune now lifts up its anchor,
The sky and the earth blend their entities,
There is no echo of dreams in the dome of life,
Nor the flower of peace to be blossomed,
There's only we,
And stages of departure,
There rise whirlwinds in the wilderness,
Which contract into corneas of the eyes,

The extent to which the frozen skies you see,
Fragrance departs there from the flowers,
Before emergence of the dawn,
In company of the dead silent night,
Whatever the sound of chain had to tell
The breeze has whispered,
Amid the yellow moments,
On surface of the grave

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The House-Wives

We all men and women,
Professionals,
Living in the world of business,
Are the marketers:
Purchasers or sellers,
Merchandise our skills, or labour,
Or merchandise the items of body,
Honour, respect and nobility.
Some sell blood,
Some kids and kidneys,
Against the a few coins of silver or gold,
Or notes of paper;
And no one offers anything free of cost,
Except the house-wives,
Who toil with loyalty and fidelity,
Surrendering their entire entities,
Against the wages of words,
Spoken though in pretentious love
By the tongues dipped in hypocrisy
And though only once in life.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Iceland That Is Named Love

If you will have to go,
To the Iceland that is named Love
Take my memory along.

It is heard
That once there live a couple of swans,
They both governed each other's heart,
Picked dreams descending into the eyes,
Wove the fabric of faithfulness with silky dialogues,
And renovated it on each day;
But what happened as the season changed,
They both flew on diverse directions,
It is heard
Since then they were not seen together.

The Iceland that is named Love,
If you will have to go there,
Please do visit the lonely tree,
Upon whose costume of the branches,
On every side the names of lovers are carved.
It is heard
That the inscribers never get a chance to rewrite,
They stamp their fingers with blood,
They lose their fortune, they accepted their defeat.

The Iceland that is named Love
If you will have to go there,
Take my memory along.
My memory is a shade in sweltering temperature
And it is a season of some village of the past.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Intruders Were Killed

The worries of the day fatigued me,
And I lay still to rest for a while,
The gust of drowsiness wreathed
My cumbersome existence, then the vision
Around me became unambiguous.

I saw several uniformed men of defense,
Weaponed with the latest smart weapons,
Ran they around in helter-skelter,
In search of some reported intruders.
At last they went behind the bushes,
Instantly I heard a volley after a volley
Of bullets being fired at the trespassers;
Then the battle ended and silence prevailed.
I timidly went at the spot of occurrence,
Ah! I beheld a heap of cuckoos and doves,
Some motionless, some breathing heavily
On the verge life and threshold of death.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Jostling Crowed

Upon the edge of a deserted wide road,
Placed I was to see the dismal vision,
From the distant corner of the upper side,
Turned a procession, following rushingingly,
A coffin of the dead faith, wrapped in shroud,
Advanced it ahead as opaque floody water,
Passes through the banks, on the dry bottom.

In the jostling crowed I did find to see,
The men neither young nor too old,
Of all races, forms, colours and sizes,
With harrowed grisly faces jostling ahead,
Their rebellious legs hastened against their wills.

The crowed passed and passed by unendingly,
To fill the spacious belly of the infernal land,
Stood I stunned, horrified, engrossed in thoughts,
Indecisive, thinking upon my own plight,
"I am an observer or a member of the crowed? "

Muhammad Shanazar

The Label Of Ownership

You are at last a man,
You have come
To paste the label of your name,
You think my thoughts should sojourn
Putting on your costume,
You wish that my emotions should sleep
And wake in your name,
And more than that whatever I should speak
Should gleam with your approval,
The words should be mine
But in them your style should glimmer,
To live for you
In the walls is not as much important for you
As you wish to hang
The plaque of your name outside the house,
And ascertain
The prestige of you ownership;
Perhaps you are not aware
That outside the palaces of dreams,
There stand neither doors nor sentinels,
All houses which are labeled
With oppression become deserted soon.

Written by Shazia Akbar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Labour Night

April passed away with its fragrant airs,
And it was the bright hot day of the month next;
Evening began to befall; the men and women
Halted their vehicles in the commodious lawn,
XLIs, Mercedes and Paradoes dazzled the eyes.

They were producers, manufacturers, and firm-owners
And were heading to the egg-white grand building:
The rain-washed edifice of the five stars hotel,
Green grass had a virgin tread of the gents and ladies.
They all went up the stairs of the first floor,
Entered sluggishly into the gigantic hall
Rounding arms around waists of the rented-whores.

They sat in the chairs placed along the rectangular tables
Laden with the rare roses, sheeted with
The red shining cloth hemmed silky golden.
In the first phase they were offered rare beverages
Warming their bodies, wakening the contents of lust,
They snivelled in intimacy of the hired-beloveds.
Then a stout bald man spoke gently to attract their ears,
And began to tattle on the new-fangled labour policy,
Behind played an orchestra synchronizing the occasion.

In the final course they ate the rare items of the dinner,
Chicken steamed, mutton steaks, things of the minced meat,
Then they took in the arms the dainty graceful ladies,
And entered they into the luxuriant ample rooms
To commemorate the night of the Labour Day.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Lamp And The Heart

The Lamp!
Was meant to light up the night,
Not the day!

Ah! But what happened?
The lamp blew out,
And the sun did not rise,
The heart began to burn.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Last Eve In The Metropolis

When skies begin to change,
New shawls of the seasons,
The people dress themselves
In new costumes,
And begin to keep
The old ones in the trunks,
Then you halt for a while to remember me!
I am a redundant attire
Of every crawling moment.

When birds begin to migrate
From the old regions,
Swarms soar onwards in the skies,
And they begin to ground themselves
In the valleys;
When some sparkling bird bathes,
In circles of the lake of memories
And fluttering his wings flies,
And when that diminishes,
Each moment into distant skies,
And becomes a mark worth forgetting,
Then you halt for a while to remember me!

When in minarets of light
Propped by hands of the sea,
The burning fire begins to extinguish
And in search of warmth and sometimes light
The number of birds thumping down
At the feet of minarets begin to grow,
Then see an astray bird of the swarm
Heading onwards at the sunset,
Then you halt for a while to remember me!

I who migrated too,
And tumbled door to door in search of light,
My presence in companies of friends,
Was fire burning on torso of the sea,
And its debacle appeared at last.

Friends! You will not forget,
But everything appeared to be forgotten,
All divine booklets favour my conviction,
Who...how long...whomanyone remembers,
Other anxieties there are too, to be heeded;
At times I shall be no more here,
But my eyes,
Immersed on the glassy windowpanes,
Of the restaurants,
Will ever remain behind,
To see you friends, wrangling, squabbling
On the dilemmas.

Friends! When evening begins to change
Into deep dark night
And sleep begins to flutter
In eyes of the lamps along passages of the city
And you intend to return,
Scatter on the paths,
Then you halt for a while to remember me!

I who was given existence with the ink Nothingness,
Came into the Kingdom of Being,
Shimmered for a moment,
And then dissolved.

My dear ones!
Be not diverged after my departure,
The same pliable prescription of compromise,
Is an antidote for all maladies.
Whatever someone says...though all do the same,
Every sanctimonious gets irritated on my thoughts,
And his happiness lies in it.

Everything here is personified,
Embodied by imposition of its own boundaries,
In alteration of linkages,
Each word in eyes
Of the meaning is a stable light,
Death: is a belief in the diseased truths,
In this world of patients;
And to articulate curiosity amid the dull-minded,

Is a massive death of heart and soul!

My eyes,
Hung in the spaces on high crosses,
Have been beholding since ages.
My eyes only see,
Here we all are words
Dying like worms on the paper of time.

My eyes are static
And everything is to pass on,
Where are budding on grey in the mist,
The marks of drifting faces of my friends,
The ocean extends far beyond in thousands of miles,
The earth is worn down to the depth of its core,
Towns, cities and toy-like houses,
Time taking along kids of centuries,
And wearing the costume
Of ruins has been passing on with no break in routine.

We tumbled down
From the dark clouds of Nothingness alone, alone,
And a thick blotting-sponge of Being
Made us all nebulous,
And being absorbed we have been dissolved,
All those whom I beheld at least bear the same tale.

Friends! Whenever you stop in your dialogue,
And I sojourn into your minds,
Then have a faith
That before the total extinction I shall pour down,
In the form of scalding drops of fresh blood,
So that I might left behind
Some indelible deep marks.
Some indelible deep marks!

When skies begin to change,
New shawls of the seasons,
The people dress themselves
In new costumes,
And begin to keep
The old ones in the trunks,

Then you halt for a while to remember me!
I am a redundant attire
Of every crawling moment.

Written by:

Dr. Swarwar Kamran

Translated by:

Muhammad Shaanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Last Moments Of 2012

What a strange night it is!
Absorbed in the convulsions of future and past,
The night last of the year.

The night last of the year,
Inscribed is on its forehead, an account
Of each moment of the year bygone,
And are inscribed the dreams of open eyes,
In the company of dormant fortune.
The dawn of it like an unblemished paper,
Will appear in the chamber of New Year,
With another manuscript.

The night last of the year,
Beneath the feet of which a pile is heaped
Of dreams filled with
Longings with no realization,
Neither any route, nor destination,
Nor any mystery has resolved; and to the distant
Skyline where eyesight exhausts,
In whose eyes at each moment blossom
And wither the lotuses of hopes and expectations.
Dense constellation of stars bustles in the sky,
In such a way as if someone whispers
'Take heed while stepping ahead.'

At the mid-night,
From this side of the stagnant moment,
All-around is a noise, and echoing clamours,
And therefrom that side across is an alien world,
Where half-ajar are the windows
And the doors ridden with mysteries.
Several cities there are on this Earth,
Where till now, in a new day, is alive
In the past year, the figure of this withering night;
And who will inform those friends who reside,
Somewhere at the farthest end of alien lands,
Amid the unidentified residences,
They thrive till now in my heart, in my memories,

In my dreams, if I exist in their minds.
They be sworn of me, sworn of my love,
They should dredge me again though for a moment,
In the year who is alive now for them,
And here it is vanishing away.

What a strange night it is!
Absorbed in the convulsions of future and past,
Such are the spectacles where we see the same colour,
Now a bud and then a flower,
And there are such moments as they seem,
Now a river and then a bridge across.

Written by Amjad Islam Amjad
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Last Piece Of The Twentieth Century

Incorporate it in the new books too,
That the whole previous journey,
Was travelled on the burning sand,
And in the scorching sweating sun.
Mortality dwelled in the shade,
And the poisonous flavours in the fruit.
The airs granted us thirst,
And the soil imparted us appetite.

We powdered the countenances with ashes,
Of our ruined houses,
So that they might become the evidence,
Of justified argument of our entities.

Incorporate in the books new times,
That each page of the previous tale,
Emitted nothing but the scent of blood.
The sentences were devoid of loyalties,
And the truth dispatched to the unknown zones.

Incorporate it in the books of new times,
That our mothers bore the children,
Camphored with horror,
And the boiling stones in the pots,
Remained uncooked since centuries.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Last Signal Of Fall

(Written during the power crisis and on the moment when electronic media broke the news that a daughter of the nation has been rapped by the law imposing sentinels at the tomb of the Quaid-i- Azam: The founder of Pakistan)

We weep in pauses, we sleep in pieces,
Our dreams break, we wake to the nightmares;
We scratch, rag our bodies, our nails are blooded,
And we take bath every night in our own sweat.

The infants and children weep and wail
As if we are condemned to hellish zones,
But with out being judged,
Much earlier summoned to damnation
And with no hope of deliverance.

The rulers ask us to be patient a little more,
The day of drudgery will pass if we show strength,
The whole nation is going through the grindstones,
And being given childish consolations in response.

Whom should we ask to relieve us of painful dilemma?
All the doors of justice are shut tight,
Offense it is to speak the truth
Or cry out, for the sleeping ears get disturbed.

Who is responsible for the chaos?
Certainly not we but those who rule,
Those who looted, plundered the entrusted wealth,
We save penny by penny and they rob in sacks,
And heap wealth for the sons of their grandsons.

They have made topsy-turvy all the order,
The places of peace are perilous,
We have cheated and deceived God;
We fulfilled not the promises that we vowed,
That the country would be an incarnation of faith
And invincible castle of peace.

Where have gone all those vows,
Who broke them and who are enduring inflictions?

Yes; those who get high places and power through illegal means,
And yet claim to rectify the system.

They are the toys in the hands of global scoundrels
Who are a few but they have kidnapped the humanity,
And they follow them shutting the eyes.

What fears they have?

What are the temptations that have made them silent?
Our future is grim for they have blown out all the lamps,
Darkness is the fate unless we submit to God
And confess our follies and reassure Him to mend our ways.

Every event portends destruction, our extinction,
History imparts the lesson,
Those who adjoin their minds with the wicked planners,
And those who differentiate not between friends and foes
Have no right to exist, and if they do it is either a miracle,
Or concession or violation of the law of nature.

The last signal of fall has appeared, now we are to be trapped
For today a daughter on the tomb of Quaid has been rapped
By no one else but by the wardens of law.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Latest Invention

A mother-hen with twelve chicks,
A goat with two baby-goats,
A parrot confined in the cage,
An infant in the cradle with a baby doll,
And an old man and woman
These were all
Twenty one terrorists who were killed
Yesterday by a drone,
Yes; the same drone: the latest invention.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Licence Of Death

Who knows how sooner the journey ends,
The clouds what direction the wind rends,
On each moment of the fleeting days,
The sacred substance coats our highways.
Spectrum too horrible and pathetic scenes,
On this or that spot, our eyes certainly meet.

Ah! Painful, no more than painful occurred,
A day before who slept on the beds soft,
Lay on the ground, upon the pricking stones,
Besides the hard surfaced gray road,
Some prostrate, some supine, some on the sides,
Still ran down trickling warm blood,
Mixing into earth like too cheap substance,
Ah! How sooner would change into dust.

Counted I them all, they were ten and two,
Placed in a line straight, all dreadfully red,
Among those lay an infant, too gruesome to see,
With crushed head, eyes out, scattered brain,
As over-ripe melon bursts when falls onto
The ground, scatter all marrow and core.
Still griped he tight in the hand right,
A baby doll, gored and stained all,
Lay beside the mother with opened belly,
Entrails out, all shriveled, head scratched.

Whose was the chopped arm I did not know.
Plucked out from joint of shoulder it was,
Guessed I no doubt, it was of a bride,
Hardly three days old, wore the bangles of gold,
Had on the hand fresh deep colour of Hina,
Unfaded spots on the fingers, on the knuckle,
But all painted red, too abominable to see.

Ah! What enormity of pang they suffered,
Did only the victims know, they could not tell.
They died no doubt but before the death,
Entrusting dependants to the waves of time.

Were they murdered or died deaths natural?
The question haunted in mind time and again,
And got a response, all is not causeless,
Our reckless rash deeds always do bear,
The fruit too bitter to taste, too horrible to see.

He who is just exercises just, does nothing ill,
To the fair world and the dearest creature,
Those who die such a dreadful death,
Are murdered, indeed they are murdered,
Accountable are those who rule the lands,
Do jest to the just, pollute His fair scheme,
And issue to the blinds, The License of Death.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Long Queues

In the sweltering days of June,
When wells around the village,
Went dry and life became hard,
Men and stock moved desperate,
Animals gasped with hanging tongues,
The sunbeams singed trees and lands,
Our sisters, mothers and reverend ladies
Went with earthen pots on their heads,
To the far off founts in the steepy deeps,
And returned toiling up, out of breath,
On the stony ways, hard and pricking,
Many among them with bare sore feet,
Resting akimbo on each landing.

Still my mind recollects the long queue,
With the shadows of erected poised pitchers,
In gloam chattering with jingling laughters,
Returned to quench the dry throats,
But men and we the wanton youngs,
Consumed the cold substance lavishly,
Pouring upon the sweaty bodies,
Ah! Aloof they stood with content looks,
And solaced smiles on their dry lips.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Low Sobs

With shovels and pikes, mowers and scythes,
Alongwith parents, brothers, friends and folk,
Went I once a year to the sleepers' Town,
To rake the houses afresh, bang the holes,
Fill the ditches, remove the weedy tufts,
Erect the fallen dispersed stones on both ends,
Scatter the pebbles on the soft dug soil,
Perform the service of host sprinkling sweet water,
Pray to God to make each a piece of Eden.

While departing, walking through to the home,
With the satisfied molten heavy heart,
I heard mysterious the low sobs,
As we suspirate after mournful wailing;
The subterranean voices conversed to me,
Thanking to memorize the day of sacrifices,
The fairest deed amid the sharp shining blades,
Hissing arrows, quivering lances and spear,
The most tragic moments when the Lords,
Proved faith by regaining the lost seats,
And when the long conceived diabolic devices,
Collapsed shattering to the endless bottom.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Madman's Song

While remembering I do dive deep,
Into the waters of the remote past,
And bring out the shining jewels,
Of the sunken memories at last.

I recollect a man called mad,
Roved he around despised, sad,
Carried he upon his singed shoulder,
A long club of bamboo brown,
With empty cagelets hanging along,
Walked he through the meadows,
Bareheaded, with crude hard feet,
Harrowed face, ashes upon his mouth.

All the time asked he the village folk,
"Haven't you seen my love, my hope? "
In fact at the very wedding night,
His father, his wife did elope,
Since then he did nothing but roved,
With hopeful eyes, but lips dried,
Always heaved he the sighs deep,
As a furnace worked in his breast.

He often named his beguiling love,
I recall a song he often sang roving,
"The scent flowed out of the vials,
They contained perfume no more,
Commodities ran short from the market,
The shops lay empty, desolate behind."

Muhammad Shanazar

The Mobile Roses

Children are the symbols,
Of hope, of innocence, of vitality,
Add colours to life,
With shades light and dark,
As a painter on the rough surface,
of canvas does with a brush.

They are the comedians,
Bring solace, entertaining relief,
In weariness, tedium of toil.
They laugh with tears in the eyes,
They weep smilingly,
Like great actors on the stage.

By climbing up the stairs,
Think mounting the Himalayan tops,
And walking before the elders,
They feel to be the leading champions,
And eat ice-cream with coffee hot.

Amid the running vans,
Find the road a fit place to dance.
By dragging a toy vehicle with a cord,
They feel themselves to be the lords.

Their visages are the books,
Of truth, open and manifest,
Minds, thoughts, and hearts,
Unpolluted, close to nature;
But in the course of time,
We, the elders, temper their simplicity,
By corrupting, making them profane.
We make them a cause of turmoil,
That brings discord to the woven fabric.

O Friends! Disdain not them,
For they are the Mobile Roses,
Perpetuate the flow of posterity,
I see in them my ancestors,

And peeping out,
The descending generations.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Moon Of Truth Will Live Ever Behind

(Written at the very night when Israel attacked the weaponless Palestinian)

At the dawn of the night while standing on the roof,
I gazed at the full moon ascending imperceptibly in the sky;
It seemed as if smiling in the vacancy at the self-indulgent world.
A dark cloud obscured the face of the moon with a thick curtain,
It seemed wriggling to uncatch grips of the blackness.

The cloud assumed the shape of a wolf:
A ferocious animal of the feral world whether eats or not,
Its mouth is ever blood stained,
In an instant the cloud assumed the form of a shark
Swimming into the ocean of murkiness fearing least the contestants.

Through the patches the stars shone far high above
In their own world unconcerned to the happening, changes,
And lives claiming afflictions.
Then the shark of cloud assumed the image of a snake
Or lashing eel, dissipating at each moment
Into a misty substance and then into nothing.
The moon re-emerged with full grandeur,
Glorified smiling, challenging the dark images
To apply their strength.

I came down with confounded heart, smoggy thoughts,
And began to behold telecast of a T.V channel.
I viewed thundering cannons, exploding explosives,
The spurting rockets leaving behind the trails of smoke,
Missiles lacerating air, journeying to the marked targets,
The tanks moved onward in formation
Like tortoise-shaped ghosts of metal, the sightless fighter jets
Dropped bombs on the thickly populated spots,
The buildings stood all shredded, shattered,
And the inhabitants ran in helter-skelter
At the cold pitiless night to seek the safe harbours;
The women scampered embracing the kids
Who hardly knew the cause of confusion,
The ambulances brought shredded bodies bathed in blood,
The limbless children were laid, lined up in queues

But all motionless; the injured tossed on the first-aid tables,
They reacted on each dropp of brackish medicines on the wounds.

The whole drama was staged just to win the elections
Or to restore the lost kudos, the spectators and pioneers of peace
Were on the armada stationed in the sea,
To monitor the game and endow them with the logistic support
Against the weaponless to apply the strength of weapons;
While the clouds of smoke were rising high assuming the shapes,
Of ferocious animals either of shark, snakes or lashing eels
Destined to dissipate into the spheres.
The moon of truth will live ever behind with full grandeur,
Glorified smiling, challenging the dark images,
To apply their strength.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Moon Put Over The Clouds

One night The Moon
From the assemblage of stars,
Descended on the roof.
He spoke to me steadily whispering,
"With deserted eyes,
Come ahead and touch me."
I was afraid, I was shy,
And addressed thus
"How it may happen? "
When He insisted on being touched,
I wished,
Going ahead I should touch it,
But till then,
The Moon went behind the clouds.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Murder

One dark night a man with thick moustaches,
And bulky body, sable faced, smoking clay pipe,
Occupied my residential plot, a sheltering place
Which gained I with long labour and toil of life.

I indignantly did advance to get that released,
He rashly chased, pursued to my rented home.
I ran for life, to confine myself in a room dark;
But he being offended did not cease to chase,
And entered gushingly breaking the feeble door.

And I mustering up courage did get in hands,
A rusty blunt axe with a rough loose wooden haft,
And wielded thrice on his head bald and thick.
I could see through slits his black bleeding brain,
The seat where devilish devices were nourished.
Blood gurgled, splattered and spattered the floor,
Then threw I the corpse head long on the road.

All around I heard lamenting cries and wailings,
All they cursed and reproved for the deed I did,
I harrowed pale with moisty forehead waited,
With suspended thoughts for the catastrophe.

The men of law came, demanded gold to keep
Me spare from the clutchy gripping claws of law,
But none could I offer, they dragged me in streets,
All looked with disgust and eyes of repugnance.
I wished that the earth should gap to swallow soon.

They brought me instantly to the arena of justice,
The judge looked with annoyance at the plight,
From behind the unarranged high pile of record.
I was announced the worst in the world of crimes,
The capital infliction was poured upon my head.

And without delay I was dragged to the gallows,
With a sudden terrible jerk found myself hanging,

The painful lacerating cutting cord round the neck,
Made me woke, I thanked, praised to glorious God,
For I neither did kill a scamp nor a virtuous one,
It was the region of nightmare that I went through.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Murder Of Shade

The hewn tree, tall, thick and green,
Casting soothing shade, clear and clean,
Fell flat with the thumping, choking sound,
Prostrate ravaging, pillaging the ground.
It bewailed, it bemoaned and it did weep,
"How shade is murdered in valleys deep! "

Muhammad Shanazar

The Old Man In The Canyon

I sought for Him on the whole roundity of the world,
On the stretched sand of the deserts, dusting the eyes,
Along the banks of the flowing hissing curvy rivers,
In the populated metropolitan cities, towns and villages,
On the green pastures, lush valleys and deep forests,
In the heaven kissing mountains of Himalayan ranges,
In the moonlit golden nights, in the silvery bright days,
Under the folds of darkness, in the feathers of light,
And enquired after Him from the tired weary mariners,
Who made lengthy voyages ransacking the seven seas;
But no footprint of Him was traced and depressed I sat.

Ah! One day wanderlust took me amid the Northern hills,
At the webbed opening of a subterranean dark cave,
And curiosity led me in and what I did see there, hark!
There in the murky, gloomy, dismal canyon I found,
A faintly breathing exhausted strengthless old man,
With overgrown, dishevelled and withering grey hair,
He had deep eyes covered with thick rough brows,
Profound wrinkles like furrows creased on his visage,
He wore tattered trousers, rend sleeveless dingy shirt,
On filthy dark skin of the body, his liquorice like bones,
Seemed to be wrapped with thick black sheet of polythene,
His feet had slits, slots like dry parched surface of the land.

I jerked him and He sat with the tiresome movement,
As someone rises breaching ajar the stones of grave,
Looked staring at me as He recalled the memory back,
He brought a false, fake smile on the parched lips,
And to my question He responded, made me reply,
"The world is too cold to go out, I feel warm here,
I eat leaves, grass and lick dust when belly torments me,
Often take rain water or drink from the stagnant pools,
For half a century I have neither taken a bath,
Nor washed the face, my plight is worse than a beggar,
I am disappointed, depressed, pray to God for my death."

He recounted his tale while the shining tears rolled down,
From both the corners of his eyes, and he began to sob.

I remained stunned, remembered that once He had been,
"Mr. Justice"; but now his breathing strengthless carcass.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Old Mother Smiled

Now the spheres are sooty sable,
Man has adulterated Nature with His murky works,
Black rains pour down from the heavy clouds,
And rain-drops fall down not to wash
But to discolour and deform us more,
To broaden blackness on the surface of the Earth,
The downpour seems to be
The harvest of our own transgressions.

Ah! I remember the time of my childhood,
When polluted contents
Had not enveloped yet rotundity of the Earth.
In summer and spring times often after the rainfall,
When the skies around the Ball became too clear,
I felt enclosed in a huge transparent multicolour globe,
And discovered the rainbow in the sky.

While standing on the Earth I imagined,
The Old Mother of humanity oscillating with full splendour
On the swing made of ropes of seven colours,
Smiling on contentment of the children underneath.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Open Eyes

How often a thought of unfair deeds,
Terribly haunt my vain guilty mind,
Shaking inner self, core of conscience,
The wanton pleasures of indelible past,
Become tormenting, painfully torturous,
Make troublesome the whole existence,
And running substance changes into gall.

I set once my sheep and goats free,
To graze in the uneven green pasture.
Seeing something edible in my hands,
A bird after hovering over my head,
Rested slight afar, at distance safe,
Out of breath, bent the eyes to me,
With hopeful accosting innocent gaze.

It was beautiful, all shining blue,
But against cherished hope in mind,
I hurled a round stone with force full,
That fell too heavy on the too weak,
Instantly the delicate breathing life,
Was lying prostrate, crumbled, motionless,
With loose legs and flexible wings,
The limp neck hung with ajar beak,
The open eyes queried complainingly,
"O! Man what wrong did I do to thee? "
And I justified not the deed in response.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Pain Of Night

The monsoon came, the days dispersed,
But there had been load upon my chest,
As snow becomes a load on the mountains,
The load that does not permit stones to breathe,
Nights are same like long dejected,
Just like shapeless, half-made statutes,
All paths are desolate, all roads are deserted.

The airs might share the loads of mountains,
There might be at least some prints on the paths,
But who will share the pain of night that I undergo,
The pain that placing its head in my lap,
Waits for a fleeting dawn.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Painted Figure

Look! Who stands forlorn,
Absorbed, staring into the vacancy,
Of spheres with tearful eyes,
That blur the whole world,
Making all hazy, foggy.

The waves of the perturbed ocean,
Touch her bare soft feet,
With the designs of Hina,
She seems combating,
In the perplexity of emotions,
Engrossed like a painted figure,
Or pedestalled statue,
Protests against the foul game,
Finding no harbouring resort,
Twisting the end of her Anchal,
Wishes her hasty departure.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Pansies

The beads we count, the words we speak,
The wrongs we commit, the deeds we perform,
Assume the shapes pleasing or shocking,
Of flames and fangs, or fruit palatable,
Or fragrant flowers scenting the breeze,
Become the agents soothing or tormenting.

High upward I was led the steps seven,
And strolled through the drooping tassels,
Overgrown, hanging laden with flowers,
Sheeting green the ground all around.

The route led then me to the plain vast,
Where I did see the nodding pansies,
Blossomed blue, yellow, pink and purple,
As myriad sucking butterflies sit still,
In the sun on the dewy grass of spring.

They all fluttered when the wind blew,
The spectrum of purity stretched
All around, but the yonder lands,
Beside the hillock were still drab,
Dull, unvegetated, yet to be made fertile,
And planted with more pansies.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Paragon (Mother)

A paragon of patience,
A model of sacrifice,
Clad in clothes,
Rough, drab and dull.
Uncomplaining, silent and bland,
Remains busy like a bee,
From morn to eve with no rest
For the pleasure of husband
Who often talks to her,
Harsh, hard, and rude.
She collects dry sticks,
And fire wood from the forest,
Toiling up the steeps,
Walks to the home drooping,
The burden upon her back,
For the stock,
She labours on the farms,
Feed the children from the chest,
With the marrow and sap of bones,
Shields them against hunting vultures,
Of poverty, hunger and illness.
Her cottage with a small yard,
With a few hens, ducks and sheep,
And half naked shouting children,
Playing about bare-footed,
Is her Eden, the whole she gets,
To which she devotes,
Her youth, joys and existence.
In the dolorous work of kitchen,
It is pity,
She often gets herself burnt.

Strenuous labour brings on the face,
Wrinkles deep and long,
The rosy cheeks, fair fore-head,
The delicate lips, begin decaying,
Like too soon withering flowers.

I pay homage to the deities,

Grand, great and reverend,
Who pass away unknown,
Leaving behind their fragrance,
And fruit of struggle to the posterity.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Pieces Of Velvet

O! Friend you departed form us
Very soon,
Like a short visit of the half-moon
At the night.
Your demise has made us all friends,
Sons and daughters, brothers and sisters,
Mournful, grief-stricken.
You came and went through the terrestrial world,
Like a sojourn of the breeze;
Now you are the resident of Eternity,
Combined with it as a dropp loses its identity
By merging, mingling into the ocean.
Your overhasty departure signifies,
You have greater and more gorgeous jobs
To perform in the celestial zones.
You have left us all with cumbersome hearts,
Your memories, the moment you spent
Will remain with us like fragrant pieces of velvet.
Look behind for a moment and see
How my tongue the tribute bears,
And eyes carry the weight of tears.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Pigeon

The dreams are not merely dreams,
Though they are often considered the fantasies,
And futile vain imaginings of the mind;
Yet they portend the stuff for the future.

I dreamt once, I was on the route shingled long,
All alone with grimness I walked,
No one accompanied to share my pang,
It was almost dark, the time of sunset;
All of sudden I heard a voice, urging me to stop,
I stopped and turned behind;
And saw a damsel simply clad,
Though she was bare feet, yet from head to toe,
An incarnation of simplicity and elegance.

She stopped beside me and had a pause,
And in silence stared at me,
Then she brought out a white pigeon,
That she had kept covered under her shawl,
And handing it to me went back,
With out a word spoken.

Many years later I happened to meet the same elegance,
And she became my life partner;
In her company I journeyed the remaining part,
Of the route shingled long but with the soft pigeon of love.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Poem Inscribes You

I don't do,
My poem inscribes you in her lines,
It inscribes the delicacy of candles of your hands,
Prudence and farsightedness of your symphonic beauty.

My sweet,
It inscribes melancholy of my days,
Hurriedness of viewing the way
From you may come

The poem is mine,
But in the pauses of pulsation I find
Soft fall of your steps and all contours,
It inscribes dots, lines, circles,
Symbols and the chapters of your beauty,
It inscribes morns and eves of your glowing forehead,
On whiteness of the paper,
Sometimes composes a theme,
Out of your thick locks,
And sometimes makes a verse,
Out of your smoldering breaths,
Sometimes steals the title,
From the warmth of your blood,
Counsels me for union with you,
On the banks of your eyes, lips and countenance,
My sweet, for the sake of me
In such a manner, my poem inscribes you.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Poems Flutter

Along each river in thousands are the ditches,
And the dungeons that conceals the objects,
Thousands of things hidden to the human eyes.

Man in fact is a brimming river wide and deep,
Thousands of ditches hide secrets countless;
As pebbles, sand, stones dwell in the bottom,
Covered with the opaque oozy settling layers.

I bring out those pebbles, sand and stones,
To construct, erect the castle with thick walls,
Where nestle themselves poems mysterious,
And often flutter; flap there from one by one.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Prayers

The rocking hands swayed me back,
The centuries full four and ten behind;
Placed me on the cold wet sandy bank,
At the time of dawn, half light, half night.
Behind I saw stretched sandy plains,
In front calm sea with small ridges
Moving when gentle air moved.

Far away I beheld a ship coming
Ashore from the remote distant land,
Anchored instantly after the voyage long.
I beheld then the men four riding on
The steeds, galloping along splashing waters;
Fully armoured,
Equipped with sharp shining swords;
And captured they the descending voyager,
From the shoulders who cast at me,
A resigned patient look.

Ah! I can recall the heavy rough brows,
Long nose, thick lips, complexion black,
Perforated ear with a silvery ringlet,
Long dress and loose sleeves.
Turned then he to the centre,
Bended knees, sat to offer the prayers,
Under the lurking long curved blades.

Then the same rocking hands brought me back,
To sign a bond, to make a new turn,
And rectify direction of the derailed gait,
Eyes I found watering full flowing,
Drenching cheeks and the whiskers all.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Prison

I was beaten with a stick,
Long, thin and wet,
For doing nothing ill.
As the coach-man does,
When his horse draws
But obeys not.

The boys rich and mischievous,
Flattered the builders,
Made them please,
Oblivious to the wall between,
Made friends with them.

While the others, rough and poor,
Amid the high walls of prison,
With the pebbles, hard and round,
Under the banyan tree played,
With dust on their heads.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Prisoner

I am big,
Small is my cage,
You are small,
Big is your cage;

Do you consider yourself,
At liberty?

Muhammad Shanazar

The Prolonged Noons Of Loneliness

In the prolonged noons of loneliness,
And in the scorching sun,
Are the melting roads,
And two loathsome tired eyes.
Gaze into the vacancy.

A few moments ago,
There was hustle bustle,
The jostling crowd on the same spot,
Where now the amuser under the shady tree,
Is dozing, resting his head,
On the filthy bag of gadgets of his art.

Lives are deserted spots of amusement,
On the desolate roads lay,
The sold bodies that inhale the borrowed breaths,
The prayers of the heart-mender only reach,
The broken doors of the ruined city of dreams,
They knock but returned void of charity.

Some in the game of Your consent,
Have woven the mesh,
For the stunned scared characters,
In the arranged spectrum of horror,
The so-called lofty lords,
Award time to time the undemanded pause,
Unbidden breaths, and paralysed day and nights,
The entire scheme is merged,
In the deep remembrance of death:
Ceaseless death,
Awake! And you too think in the spectrum,
Of your ancient thoughts,
In the prolonged noons of loneliness.
For they may shake the veins of life.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Queen Nightingale

The Queen Nightingale, Ah! At last,
Flew from the fragrant flowery land,
And the vale of colourful trailing roses,
To the region of eternal peace and bliss.

Her throat poured out voices of heart,
Songs for the depressed, dejected souls,
The sweet echoing mild melodies,
Evoked thrilling emotions of sacrifice,
Assumed a form of invincible defence,
Along the boundaries of sacred land,
Casting spell on the valiant defenders,
Made them think life a cheap commodity,
When freedom, honour are at the stake.

Ah! Departed she, leaving all behind,
Weeping mournful hearts, sighing souls,
Oh! Eyes weep not, dropp tears no more,
For she did well, her songs are with us,
To resound in hearts and valley of minds.
She will live forever, till the world lasts,
But behind a thin curtain of eternity.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Rain Of Memories

The rain of memories,
Rains incessantly,
Even though leaves of dream,
Break, crack creakingly;
All birds of hope one by one
Have become annoyed.

O! My love, come back soon
Lest this heart
Should change into barren-land.

Written by Saamee Aejaaz Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Real Game

Uninvited frequent gluttonous guest,
Visited and picked up one by one,
The elder and younger of the family,
Making each time the house desolate.

When I was hardly three years old,
And nothing about painful death was told,
Played carefree with half dressed friends,
And ran around the big tree of acacia,

Staining with dust, mud and water dirty,
Made filthy my legs and arms, feet and face,
My grandmother would then give me a bath,
And I did weep, cryingly protested against,
The act of washing, making me neat.

She then mopped my body, wiped my eyes,
Doting upon me, she caressed my cheeks,
Embracing me she would often warm,
Titillate with the fingers frail and old,
Made me laugh to forget the cold,
She hid behind the door, under the cots,
Played hide and seek to make me please.

Ah! One morning she lay stiff, could not rise,
Then was dressed with the suit of cotton white,
As she would go on the journey long,
Gathered men, women, young and old,
Some wailed, some sniffed, some silent sat.
But played I with the friends of my age,
And ate yellow rice with the belly fill.

In the evening they shouldered the cot,
The procession advanced leaving me depressed,
Turned the corner, with the sacred chorus.
I stood stunned in the middle of the yard,
Staring to the street, questioning the walls,
"Why had they not taken me along? "

At night I cried aloud when I found,
An empty bed laid in the deserted corner,
I sought under the cots, behind the doors,
Where she did hide, but could not find.
A pair of shoes, the clothes on cord,
Consoled me well, told me the truth,
Ah! The real game at last she had played.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Real Trouble

Moving statues with heads brainless,
Clean cloaks, and dresses stainless,
With heavy drooping sleepy eyelids,
And heartless flesh, bulky bodies,
Sit they in the state halls to decide,
The fate of the downtrodden wise.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Real Victory

The Real Victory

Victory and defeat in war,
Are the childish justifications.
Colour not your hands,
With the precious substance of Man.
Whether you nourish your mind,
With the elating thought of victory,
Or loathe with a despising thought of defeat,
You kill fathers, brothers and sons,
You kill mothers, sisters and daughters,
Even the infants sleeping in cradles,
You kill them with their innocent dreams,
They hardly know the self-made conflicts,
Flourishing, booming in the world.

Discard devices that you carry in hands,
And think awhile
Whether you kill or you are killed,
You fight against humanity,
You fight against the divine laws,
You fight against the Kingdom of God.

Apply your strength if indispensable,
Lance eyes of the Shark of Ignorance,
Stifle; choke the Demons of Illness,
Wrench neck of the Ghost of Hunger,
Break teeth of the Vampire of Poverty,
By connecting the hearts of humanity,
With the bonds of trust, faith and love.

For the sake of oil and reserves,
Make not the world a mess.
If you intend to defeat the rivals,
Defeat them in the race of good deeds,
Yes, defeat them in the race of good deeds,
You know not the real victory you may get,
But without bloodshed and with out making,
The world a storehouse of weapons.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Resembling Shadow

The creaking sounds did make me wake,
Fetched me back from the dream lake
Of peaceful sleep, profound and deep,
Again did bring me to the world fake.

Rubbing the sleepy eyes I stifled yawn,
Waited, watched till the light of dawn,
My mother beside the spinning wheel,
Near my cot, she dragged and drawn.

The spinner was made of wood brown,
Her hands did move, the face did frown,
She raised her arm with twisting strand,
Then to the reeling spike it did go down.

She joined the strands when they broke,
To reply my questions she often spoke,
"The truth bears fruit and lie pointy thorns,
God loves those who love His needy folk."

A feeble flickering flame copied the sight,
Her movements cast spell in the lamp light,
That threw the gigantic shadow on the wall,
Resembling the lunar's, at fourteenth night.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Rider-Moments Wait

The night has spread a sheet
On the shrine of silence,
The falling fruit of neem is producing the Raag of Bhatyar while hitting the roof of
clay-tiles;
On the camps of moonlight,
The wind has invaded,
The ornaments of memories
Kept are falling in the courtyard.
Countless!
Frail moments are opening the windows of drained eyes;
Time and again!
The Rider-moments sitting in front of the threshold wait for the arrival of some
Dear One.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Robots (An Observation At The Centralized Marking)

Human robots, men of mechanical age,
Bending the heads cast down the eyes,
Seek; sort out the errors of others,
Shutting eyes to the plagues of their own.
Scratch, scribbles pages making them red,
Like torn stained cloak of the sinner,
Condemned, stoned in the ancients times.

Their hands move, fingers flip the leaves,
Rebelling the command of their own mind,
Work with deep wrinkled irrisible faces,
Devoid of sweet smile, with prints of pangs.

Advance they to the Heads with timid hearts,
Holding breath for approval of the pen green,
Suppressing courage, and subduing valour,
As a rebuked, recoiled hungry child,
Goes ahead to the sustaining parents,
To beg pardon of the fiftieth wrong,
Or as a murderer confronts shrinking,
The justice on the day of decision,
Yielding, submitting the existence whole.

They move around, the figure ninety nine,
And work like an ox harnessed in front,
At the well, moving round and round,
With wrapped eyes following no direction,
Perceiving the long distance covered
Might bring him at the destined point.
But it is pity, in the evening it dawns,
Their dreams shatter, finding at the same spot,
They had started the journey where from.

Had they not had breaking burden on backs,
Would have been masters of their own will;
And might have performed the daring deeds,
Though less paying yet more soul satisfying,

More fruitful than re-revising the scripts.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Rustling Leave

In the cold wintry evening,
When it was gloam and twilight,
Covering myself with thick blanket of wool,
I used to go to a small garden,
Where my father planted the apple trees.

Often I roved around the victims,
Of callous spoiling Autumn.
The leafless branches tormented me,
Presenting undressed bare reality.
They looked like skeletons of ghosts,
Without flesh, with naked bones,
Who often disturb us in our sleep.

The swishy wind blew moaning,
Lamenting over the bodies,
Of the dried fallen leaves,
Blowing them to this or that end,
Resting nowhere to be disposed,
Some swept onto the stagnant water,
On the green surface to float.

The blown rustling leaves reminded,
Once they were fresh and green,
Fluttered resisting blows of the wind,
Sucked the honeyed sap of life,
When attached to the source.

Amid the blooming winter crops,
The grove presented a doleful contrast,
Making depressed both heart and mind,
The vanished tongue whispering a secret,
Consoled the weeping heart over the plague,
That death is the overleaf of life,
The front side overshadows the other.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Scattering Dreams

Melodious voices of the blowing lute,
Resound at the calm hour of midnight,
Vibrating echoes return many folds,
And sway nodding the bushes and trees,
The valley seems wearing the sheet of love.

I know the meeting shall not take place,
For your feet sap perfumed colour of Hina 1,
Unlucky will be the tomorrow morn.
We shall mourn on the scattering dreams,
And uniting hearts will break asunder.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Scent Of Love

Who forgets tumbling gait of the bare feet,
With timid heart, holding breath in silence,
And meeting in the dark thick grove,
Our secrets only the moon did steal,
When together did eat the night meal.

The cool beams came filtering through
The dewy leaves brightening the face more,
Then whispered low the adjoining hearts,
Lest the scent of love should go astray,
To become the victim of slanderous tongues.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Season

Written By Sughra Sadaf

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Since you have altered you looks,
It is strange they have changed
The season of my inner-self.
The stars of my eyes,
The spell of my words,
Fragrance of my breath,
They have been taken away
From me, my all assets.

Now you do not come in springs,
And in autumns you make me eager,
I don't know why it happens
In the patio of my inner-self,
There is a static season of autumn,
Sometimes it comes from this way,
And sometimes encroaches from that side.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Season Hasn't Yet Returned

The season hasn't yet returned,
We shall have to wait for a while,
We have to yet seek a pretense,
To continue breathing in the shadow
Of the pang of broken dream,
Our feet have the shoes of mud;
The hands have a bowl
Begging for the life,
The head bears
Crested turban of grief,
We have to prop against
The wall of grief,
Wrapping our bodies in the dress of dust,
And have to wait
For the arrival of Spring,
For whom we built houses
Out of the debris of our own existence.
We shall have to wait for a while

In the streets, on roofs of the houses,
At the thresholds,
Shrouded Silence yet guards,
With dagger in hands,
In the street of deterrence,
The prodigious palace is guarded,
On the blue floor of which,
A multitude of slaves standing in queues,
Bending hollow heads upon chests,
Adjoining palms of hands,
Breathes in loyalty of its master,
They talk in a discordant tone like beggars
Neither lives nor dies

See for a while!
See across the gigantic mansion of the street,
The Wind is buckled,
She has been knotted,
With nude branches of futile trees,
The crumbs of golden sunlight of winter,

Have been thrown upon the roofs,
Of high mansions of the city,
For the kites and crows,
From the radiance of a flower,
To the evening star,
Whatever the fond heart inherits
Has been brought in chains
Like the prisoners of Euphrates and Syria,
Before the master and ministers of the palace,
The porters have shut apertures, windows,
And locked the heavy doors,
The season of pain,
Sunken in mournful colours,
Stands motionless,
Outside these apertures, windows and heavy doors.
Begs for appearance to get,
Favour of the master to embellish
Its delicate existence with flowers,
It also begs for the pleasure to bind the anklets,
On the chained feet of static and silent wind,
And then it wished to set it free,
But O! The deed of obsession!
The magic of season will require time a little more

Written by Ayub Khawar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Season Of Separation

He inquired,

"Were all dreams shattered? "

I responded,

"No there left some behind."

He inquire again,

"Since when have you been conversing to yourself? "

I responded,

"It is a gift bestowed by aloofness."

He said,

"What have you done with bright eyes,

Rosy cheeks and golden facade? "

I answered,

"There rests in my inner-self the season of separation."

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Second Visit (After The Nuclear War)

Oh! Where have gone children, men and women,
The fair featured descendants of Adam and Eve,
I might have come on some disaster-prone planet,
With grim sooty mountains, sterile barren plains,
The treeless valleys extend before my amazed eyes.

Oh! It is the same spot, I vividly summon up,
Though deformed, distorted with horrible looks.
It is the land where the shepherds grazed,
Their sheep, goats and cows from morn to eve.
These were the farms where lush wheat swayed,
And butterflies hovered over the sweet-scented,
The yellow blossomed amphitheatre of sarsoon 1.
The rustic damsels singingly weeded the farms,
Gathering herbs to nourish the bleating goats.

This is the dry banyan tree stands like a ghost,
Where at noon in summer we all took rest,
In its cool shade and played hide and seek,
The older men played cards sitting in circles.
Amid the chirping of sparrows, crowing of crows,
Cooing of doves, and transporting songs,
Of the nightingales and seasonal cuckoos.

Oh! Who are these who drag the bodies,
Like reptiles remotely resemble the human race,
Hairless heads, faces without beards and moustaches,
Shaved brows, sans lashes beady gummy eyes,
The bag-like loose bellies fall on the knees;
Flexible noses hang like lurking beaks.
Arms like jointy-sticks with overgrown hands,
Legs like thick bendy rope made of black polythene.

Here is the rivulet where along with the age fellows,
We took bath in the opaque, muddy water of Saawun 1,
Now I see sitting in lines along the grassless banks,
The post-war generation, outcome of devilish intellect,
Pounce on the crabs, toads and frogs when they
Up rise from the water and some breathless chase

The rodents when they come out of their holes.
And chatter like the swarm of cackling wild-goose,
When the hunter appears from behind the rock,
And with precision points the hunting gun at them.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Sepulchral Voices

Farther than the seven seas,
And seven forests thick and green,
Flew I over the mountainy crests;
Over the gorges, winding deep,
And unexplored canyons dark,
Rested I on the plain high;
Beside the house made of glass,
With tall trees in the lawn,
Where the big busy parrots,
Were spoiling the fruit unripe.

Leading to the subterranean cave,
At the entrance I did halt,
For close it was with sills long,
Of transparent glassy stones.
Waited I long for the summon,
From the Lord of the House,
But returned depressed, despised,
When sepulchral voices came to me,
"He is busy, He can not see."

Muhammad Shanazar

The Sermon

The forceful wings of ethereal self,
Made me fly to the sky,
Transported to the world higher,
Bigger, larger and wider than ours.

Placed I was amid the residences,
Thick, white all; high and small;
I strolled and strolled around,
In front of the big mosque I found,
A plain with myriads trees,
All green of the same size,
They seemed in order, stretched straight,
Extended in the long rows,
As million of soldiers stand still in formation,
And listen to the speech on the day of parade.

In the spacious hall of the mosque,
Squatted men in lines close,
Breathed deep with eyes shut,
As if they stroke upon the harp of heart.
The Imam sitting on the wooden stage,
Began to deliver the sermon on the verses,
"God is the best among the sustainers."

Then one of the surrounding abodes,
I found my father with blessing looks,
Greeted, embraced he me with full vigour,
Upon his knees, when he sat,
Placed I my head weeping bitterly,
He slackened my pang by fondling,
His fingers through my disheveled hair.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Seventy Two

The secret hands removed the lids,
Curtains between the vision and the eyes,
And made a show of eternal reality.

The rectangular cloud-like substance,
Extended from the East to the North,
Stretched in the sky in thousands of acres,
Incredibly white, and glaring bright,
The most appealing to the parched hearts,
Cast celestial delight, pleasing to recall.
Though thousands of miles was far away,
Yet beheld I the spectacle vividly,
The phenomenon hidden to the eyes carnal.

I saw the Seventy Two clad,
In the bright gaily dresses, radiant costumes,
Riding on the white swift flying horses,
In cheerfulness unknown to the temporal world,
In the glaring brilliance they seemed merged,
Like a reflection in the huge mirror,
Or as the enchanting fishes with coloured fins,
Swim into the most transparent still waters.

A saint standing with white long beard,
Whispered, "They are no doubt the Seventy Two,
Who stepped beyond, in the love of God,
By quenching thirst of the Sandy Land,
With the reserved blood of the innocent,
To prove faith in Him at the hours,
When conceived satanic devices came out,
To desecrate, confound the fair scheme,
And in reward He endeared wrapping them all,
In brilliance of His own where woeful,
Pangs would never trouble Them again."

Muhammad Shanazar

The Shadow Of Extinction

Numerous hawks, hapless and helpless
Are sitting downcast on the ground
Amid the dry leafless forest,
Discarding the high zone of their flight.

Their eyes are impressionless,
Wings clipped and tails curtailed,
Their claws: the hunting instruments
Cramped and contracted inward.

They are drowsing and nodding,
In a state of oblivion,
As forgetfulness to the ancient history.
Around them is a conflagration
Engulfing the woods,
The agent of autumnal wind assists the blaze,
The circle is belittling at each moment;
But the hawks with the wings clipped
Tails curtailed, contracted claws
Drowsing eyes, nodding heads,
Are waiting for the encroaching doom,
Beneath the murkiness of smoke:
Stretching over the shadow of extinction,
And far above hover the bats and owls,
Challenging the hawks.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Shambling Fellow

I neither smoke nor drink sippingly,
Nor eat sweeping essence of flowering puppies,
Nor ever tasted the potion of hemp green,
Nor I have cancerous tumors in the brain.

I was thrown from the lofty zones,
Down deep headlong into the dungeon,
Dark narrow subterranean round cave,
Darker it grew at each moment of the down fall,
And journeying against the culminating heights.

Beholding behind nothing except horror I felt,
Only I could see a circular patch of the blue sky,
Then the dark channel began tuning at last,
To the right with imperceptible slow bend,
And I soon came out gasping of the deep tunnel.

In front then I saw the houses small and white,
Painted not afresh, extended left and right,
Numerous congested like a city inhabited thickly,
Smokeless, clear and with no profanity of the noise,
Tranquil like village in the days of harvest.

Like a swallow I darted from roof to roof
With light movements,
Much speedier than the flight of a hawk,
And soon I saw a slim tall damsel standing,
Awaiting, anxious in the middle of a yard,
Beside the two children, playing in silence.

Ah! Then a sable thought confounded my heart,
And irresolute frail mind with weak intents;
Overpowered by immodest possessing lust,
And with overhasty dart, suspending the sense of piety,
I made an instant leap to realize the desire.

Landed in the yard, subduing shrieking voices,
In front of those deep blue inviting eyes,
And red-brown face wreathed with smiles,

I seized her from the arm left; she turned the face aside,
Stretching a thin covering of gauze between.

Then whispered she a secret blushing,
A thing hopeful, indicating my own woeful follies,
"Be not impatient, restless, no one would step,
Into the yard, though very small,
Immodest longings cause decline headlong,
Spoiling life long endeavours to rise."

When this broke I felt ashamed on finding,
Stinging serpents and devouring dragons,
Biting into the neck of my shambling fellow,
In rags, drooping with feeble faltering legs,
Wriggling in vain to uncatch the firm grips.

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Muhammad Shanazar

The Shield

At how many spots, at the moment same,
A reverend man subservient to God,
Is present, is a puzzling thing of wonder.

On the remote plain of the distant recesses,
I beheld the sphere of dancing beauties,
Far above, in hundreds were the groups of stars,
All in formation, not a single one alone,
They glistened like scattered heaps of diamonds.
Told was I, those were the seats of devotees,
Around the masters' residencies.

Then I to the west turned my gaze,
Saw the rockless numerous mounds,
Dotted with low shrubs and cypresses green,
With pink-yellow mist descending upon,
Dim light was perceptible but with no source.

To the south-east I found a plain,
Vast and even, covered with fluffy grass,
And with wild commotion ran the men,
All shrouded white, hastened to one direction,
Followed one another in hurry burry haste,
Lest they should miss their fortune.

A man standing on the side right,
With snow-white locks, beard and brows,
Loose white robes flowed beneath the knees,
Told me the cause of hurrying excitement
That all ran and raced to receive greetingly,
A saint 'Farid' who stepped from the world,
To freshen the devotees with a shower of faith.

A confusion for the mild meek man
That possessed my mind was removed;
The status he enjoyed in the world celestial,
Confounded the core of my wisdom.

While receding down, on another ground,

I did find the same reverend dervish,
Watching from a cave my farm of melons,
Fence by the dried hewed thorny branches.
And guarded he me well when the two damsels,
With sinful intents and wishes sable,
Invited with captivating delicacies,
He defended me against diabolic tricks,
As a shield does against the sharp blows.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Sky Does Not Protest

In the early years of my flavoured childhood,
Could not I differ between an evil and a good,
And went to the forest afar with my age fellows,
To collect, to gather the dry sticks or fire wood.

In summer seldom the swishing winds blew,
The grains of sand and contents of dust flew,
And made the clean spheres reddish brown,
We bundled the fuel as the harsh winds grew.

Contending the winds, to home we returned,
On each step blurring, blowing blows burned,
And we rested on the way beside the old well,
Wherefrom damsels obtained water churned.

They talked themselves with the concern deep,
About some innocent murder, they did weep,
Then I understood why the sky grew vague,
Why did winds raise dust, why they did beep?

Ah! The sky now does not protest, nor frown,
Nor change colour from blue to reddish brown,
He too might have grown accustomed to blood,
Though Man is killed in each village, each town.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Snatchers

When I was a kid,
And at noon hungry,
My mother gave me
A bit of bread
And I ate moving
In the street only in a shirt,
And sometime went
To the farther end of the street
But the crows
Sitting on the surrounding walls
Or edges of the roofs dived
One of them snatched the piece
And other cawed on the walls,
Or in the trees or on the roofs.
I returned weeping and wailing
Clang to my mother,
Who wiped my tears
With a corner of her clout
And gave me an other,
Reprimanding that I should eat
Sitting beside her
While she churned milk;
And I sat in her shade
In the dusty courtyard
Extending my naked legs on the ground
And ate the piece with relish.
Now I am a grown up man,
My mother has passed away
No one is to wipe my tears,
I earn my bread
The crows still dive to snatch the pieces,
But now they do not caw on the walls,
Or in the trees or on the roofs.
But they sit either on a throne,
In the assembly or senate halls
Or chambers of commerce
Or live in the societies of defence.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Solar System

It is a verdict of the scientists,
Thousands of years ago,
Who knows since when
The earth had been a part of the sun,
Then all of sudden it happened so
Time dissected her from her own origin,
And let it go
Into the vast space of loneliness,
But from the core recesses of the earth
Love and loyalty awoke
She maintained a link while being at a distance,
Established her relation to her own existence,
She attributed to the orbit
The commotion of day and night
Same like
I attribute to you my love, my sight.

Written by Shazia Akbar Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Son

Out of the heap of smoldering ashes,
An old woman with the moisty lashes,
Making furrows long she did search,
The burnt bones: the victims of clashes.

Bursting into tears she did place,
Them upon her eyes and embrace,
Burning herself into the melting fire,
The wretch mother in vain did trace.

She did weep, groan and moan,
That she remained behind all alone,
Suppressing sighs, placed upon eyes,
Thinking, it might be her son's bone.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Sons Owe A Lot

The trickling fountains of the land,
Douse thirst of parched throats,
The waterfalls sing the melodies,
The deep forests shelter
Stretching overhead the canopy of shadows
On the journey through the sweltering times.
The spheres provide with fresh airs to inhale,
And the plains lay a grassy carpet under our feet.

Now I am haunted by fears,
Numerous grimy stained hands are stretching,
And evil eyes are gazing at you my motherland;
Now you claim something precious,
More precious than the ordinary sacrifices,
And we being hapless have joined our hands
With aliens' forgetting all your nourishments,
We received from the treasure of your chest,
Just like disloyal sons who turn their eyes away
From the aged mother.
I too am one of them, helpless feeble and weak,
Though no one heeds my cries yet I shall shout,
To remind them all that the land whereupon we are born,
Is the mother and the sons owe a lot
To defend her every inch,
Even with the last reserved dropp of blood.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Spectacle Of Death

On the burning sand of the desert,
A spectacle of the race of camels
Has become an entertainment.
The camels of rare genus will run
According to will of the owners,
And after that the decision of their fate,
In the form of death or life
Will be made with their triumph or trounce;
But the babies that hang down
The necks of the camels are pretty ones,
Their cries will infuse speediness
In the feet of the camels, and on the way
They will sleep in the mouth of death.

The people who sleep in the air conditioned rooms,
In the burning sand of the desert,
That underneath the soil have the wealth of oil,
Those who are owners of the mines of gold,
And isles that flicker
Like stars in the Arabian Desert,
They will applaud the camels,
Intoxicated, on their speediness.
On the other hand, they will wait for the cords
To be cut, from necks of the camels,
Just a little below from the sky,
But no one knows for how long hungry vultures,
Have been hovering over, waiting to relish
The human flesh of the innocent infants.

Written by Ronaq Hayyat
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Speed

To exaggerate is not the work of man,
I tell you fact, neither more or less
What incredible feelingly I did behold,
When my ethereal self was returning,
From the journey long, during the flight
Rested a while in front of a mansion,
Entered straight into it and saw,
The secret diligent hands busy at work,
The young servants unaware of indolence,
Preparing the records on the scrolls.

In the very spacious hall was a heap
Of books with crippled pages, brown and old,
As the rains had spoiled them all.
Took then I a few to read the lines,
But the ancient words made them mysterious,
And I could not make out a word single.

Then one who seemed to be the master of house,
Looked with displeasure, I put them down;
And finding no reverence I came out of the door.
Then looked I to the sky and wondering beheld,
A huge sun emitting glaring radiance,
Washing the blue of those cosmic spheres.

Then curiosity raised a question in the mind,
And I prayed to God to resolve the mystery,
"What is the speed of ethereal self? "

While looking up a downward jerk I felt,
The huge radiant sun became a star,
Like a little dot that shines at night,
With remote thin dying gleam of glow.

Another sudden jolt swayed me down again,
Place me beneath on the strange landing,
Wherefrom I found the distant star vanished.
It was an answer to my unabating doubts,
"The distances beams travel in the years,

The fueled souls leap in a span very short."

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Muhammad Shanazar

The Sport-Rabbits

When avarice, greed and cupidity,
Sleepingly work in the hearts of the members,
Of the family living in the system combined,
They bring out axes, daggers and clubs wooden,
And rate blood: the red substance very cheap.

I recall one of the hurts my mother sustained,
It was the moon-night: the last eve of the fasting month,
The month of patience, tolerance and tongue controls,
When Man nears himself God: the creator,
And is revealed the secrets of the entire scheme.

The village folk stood on brims of the roofs,
All were gazing to the west with thrilled looks,
To welcome the Eid crescent: the harbinger of pleasures,
My dreadful uncle started bickering with my mother,
That assumed the form of uproarious quarrel.
The incensed uncle pulled out rough acacian club,
Advanced unjustified to assault the exhausted woman,
Who scuttled for her life but the chaser had legs long,
And began to batter with violent aggressive blows,
The helpless woman shrieked, made calls for help,
But no one rescued from the hands of wangling champion,
And soon she lay there in the middle of courtyard,
With the injured head and broken leg, all over bleeding,
The whole yard was sprinkled with the drops of blood,
The spot where her head placed retained a big pool,
Of the red substance: ever worthless in the human history.

The callous neighbouring women of the village gathered,
A few cursed the deed, but many amused themselves,
With the spectacle and might have derived pleasure too,
I stood stunned beside my bleeding injured mother.
She remained on the bed for the months six,
No supporting agent of the law came to assure justice.

In the days of winter at noons while she lay in the sun,
I played with my small friends and ran around her bed,
And often I helped her in turning the side when it pained,

Once I stood beside her bed with the thumb in my mouth,
She cryingly said,
"We have been sent in the world of monsters,
Where the mighty prey upon the weak fearing no law",
Now when I stand on the brim of grave, it is realised,
It is true; it is true, undoubtedly it is true.
The potent individual preys upon the weak men,
The fierce families make the poor their victims,
And the atrocious nations make the feeble their sport-rabbits.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Spring Of 2011

Springs come and go,
On times in the cycle,
This years again it has come,
But I sense the stench,
Mixed in the breeze,
Of floating bloating bodies,
Coming from
The coastal line of Japan,
I hear too, muffled cries
And sobbing sounds,
Of the grieved hearts,
And exploding reactor,
I expect too, acid rains
On the newly born shoots
Leaves and petals:
The debris of aftermath.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Suspended Moon

The Moon has suspended,
In the sky, as memories
Suspend in silences,
Breaths in the memories,
And affairs of the previous day
In breaths.

Where to scamper these winds,
Like heirless children,
Nothing will happen
Though Moon is conquered,
Neither the sky will un-catch
The ring of moon,
Nor the moon will depart
From the patio of sky.

It is indispensable for the moon
To remain lurking in the sky,
Perhaps the sky is helpless too.
As we are the need of each other,
In the same house,
Living under the same roof,
Sharing the same bed,
Counting breaths of each other,
No moment we lived together,
No dream we dreamt together.

Bed-sheets do not retain
Mixed smell of our bodies,
Nor they retain sweet smell
Of breaths of each other,
Every day and every moment,
We just beheld beauty of the eyes.

This evening will vanish away
Like earlier ones,
Silent,
Panting,
Frozen and

Depressed.
We shall remain suspended,
Becoming the need of each other,
Silent, tongue-tied, while seeing
Through the half opened window,
The Moon suspended in the sky.

Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Suspended Mountain

He who makes understands the scheme well,
The working riddles and amazing mysteries,
But the observers become stunned, tongue-tied,
On finding all rules of wisdom suspended.

Wanderlust led me to the ground of wonder,
Where placed I was a slight afar,
Out of the simple scattered houses,
Built on the uneven hard land of pebbles.
A huge mountain suspended in the air,
Above those silent serene dwellings,
Perplexed me and my sense of logic.

The bulky phenomenon stood above,
Unpropped or without supporting pillars,
In the space not more than miles two;
Seemed all shining, dignified dark grey,
Composed of a single rising rock.
The ceiling plain, the front glimmering rough,
Glistened, reflected dim light to the west;
With no vegetation, trees and swaying tufts.
Elegant peaks rose higher than Himalayan's,
Invincible, too precipitous to be climbed.

Strolled I and roved about the town,
Fearing lest the lurking object should fall.
On the way I found a few men in the street,
Declined I the offer unknowingly of the two,
Then turned aside and found an old sage,
Mild, gentle with bearings of a saint,
Distributing the passes to each passerby,
Bestowed he me one on which, "Muhammad",
The most sacred name was inscribed.

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Muhammad Shanazar

The Tale Of Valour

Wars haunt me even in my sleep,
I dreamt a dream, but an event of reality,
Humanity might have gone through in the past,
Or may go through in the years of future,
With a similar situations and large losses.

It seemed as if I was placed,
Into some ancient world and remote times,
We all were leaving a bustling town,
On both of the sides there stood
Kids and women of all ages,
Not a single one was mollified,
I saw tears rolling down form
The fair faces while bidding us farewell.
They all were hapless, depressed
And dismayed as if they had seen
An encroaching doom creeping like a snake.

We all men of war were on the backs of steeds,
All wore armours, visors, shields on the backs,
Swords on the sides, heads stuffed with pride,
Some held lances with points upwards.
A band of men beat drums thrilling hearts,
The steeds went on with rhythmic beats
As if some invisible force pushed, pressed
Them ahead against their own intent.

A storm of dust rose into the air
As if some steam engine raised
While passing through a desert
In the month of scorching June.
Everyone felt himself a groom of war
As I did feel, some veterans
Were engrossed bent on the backs
As if being led to the battlefield
Not for any noble cause, but propelled
By the fear of hunger, or to please the master,
Many thrilled men walked along on foot,
We were in thousands though not in millions,

I too was one of those who led
An ancient battalion of warriors.

We reached a valley of a shingled ground,
And confronted a multitude not less than our own,
In number, strength and gadgets of blood,
They were thrilled too, they wavered their weapons.
I was assigned by the commander,
Only to hold up the flag on the top of a mound,
Then both of the armies leapt on each other,
I did not know the cause to fight,
They fought and fought with swords and lances,
Though shields, swords and armours they had
Yet could not save chests and bodies.
There was hue and cry, men fell here,
Men fell there, men fell everywhere,
Like leaves in harsh wind of December.
Wounds ridden were the grooms of war,
Red substance spilled and dripped
From the sharp edges of swords
And points of lances, clatter of weapons
Subdued by and by and at the end
There prevailed hush silence.

I still sat on the mound holding the flag up,
The sky became grim, rigorous wind began to blow,
My steed was thrilled as if it wished
To test its mettle, I rode it and halted
Amid the carcasses, I heard no cry of pain,
No breathing, palpitating hearts became
Hushed in the chests, soon scavenger
Beasts began to bawl and birds winged
Impatiently over the food to be served.

Being a survivor again I rode the steed,
Hasten to the town with loathsome heart,
I found only ashes, and remains of fire,
I pondered over the plight gruesomely
Who made silent the town in our absence.
The steed I rode ran at gallop, I fell apart
As it tumbled, the flag fell asunder too,
I picked, I dusted and hoisted it up again

I sat injured; got my legs hurt, body bruised,
But I held the flag up, beside me stood my steed,
Sometimes neighed lifting its head upwards
And sometimes merely it whiffed the ground,
I waited for a long time to share the experience
How I went with drumbeats, how I returned alone.
I moved laming with the flag up in the air,
Amid the wreckage and scattered contents.
No one was behind to listen to the tale of valour,
Except me, my steed and fluttering flag,
And silences prevailed over the massive ruin.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Time Train

Moves and moves on the Time Train,
In the sun, storm and torrential rain;
Goes on all the time hooting, wailing,
With measured speed bogies trailing.
Some ascend while the others descend,
Who knows where a passenger is to rend.

Those who descend are heartily kissed,
Those who ascend are painfully missed;
The silent watering surging hazy eyes,
Say the departing partners good byes.
Bothers not the indifferent Time Train,
Whether one departs or meets again;
It goes on all the time hooting wailing,
With measured speed bogies trailing.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Trade Of Loss

Had there been
Any day eventful,
And the evening
With the journey long,
And I would loose myself
In the thick forest,
To find the route again
Consume the span of years;
Then I would feel pricking
Of the disgruntled desire,
And feel stifling close,
If the air
Would become annoyed.

Had there been
An ocean of troubles,
And with the desire
To swim across,
I would loose several ages.
These all bits and pieces
Are at hand,
But I am not the being
That I must have been.
I know not
Where will drown me,
My passive thoughts.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Truth

Bullets, bombs,
Missiles, rockets and stingers,
Though they are speedy,
Yet they cannot obliterate life,
Unless life against Herself
Places them on Her own shoulders.

Written By Dr. Anwaar Ahmed Ejaz
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Truth Lies Prostrate

O! God descend from the heights,
To console my restless heart in the chest,
I have to swim across the Mediterranean,
Infuse courage into my flesh and bones,
I am resolute to uproot each shade-less tree.
Christ again has mounted the stake,
Now remove burdens from the graves,
The world has become a place of agony,
For here was shed blood of the Innocent.

O! God pour down the rain of peace,
I urge to see the crop green, swaying in the farm,
The world is a place where the Truth lies
Prostrate on the ground, descend to prop,
Make It stand straight to face the odds.

Written By Sabina Riffat

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Valiant

The valiant advance ahead with grace,
Prefer the death of honour to disgrace,
And they beautify the pages of history,
When waves of tyranny run and race.

Muhammad Shanazar

The Village Of Deceptions

The world O! Friend,
Is a village of deceptions,
No deference is observed
Behind the pardas.
This is the place where we meet
Losses but not the truth.

O! Friend speak caring least
The difference of 'I' and 'You',
Here marital pleasures
Of all are robbed off.
Do not press your tongue,
Between the teeth, for your silence
Holds a storm in it.
The world in itself without you,
Is nothing, proclaim aloud
That it has severed you
Only with the fever of love.

Written By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Wall Of Sand

If it falls,
Let it fall hundreds of times,
It is useless
To make him understand,
For he shall make the wall of sand.

Sand- made is my home,
The rain is obstinate too,
It seems as if,
This will work a wonder at last.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Winds

The winds of each ending year,
Scatter the string of glassy hopes,
The next refreshes my courage, faith,
Invites to walk on suspended ropes.

Muhammad Shanazar

The World

The world is an apt wide moving market,
Around a huge enormous shining globe,
That makes the trade smooth and plain,
Brightens its stalls, shops and taverns,
Casting dark shades on the opposite zones.

Whereas we all men and women,
Are either sellers or customers.
Who often forget the route of return.
In the mazy perplexing streets,
Crowded with men and women of commerce,
Whose rash overhasty movements,
Result in collisions wounding one another,
Bleed, sweat along the busy streets,
The indifferent passers pass by callously,
Jeering at the blood welling out.

All trifles sell on the rates high,
But it is pity how cheap is man's life,
Character, honour the precious items,
Despite knowing that gold and wealth,
Cannot be taken to the native home,
How bravely we bargain to purchase!

By building, furnishing the mansions high,
We think them to be the real commodities,
The prime objectives we are born for.
But soon it proves a conceit base.

Youth time is the best period of trade,
Then real sunless course certainly begins,
After the lights go out, blinding us all,
Man enters in creeping, goes out riding,
Sleeping, supine upon the shoulders,
With empty hands, close eyes, silent tongue,
Amid the moaning hearts, cascading eyes.

Those who merchandize, gold and riches,
Instead of bargaining the acts of charity,

Repent but too late, they find the alley dark,
Growing more doleful as they advance,
Tormenting fear always increases evermore.
Only the good deeds done to humanity,
Coated with patience, love and faith,
Become the road lights and bronze torches,
Leading to highway mounting to heaven,
The zones of felicity and permanence.

Muhammad Shanazar

The World Lacks Patience

My world burns,
Its cities, towns and villages,
Plains, valleys and hills,
And the tops of mountains,
Smoke and smoulder.

No one knows whether he will return safe,
When he leaves his abode.
The mosques, the temples and the churches:
The sacred places of prayers are no more secure.

Whom we obey and whom we represent?
We have confounded the affairs,
The eyes are blurred with the mist of rashness,
We act but with the muffled hearts,
Baffled minds and hazy eyes.

Assuming we are right, others are wrong,
We have bungled to the humanity
The windows of our hearts,
And plugged the porches of ears.

We are moving farther and farther,
From one another, the gaps are widening,
Among hearts and among minds.
Ah! The distances are becoming immense.

We have launched a vain expedition
Against terrorism, but with out defining the term,
Its limits and boundaries,
Only to kill them whose noses we like not.

If one smashes my house,
Obliterating all the members of my family,
And I have no door to knock at for justice;
What should I do?
Why should not I make a bomb of myself?

Why should not I fasten
Explosives to contest the violent hands?
And this is being done in the world.

Though street, roads and parks are splattered with blood,
Human shreds are seen scattered,
And spectacles are too horrible to see,
Yet there is no terrorism.

All that we see is a reaction of our ferocious deeds,
In case we intend to impede the reaction,
We must stop the action.
To crush force by using force is an aged method,
Now for the sake of humanity discard the old measures
Deepening the roots of violence,
For since beginning mankind becoming
Fuel of the devastative devices, has suffered a lot;
Just once apply the appliance of love
To resolve the threatening issues.

One who seeds the bushes must be prepared to taste
The pang of pricking;
And one who plants roses might cherish himself
With enthralling colours and sweet perfume.
If one slaps me on the face,
He must be prepared to have two on both of the cheeks,
But patience is the best route to move ahead,
And the world lacks patience.

Muhammad Shanazar

The World Sinking Into Blood

There had been times,
When possibilities of the dawn emerged
In my world,
Life awoke from the slumber,
It seemed as if spring appeared in
The glade of my existence;
All were on the way to the mosques for prayers,
All around echoed
The announcements of the grandeur of God.
It seemed as if God himself came down
Upon the trees in the form of dew,
Bulbs on the poles began to put out by themselves,
The morn entered into the lanes with fresh hopes,
And whiteness of doves spread over in the sky.

The kids were stepping to schools,
The school bells by themselves jingled,
As if life sang a melody of love.
All went to the places of work,
The assiduous hand by itself was dignity,
Else the hell of belly
Would have discarded us from the Eden.

It is an old tradition to strive till morning
And then again till evening is as hard as to dig out
A mountain for an aqueduct of milk,
We grew more thankful to God Almighty.
In my world of love there had been celebrations
Of science, art and literature
For thousands of years, in the sleeping chambers
Bells of loyalty used to jingle;
All sang every day the same soul stirring song
Of life, on the same tone and the same rhythm,
So life attained shine and flow of continuity.

Then all of sudden it happened
In my rosy world of clours,
An atmosphere of depression invaded on the walls,
Patios and porches;

And death collided again the dream of life,
Since then, till today it has become a routine.
The lamps of life are blown out as soon as the night
Falls, and each event is attributed to the rotation
Of days and nights.
The winds are atrocious in such a way as
They have blown out, one by one, all of my lamps,
And my mind has befuddled
On the route of radiance.
We don't have any complaint against the breeze
When the gale has begun to blow,
All possibilities of understandings have vanished
From the brain, all lamps of life
Have been blown out on the walls,
In patios and porches.
Today, all around is splattered the blood of desires,
And the sacred substance of human streams
In each nook and corner.
Now who wishes for whom,
And who urges for whom,
The caravan of life at each step is being robbed of,
And weeps like a peahen while looking at her feet,
It is just passing on like the life of a money lender.
Again somewhere a bullet went off
And someone has been killed,
Again some explosion claimed several lamps of life,
But the killers will not be traced.
All of sudden TV stopped on "Breaking News"
Lips of the news reader dried up,
The azans have clogged when a bomb exploded
In the mosque,
What kind of turban of prestige it is,
What kind of comfort of understanding it is,
How life should escape from the adversities.
The smoke of science and philosophy
Rises from the library,
As if the sun of life of someone again has doused,
The wind of pain again has settled all around.
Thorns and thistles have drunk the blood of
Fragrant flowers, again the light got buried
Under the debris of negritude, again
Some moon waned, again some sun set down.

One body has been buried;
The second funeral is being lead to the graveyard,
Again from some home
What kind of noise arose all of sudden,
All songs of life have changed into elegies,
I think someone's brothers have gone
Into the lap of death.
The pulses sink, the heart sets down.
O! My God make me understand
Why the heart is restless though
I praise you reiterating Your Great Attribute,
All flowers have faded;
There is fire in the lawns and lanes,
From this end to the farther one,
Only one spectacle prevails,
Aorta of each flower in under the dagger of death,
The vultures hover in the sky in the place of doves,
The light of the moon of time has faded,
And the crows have drunk
All luminosity of the sea of light.
On the highway of life there rules death,
All around is overspread lunacy of the vehicles,
No one knows whose tyres have drunk blood
Of how many human beings.
All around is extended
The scorching sunshine of indifference,
Pulsations of all hearts are in the dale of death,
We don't know whose treasure of delights
Is hidden in our perdition.
O Friend! Now life is the rhyme of that ghazal,
Which has been devoured at last
By the cruel rhythm of "Peace".
Think awhile what lessen imparts
The divine religion, dead bodies
And blood are scattered, splattered all around,
Seeing the spectacles my eyes have become stones.
Lo! Monsters occupy the shoulders of Iblis,
I hear the hooting of ambulances from all around,
The pulses of melodies being sung,
Sink into the roar.
Ah! Again today several will lie in their graves,
The politics of compromises have taught us

A lesson very strange that is why
The police hide while they see the slayers.
The utter dark has snatched our light,
We were quite unacquainted with
Such ways to be ruled as these are.
The sovereigns have least knowledge
Of the killing hands, their eyes contain nothing
Except the contents of sludge.
The rite of carnage is in the vogue everywhere,
The unit of spies is now of the opinion,
"It is impossible to locate the killers".
The rulers are inefficient,
They rule but without brains.
The police have to entrust the task to the spy dogs,
So that they should fetch gloves of the killers,
And a few lost fictitious contents too,
They should find from somewhere
A head of some suicide-bomber,
Or some clues of the killers to found
The basis of investigation.
The blood of human being says lamenting,
"This is the world where as soon as
The sun sets every day,
Iblis dances under the flag of evils".

Written by Ronaq Hayyat

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The Younger Brother Of Miss. Covet

I make Her sing, I make Her dance,
Dance ball and ballet with high feet,
I make Her sell the elegance of Her being,
I make Her allow others touch,
Her soft sacred treasure,
I make Her allow others mix
Impurity into pure chaste existence,
Play with Her like a toy,
I make Her do the whole thing,
Hateful and disgusting,
For I am Mr. Gold,
The younger brother of Miss. Covet.

Muhammad Shanazar

Then Rule The World

O! White-men armoured from top to toe,
You are uniformed like perturbed ghosts,
With helmets, visors and gasmasks,
Loaded with launchers, guns and grenades,
And other items of explosives.

You are bent upon to eliminate us all,
You believe you are purging the scheme,
So you came from the other pole of the world.
Why do you desire our skins be like yours?
Why do wish our features should resemble yours?
You are bent upon to raze
Beards and moustaches from our faces:
Ornaments of the countenance.
You wish to see us all in dressless from,
Breaking all limits that discriminate
Among Man, mammals, reptiles and fierce animals.
You think our thoughts should harmonize yours,
You have brought civilizations on the tracks
Of conflicts, and on the verge of holocaust.

Here the Sun shines, there clouds swathe the pole,
Here warm winds blow, there cold gusts haul snow,
God dwells here, God dwells there,
You are bent upon to extinguish His colours,
Let us live in our own world, poke not noses everywhere,
Meddle not matters of the universal law,
If your are earnest, employ the weapons f love,
Instead of the devices of explosives, guns and grenades,
Feed the hungry, bandage injuries the wounded
First conquer the hearts, then rule the world.

Muhammad Shanazar

Then There Is A Gang Of Non Believers

Earth isn't thirsty,
Earth is never this thirsty,
But those who register,
Small pieces of land in their names
At patwar offices
Are filled with thirst
Even with the blood of their own.
On the chessboard of kingdoms, pawns, bishops,
Knights, kings and queens are pitted against each other
With their own hands
And then the blood spills.
When the earth licks blood spilt over its chest,
It then feels thirsty
And then thirst craves for water.
The sky in pain cries and thunders,
Snow on high peaks wail inside and fall
Into the rivers,
Rivers overflow like the curse of gods
Then we have floods.
Time and history are a testament to
Drowning nations.
But whose non believers are we,
Do we not believe in God and recite kalima
Then why floods engulf us.
Then there is a gang of non believers amongst us.

Written by Ayub Khawar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

There Exists Someone Around

Written By Sughra Sadaf

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

There is someone around,
As hard as a rock,
But invisible as wind;
I can neither see Him nor hold,
Nor He has any shadow.
Sometime He seems like a dark cloud,
That often surrounds my entity,
And supports my hand
By not letting them down,
Someone props when I uplift
Them for a prayer.

Muhammad Shanazar

There Had Been Such A House

There had been such a house
Among other ones,
Where loneliness sipped me drop by drop,
We used to spend our dark nights
In the burning dream like lanterns
And cumbersome days
Suffocated and hefty like mountains,
Cast them in the lap of evening,
Everyday,
Dreams of good times,
Sometimes entered into without any knock at the heart,
And we put down lashes upon the drowsy eyes,
And were scared,
Even of the soft rustles of wind.

From the door of the house,
Stretched to the bend of street
The heart breaking silence,
Mud-coated faces,
Desires like departed barks of the trees,
Eyes wrapped in the blanket of seclusion,
Surrounded by scorching sunlight of noon,
These were the assets of life,
But a dream made the heart and sight co-disposed,
Who regarded whom, to be the companion,
We just felt everything was well acquainted

Your conversing eyes,
Redness of my name in the tips of your fingers,
Bouquets of roses and cestrum,
Everything seemed to me my own.
Then I reached your eyes
Flowing in the flow of the tale,
From your eyes to my morns
There was nothing
But the scent of the flowers,
Amid them was the world of my dreams,
And in this world
Breathed the time of your love

Loitering alone in the streets of bygone age,
Time doesn't stand by someone forever,
It is shrewd like a money-grubber,
It changes possibilities into impossibilities
And impossibilities into possibilities,
It breaks brimming bowls of grief-stricken eyes.

Who knew
How many times I wished
To be festooned into your eyes like kajal
But now I think,
It was sufficient for me,
A whim-like reality,
And the scent of a few flowers

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Think Awhile

What kind of this discourse is of acrimonious moments, On one side I and on the other you,
In between is a mound of ice,
In the spectacle of aloofness
Nothing but a pang of separation.
The sounds of moments shatter,
Striking against the mound of ice.
Leave it,
Who knows this unjustified remoteness
Becoming a prayer of someone eyes,
May enter into body and soul like an iceberg
Just think for a while,
That in the lonely sights of this awful aloofness
Who is remembered more by whom
Think for a while!

Written by Ayub Khawar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

This Exhausted Day

This exhausted day
Passed away for nothing,
Evening on the sleeves of moments,
Has been mending patches
Of light of the night.
Gloomy wind sobbingly,
Has slept long ago at doorsteps
Of my house,
The moonlight caressing
The windows has went back
To her abode since long.

I seek in dusk footprints
Of journey of the past, in the sky,
I seek the lost caravans of the stars.

Now sometime after,
Sleep will titillate me gently,
And stealthily with her soft hands
Will open any page,
Of the close diary lying on the table,
On which I might have written
In my harrowed thoughts
An account of my nights,
And forsaken old affairs.

Then in the later moments
After a long time, the wind will wake
Me mildly and another day will come
On doorsteps of my house.

Whatever was published in the paper
The same might have been reprinted,
The blood that was shed yesterday
Might have congealed on consciences.

Who knows what punishment will bring
The laws of this fresh day,
Who know how many dead bodies

Will carry the shoulders of tomorrow,
Today will too pass away like yesterday,
Exhausted and wounds-ridden
Will vanish in the arms of darkness
Of the night and will sit there wrapping
Himself in the blanket of silences.

Muhammad Shanazar

This Exhausted Moon

This exhausted moon
Is the dream of someone's eyes,
Those eyes which have been penalized
For being awake.
This moon is agony,
The agony which mixed into dust
In no time, the rosy moments.
This Moon is a response
Of such a question as it never
Has emerged in the mind
Of anyone even by now.
This moon is a chapter
Of some pain, of some union,
Of some separation;
If you confront him ever
Ask the exhausted moon,
Seek a reply from him,
Who caused him soreness
Who awoke him from the slumber."

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Thoughts Descend

Thoughts descend,
They come down
From the world unexplored;
In the forms of waves,
Purple, pink or black
Or winged birds:
Twittering sparrows,
Cooing doves or pigeons,
Or singing nightingales,
And sometimes they fall
Like stones hurling down.
Thoughts that soar near are captured
By the minds,
Some are spoken, some are penned
And become the record,
While the un-captured return behind
To the origin.
Innocent plain minds
Capture magnificent thoughts,
But the murky minds magnetize
Sable ones wherefrom sprout
The boughs of violence and odium
That transform the world
Into a place of turmoil.

Muhammad Shanazar

Three Graves

Early in the morn, into the ooze
There lay three sacks;
All tied tight with thin cords of polythene.
The sacks were muddy, blood seeped out
Through the fiber of jute.
Around them were pools of blood,
Mingling into the oozy contents,
The men, women and children went
And came by unheeded as nothing happened.

At last men of law came in uniforms
In haste with a hooting ambulance,
And they loaded the stained sacks,
Rushed towards the police station,
And placed them into a room in the basement.
The sacks contained mutilated bodies,
Minced hands and heads, brains and bellies,
Of a sister and two brothers, they were murdered
For no guilt but for being innocent.

No one claimed them their own,
And they buried them as heirless,
Into the remote graveyard of municipality.
No one is to attend their graves
Now they sleep side by side uninterrupted,
When the sun shines their white epitaphs
Shine too with the inscriptions,
'Unity, Faith and Discipline: ' the divine principles.

Muhammad Shanazar

Three Suns

The sooty hands guide to the black lands,
Where eyed and uneyed do become equal,
And the victims swell priding upon blindness.
How should I praise the Laudable Lord,
Who made me explore the worlds distant,
Where wisdom willingly weeps but love leaps,
When finds opened amazing truths ahead.

Standing at the base of a mountain high,
Saw I the erect tops kissing the skies
That cast thick shade extending to the west;
Grey rocks were bare yet vegetated it was,
With the tall trees and grass green.

Neither hot nor cold was the climate,
As we feel in the month of March,
In the plain of five flowing waters,
Freshening minds of the depressed souls,
After awakening from the trance of winter.

In front to the west scene enchanted me well,
The tops were clad with the forest dense,
As the northern peaks wear green covering,
The idle clouds floated with the slow move,
Some dark, some were like flakes of cotton,
Still un-ravished by the touch filthy hands,
As monsoon winds drift in the month of August;
Passed through being fondled with the gentle waft,
Some clang still against the rising tops,
Seemed whispering the secret brought from
The world above, high up, to impart.

Stunned was I to find the seasons four
Of Indian plains, blended into one great,
Behind the mountain then found uprising lights,
Glares reflected on the rim-like crest.
Curiosity made me run, and in haste I ran,
To see the brightening source of radiance,
Mounted I in front on the vantage top,

And saw the sight that suspended my wisdom frail.

Ah! Easy is it to speak but hard is to imagine,
Three suns were ascending with perceptible move,
In row, of equal size and brightening blaze,
Much bigger, brighter than the Sun of the Earth,
That shines in the Asian skies in June,
The outer rims were almost touching one another.

Below then I found a crowd of men,
Some sat on cots; some were entertaining the guests,
One escorted me to have my own share,
Then I return to the sweet-fake world of assumed reality,
The next morn ah! I learnt a thing woeful,
My Master, my Guide, the Source of sight,
Departed to the zone of eternity leaving behind,
Three sons to spread around the light of faith.

Muhammad Shanazar

Thumping Sounds

Youth time dream like slipped away,
Sweet scented memories still lay,
In my mind, of childhood, of innocence.

My mother took me to the winding stream,
A slight far from the village,
To wash bed-sheets, clothes and clouts,
On the sloppy gray rocks.

Her work continued till evening,
In silence before the sun set,
Thumping sounds,
Mixed with the hooting of distant train,
Produced magical effects on the mind.
When I played on the sand,
And waded into cold clear water.

Muhammad Shanazar

Time

Time is the ultimate healer,
Of wounds deep and grievous,
Soaks the tears to bring them afresh,
A thing mazy round, braided coiled,
Without beginning or an end.

An incredible huge cycling wheel,
To which small cabins are fastened,
With the thin brittle rope of fate,
Moves on without rest or break,
Waits for none when is left behind.

Who knows when the cord breaks,
And who comes toppling down;
But it is painful to see one detached,
Hurling down deep headlong,
From the culminating heights.

It is invisible, always shocks man,
It has secret hands to fight back,
Undermines the cunning plans,
Only can be conquered with the deeds good.

A book wherein sketches are drawn and erased,
Its days, nights, months and years,
Are pages and chapters of rise and fall.
What it is? Beyond the mortal mind,
I keep silence so ask you to obey,
Lest we should confound it in confusion,
With Omnipotent entity of God.

Muhammad Shanazar

Time And Space

Time and Space existed
Before the First Creation,
Before the First Cause,
And the First Consequence,
Of The Divine Thought,
At the Dark Night of Nothingness,
When only silences prevailed,
So these are not a Creation,
If not a creation then Creator,
The First and the Last,
The Innermost and the Outermost:
The Being that stretched
Beyond limits of the man-made
Figures and standards
Billions, trillions or zillions.
These are the two Facets
Of the same Thought,
Of The same Being: The Creator,
The First and the Last,
The Innermost and the Outermost,
The Final Reality of the Universe,
And the Reality beyond the Cosmos.

Muhammad Shanazar

Time Will Warble

The streets beckon me,
Display me the same sights,
The heads bent on the sills,
The same motionless puppets,
And sewn lips, hand like stones,
Someone calls me aloud,
Now from the earth... then from the sky,
He is sitting somewhere inside,
Gestures of whose eyebrows,
Will change the sights,
Will redirect gusts of the gale,
Will amputate hands of the slayers,
The dark night will weep and wail,
Radiant day will smile,
That moment will spread,
Time will warble,
In you and in me too if you acclaim.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

To The Banyan Tree

“Oh! Overshadowing, evergreen Banyan,
Where have gone my vivacious playmates,
Who climbed up your reverend shoulders,
Clambered down by lowering, lurking roots?
And while playing they the run-and-catch,
Did hide themselves in the leafy boughs,
Mimicked the cuckoo in voice and tone.”

“Oh! Where have gone the contestants?
Playing cards sitting in the circles,
Patting hard upon the cards thrown,
Challenged with hope to win the game,
Pleasure they had, is unknown to the kings,
On the conquest of the distant continent,
Possessing oil-fields, fertile watery plains.”

“Oh! Where have gone the colourful damsels,
That swung ere the moon-soon winds blew,
Behind their necks fluttering Anchals¹ flew,
Like the wings of hovering butterflies?
My eyes moved with the oscillating sight,
Now dashing down, now rising to the height;
With wonder I stood aside to understand,
They were nymphs or the earth pertained? ”

“Oh! Your pensive thoughts have maddened me,
Why they broke the bonds, confounds me,
That ten-generation devotedly strengthened.
Though white blood runs into my old veins,
And do not have the human breathing heart,
Yet I weep and miss them more and more,
The tickling tiny feet might have grown old,
Or they might have cherished love for gold,
Or might have they found the cooler shades.”

“Since long no one plays the run-and-catch,
No one titillates my crude hard shoulders,
No longer I hear laughter of the real conquest.
No colourful damsel plies with my aged arms,

No ploughman comes staggering to have rest,
Snorts deep while the wind blows to the West.”

Muhammad Shanazar

To The Bees

O! Little Bees,
You are regarded,
The little flying insects,
Devoid of common sense,
And guiding wisdom.
But I see vividly,
The hidden secrets
Of harmonious life.

All the time harnessed,
To the work assigned,
Some are employed to fetch,
The essence of perfumed flowers,
And some defend the hive,
Raiding upon the intruders,
While the others breed the young,
To enlarge the kingdom.

All selfless, sincere and loyal,
Compassionate in composing,
The lives of one another.
Unaware to the dispersing scissiors,
Of disgust, hate and malice,
Colour, caste and race.
The queen bee administers,
Equally the whole swarm,
With just laws against disparity,
And punishes the felon at the spot.

O! Little Bees,
You are not anxious,
At being multiplied in numbers,
As each possesses,
Wings, mind and mouth,
Testifies fate and chance,
And believes in the world of God,
Is not too narrow to sustain.

You have the joy of life combined,

Your harmonious faith and discipline,
And sweet produce are nourishing,
To both depraved body and soul.

Remedy of the deep wounds,
And distress of humanity,
Caused by ferocious rivals,
Anarchy, disputes and carnage,
Lies only in the decent modes,
Of the bees, the little flying insects,
Devoid of common sense,
And guiding wisdom.

Muhammad Shanazar

To The Departing Daughter

Making the house, the yard, the streets desolate,
To depart is the daughter's perennial fate,
May upon your head overshadow benedictions,
To shield you against sufferings, thorns of hate,
And always taste you sweet fragrant pleasures,
The loosened tears become roses, soon or late.

Muhammad Shanazar

To The Eid Crescent

(1)

Oh, Crescent!
Be blessed with the moments pleasant,
May flourish you ahead on the path.

Oh, Crescent!
Glow on their tents,
Who move trench to trench,
Since ages afar from the dear ones;
Dive into their hearts,
Who pant in the narrow cells of hospitals;
Bless them with tidings,
Who in the hope to be released,
Suffer the pangs of their innocence.
Dwell in the eyes of a damsel,
Who suffers ceaseless infliction
Of parting pangs;
For the season of courting pleasures.

Oh, Crescent!
Shine on those shelves,
Where upon the toys declining
The reach of innocent hands pant for life.

Oh, Crescent!
Seed the dreams of tomorrow
In the sightless eyes,
And wash with your own beams,
The sheets of darkness.
Collect the tears
Of the mothers of the young men,
Who departed to the remote lands.

Oh, Crescent!
See the wounds,
Of Afghanistan, Kashmir and Palestine,
Spread light on the spots,
In Iraq where wailings are all-around,

Glow on those heads and graves,
Who tasted peace, stepping ahead
From life to the region eternity.

Oh, Crescent!
Let there be no wailings at the moon-night,
The earth and the sky may sleep well,
And complain not against Man.
Dive into my words, agony and mirror of heart,

Oh; Crescent!
Garland roses and petals;
Again weave afresh the fabric of dreams.

(2)

Oh, Crescent!
These skyscrapers of the capital,
The cages of humanity are indifferent,
To the rise and ornaments of the moon-light,
Unfamiliar are to you, the sky kissing,
New York, London, Geneva and Paris.
Shower your light,
Where smelly explosives singed,
The rosy cheeks of children;
Shine where breasts of mothers,
For the miracle of milk drops,
Look to the firmament,
Where the warring valiants go ahead thrilling,
On the beat and turn not to see behind,
When they come out of their houses.
How many damsels with pieces of adoration,
Wait for them,
But they are not habitual of retreat disgraceful;
Their eyes surge when gurgle,
The filled pitchers and containers at the wells.

Oh, Crescent!
The Eid has brought all blessings along with,
But brings no one the tidings,
From those who were alive the last year.

Oh, Crescent!
Bestow upon those,
The honour of splendid death whose eyes,
Never surged despite containing tears.

(3)

The bangles jingle,
The bazaars scent the smell of Hina,
And fragrance of Anchals,
Flow in rhythm the laughter,
In shops, in front of stalls and carts.
And some where the damsels,
Being adorned in the mirrors,
And the wrists with the rings,
Cherish the dreams in their eyes;
And somewhere showers of smile,
Flow upon the begging lips.

Oh, Crescent!
How many are the houses,
Of which the lights are extinguished,
And blow ashes from the hearths cold.
Intelligible are the ways of distribution,
Of God Almighty.
How many flowers seek the prints,
Existence of their own,
With shivering extremities;
And some sway belated carrying the toys,
While other watch them with looks astonished.
What complain watery eyes and crusty lips?
Some look to the glossy shoes,
In such a way as if one will blot,
Moist of the shining polish.

Oh, Crescent!
Have you ever seen a waiting eye,
That after your appearance,
Listens to the horn of every vehicle,
Coming from the city as if Jesus listens to

The beating hearts of the patients.
Who is the panting virgin that sings,
A heart- stabbing love song.

Oh, Crescent!
Blessed to you your existence,
But spectrums surround the poet's heart,
Interpret his plight too in front of God,
Who has forsaken his smiles.
And is living for others even today.

(4)

Oh, Crescent!
There had been times when you appeared,
With the echoes of blessed tidings,
And greetings of peace.
When I was a lad, foremost I heard of you,
In the fairy tales of my mother,
And when age grew you spoke in fiction,
Ghazals, panegyrics and poems,
And sometimes in dream the desire,
To touch you waved; extended I my hands;
But boundless agony became my fortune,
That you ever remained out of my reach.
Then Man stepped into your yard,
The moon clay is now in the museums,
The men in the coats neat,
The killers of nature, carrying microscopes,
Are at work in the laboratories,
You are now in the tales no more,
I know not where those ghazals are,
Poems and fiction, in which I touched you.

Oh, Crescent!
On being compelled by immodest nature,
Of Man never migrate as the birds do,
In case your misfortunes increase,
And dust of the earth goes to the last extent,
The poet's heart is the safest refuge;
I will receive you with open heart,

With the waves of desires dancing on blood.

Muhammad Shanazar

To The Shadow Of My Own

I remember you my attendant,
You have been with me since I was born;
I recall the moment when I saw you for the first time,
I was appalled thinking you some small agent
From a fairy-land, all time spying me,
Then I ran and ran to leave you behind
But you ran too as fast as I could,
And I exhausted, out of breath fell into the lap
Of my mother where you were no more.
You all the times in my childhood remained with me,
In front, behind or beside. In the morn and eve
You were stretched in lengthwise
And at noon you shrank like a coiled snake.
In the days when I led cattle to the pasture,
In the evening I measured you with my bare feet,
Sometimes you lengthened more than fifty yards.
In my whole life you have been
Imitating me in my modes and manners,
I walked, you walked too; I stopped, you stopped too;
When I sat, you squatted too;
I assumed no one but you were an inseparable figure,
And so I passed my life in the same belief.
Alas! It was my false faith in you,
Now I am being drawn to the dark cave, utterly murky,
You will vanish like a fair-weather friend,
Leaving me behind all alone,
My deeds either good or bad will replace you.
Adieu! My attendant,
See you again hereafter in the celestial world.

Muhammad Shanazar

Today Is Your Birthday

Today is your birthday.
know what happened years ago?
Resolve the riddle!
engrossed in thoughts?

this earth,

And smiled.

Do you know this secret?

Today is your birthday.

Muhammad Shanazar

Do you
Speak my friend!
Why are you so
Why are you so silent?
Come let me tell you,
Years ago on the very day,
A sun-beam embellished

Transparent Waters

Begin thoughts scrub the surface,
Remove rust, wash the sable spots
Of eyes, of heart and of dark mind;
But the diabolic coat a layer upon a layer,
Impede lights, make us blind,
Though we claim to be the men of wisdom,
Yet we move in the canyon of obscurity.

Standing upon the top of an alien hill,
I beheld a lush green gorge,
Merging with serpentine bends,
Down below into the countless mounds.
All humps rose with moderate heights;
Below to the left on the turn first,
A tall tree with comb like leaves,
And extending branches enchanted my soul.

Upward to the right behind the top,
An ocean of the subtle transparent waters,
With no crease, no ridges or dancing waves,
Extended, stretched beyond the sight,
Like a huge colourless glass affixed,
In the wooden frame lying prostrate.

Looking down through transparent waters,
On the other side I beheld beneath the sky blue,
And walked upon praying, with the body ethereal,
O! God,
"Impede access of Man to those e spheres,
Lest like world they should pollute them too."

Muhammad Shanazar

Travellers

Dreams in the eyes
Are travellers, who
The moment when dawn approaches,
Begin to depart from my eyes,
And get them shed down
One by one in the form of tears,
Questioning me,
"Whom you are grieving for? "

Written by Tariq Iqbal
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

True Kingdom

The wind storm blew,
The green leaves flew,
Creakingly cracked the trees,
They tumbled with blows of the wind,
The turbans were blown away,
From the heads,
The shawls,
Entangled on the acacias' thorns,
And the damsels moved mourning.

Ah! The wind storm blew,
All around the dust flew,
Only the kingdom,
Of the wind is the truth,
And all other is falsehood.

Muhammad Shanazar

Tsunami

From the slumber deep, the Lord Monster awoke,
The subterranean walls, the doors of hovel He broke,
Unleashing the force of mighty muscles, and limbs,
"Intend I to see the world." to the Vice He spoke.

Then yawned and rubbed His eyes and said good bye,
To the assistants sat loathing in the dark hovel nearby,
With the heavy bulky back He up rose like an Iceland,
Pushing water, rather emptying, throwing to the sky.

He came out, and abased in the sea-water knee deep.
Disturbed waters making commotion began to sweep,
The structures of the houses with the dynamic force,
That instantly turned them into rubble, and trash heap.

The waves travelled engulfing the lands all around,
Some were sucked by waters, some lay on the ground,
They floated, bloated, oscillated with the cold waves,
Some cried aloud, some uttered no voice, no sound.

The grief they suffered will remain till centuries green,
No one can overpower the tides of fate, Man has seen.
The Lord Monster seeing bodies like autumn leaves,
Dived He again back in sleep and wake between.

Muhammad Shanazar

Two Elderly Men On The Bench Of A Park

On the soggy bench of a park,
A feeble elderly man in silence,
Was looking to the sky with wide opened eyes.

His tears were losing their identity when flowed down though hair of his white beard.

The people in the park divided
In small groups were playing cards;
Some were sorting future of the world
Out of captions of the newspapers,
And some were opening the baskets
Of memories to one another,
Some were busy in singing Bhajan,
And children were making a noise
While running around.

The elderly man had with him
Only his silence,
His tears,
His loneliness,
And in emptiness of his eyes
His overspreading frozen indifference.

The man while sitting
On a bench of the park was trying
To wipe tears with tattered sleeves,
But the tears were going on gurgling
Like a stream in the days of monsoon.

The wind was titillating the trees,
Dew seemed garnishing the grass,
The passengers of clouds were arriving
And departing in the sky, a bird flew
From one tree and perched in the other,
Swarms of the butterflies
Were hovering around the flowers.
I too was observing the elderly man
Sitting silent on another bench,

I felt his tears were drenching me from my inside,
I left my bench and sat beside him.
He said to me nothing; his tears were running down incessantly,
I felt I became a part
Of his helplessness, his lonesomeness,
And after a few moments.....
In the callousness silent park
On the soggy bench
Two elderly men were weeping.

Muhammad Shanazar

Unexpressed Cries

(Written on the deaths of infants when Israel attacked Palestine)

O! I came into your world
Not with my own will
I was sent here by God
From the better calm world
Or dragged by my parents
To realize their dreams.

The strangers' arms rock me,
Who sings lullaby to put me asleep
Where are my own dad and mom?
They do not kiss my cheeks
Who are these who weep,
And dropp warm tears on my forehead
Free of wrinkles?

What are the sounds,
That I have been hearing,
Since birth,
No more than a month ago?

What tingles my tiny eyes?
What torments my little nose?
I see darkness dancing,
And listen to wailings all around.
Is there any one to tell me,
What is going on in the world?
I am too little to know
The roots of clashes;
I only hear grumble growl
Of flying birds of iron
And then:
Boom boom boom... Bang bang bang...
Tut tut tut...shew shew shew...

Lo! What comes with a streak
Of a horrible spurtion,
Perhaps a flying adder,

Ah tut...

Muhammad Shanazar

Union

It is a branch of flowers
Or some celestial world of comforts,
I see,
A couple of birds,
Leaping in love,
Caresses beaks with the tongues.
It is some heavenly world,
Or the land of unions,
I see,
A little piece of cloud has hidden itself
Into another cloud,
Just as a gorgeous damsel wraps herself
With a shawl, to avoid some unacquainted eyes.
These both sights of the union,
Dwell in my eyes,
And behind them,
In many secret sights
This closeness changes into fondles over the bodies.
All of sudden in songs of the wind,
The breeze with delicacies
Speckled intoxicating fragrance of the flowers,
And on the burning shawl of the earth,
The sky descended the bliss of moist.
I feel
That beyond the branch of flowers
Across the sky, in the clouds,
Mysteries of the body reveal,
And the sins
Are being washed with the sensual flavour.

Written by Ronaq Hayyat

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Unrequited Desire

These open spaces, these scenes,
These verses of the poem, these dreams,
These days and nights of my life,
These loitering steps of Lunacy
In the streets of postponement,
All these demand manifestation
Of your blessed thought.

I wished I could articulate,
The secret of heart,
Or make instrumental my thirsty eyes,
To give vent to mystery of my soul.
I wished to clothe your longings,
With the tattered apron of my own fascination;
But this age has passed in imaginings,
Sometimes in reflecting on the altered moments,
Sometimes in questions emerging from your eyes,
Sometimes seeing my own house,
Now in lights then sinking into utter darkness.
My Love!
Though I couldn't divulge the secret a little,
Yet I lived embracing honeyed memories.

Written by Jagdish Prakash (India)

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar (Pakistan)

Muhammad Shanazar

Vancouver, Delhi And Manuscript Of My Poem

Several years ago,
A poem I wrote in English
While I stayed in Vancouver.
Today I found the manuscript
Of the same poem that I wrote
On a greasy white paper which now
Has turned pale and the writing
In blue has become indistinct,
But petals of cherry flower
That I pasted on the pages even today
Remind me of those beautiful days,
And the spell casting nights, like
The poems of Pasternak which impart
Profound agony that spreads
Through the pores of brain.

It seems as if my house has changed
All of sudden, into blue latent Ocean
Stretched in miles, in assemblage of waves
Sometimes drowsy, sometimes dancing alive,
The lanky pines and oaks caress their feet,
So lanky that into their tassels hangs
The half-moon which has just arisen
From behind that hillock.

It seems to me as if the same moon
Today has turned up again,
On the worn-out edges of my house,
Seeking address of the same evening
That I spent with him bathing in lights
At Canada Place,
Amid the drowsy waves of the ocean.

I read the manuscript time and again
But each time,
My eyes stay on the dry petals of cherry flowers,
They still bear the spell of those snail-like

Creeping nights that I spent at Vancouver.

The thought of that half-moon
Will not let me sleep tonight,
It will place the same old manuscript
Of my poem at threshold of my each dream,
The same poem that bears
Everlasting fragrance of the cherry flowers,
And takes me along time and again
To the bank of Fraser where grew
The trees of Cherry,
From those ones shed a delicate flower
From the blossoms and the petals scattered
On the manuscript of my poem,
In one evening.

The river was flowing
On in the speed of Raag Malkonas,
Ornamenting waves with gems of light
Thrown on the banks,
And I was seeking in those waves
The future of my own city,
On the banks of Jumna when early in the morn,
In the prime light the wind passes
Through windows carrying the pong
Of Jambul and mangoes
And spreads over and around the whole city
To the farthest end, even the moon
Lowering on my balcony whiffs the pong.
My existence is replenished with freshness
Of the smell at exhausted melancholic night.

O Moon! Do not go back yet,
To the thick tassels
Of the pines and oaks of Vancouver,
Because I have to include the future of my own city,
In the manuscript of that poem.

Muhammad Shanazar

Vengeance

A few are considerate and truly nice,
Who mangle the world very well;
The rest do the deed of mice,
Gnaw woven thread of fabric;
They are pleased to see around,
Scattered rubble in utter chaos.

Though they are men and women,
Apparently the fair creature of God,
Yet I see in them obnoxious beasts,
Poisonous cobras, scorpions of hate,
Fierce wolves demanding blood,
And dwell in them the spiky hogs,
Demons and devils are their guides.

Find I a coiled serpent in the self of mine,
Spurting out poison through fiery fangs,
Satan looks at the Adam's children,
With wicked smile of demoniac triumph,
On wreaking vengeance of His Fall.

Muhammad Shanazar

Vessel Of The Heart

From this world
To that one,
From that world
To this one,
From the earth to the sky,
To the farthest galaxy,
From the body to the soul,
And the extent
Whereto the sight goes,
Greater than the vastness of cosmos
Is the vessel of the Heart.

Muhammad Shanazar

Voices Of Silence

In the heart of Sound,
The voices of Silence are seeking for an abode,
Who knows since when the ominous shadows have been pasted on the boundary
wall and on the door?
For how long Dust has been settling on the exhausted countenance of the
Evening?
The winds of Fleeting Night flip the pages of magazines;
Resting head in the lap of memory,
What are looking for in dusk the Thirsty Eyes, in the newspaper?
It contains neither the detail of any pain nor meanings,
Neither description of dreams nor of memories,
Neither the river flowing with thoughts nor any thought at dance, nor gossips of
the Evening mingling into the hooting of train.
How will agility of the Words will find panting moments of silent windows?
After a few moments this day too will go across the world,
The world where gushes of the wind are stagnant;
Passing over some roofs of tin somewhere are vibrating in the dome of Sound,
The impatient sighs of the Lost Day.

Muhammad Shanazar

Waiting For The Dot

See my love!
You said me, "Go on lucky."
And I went on,
I did not remember you,
For it was of no use,
But when I looked behind,
I saw you at a distance,
Like a dot,
Alone laming along the path,
Now I have abandoned my journey,
And wait till the dot again
Comes near.

Muhammad Shanazar

Walima (Wedding Dinner)

A ceremony where hidden absurdities,
Underneath the rustling dresses, coated skin,
Painted lips, combed hair and shaved faces,
Come up shamelessly to jump at the opportunity.

A competition of filling the big containers,
With sweet spicy warm dainty dishes,
Of chicken, beef, mutton, rice with salad.

How gluttonous participants stuff the bellies,
The leg in mouth wing in hand, chest in plate,
Avaricious eyes stare around to have more!
And how frantically like horses they eat,
When they are let loose in the lush green corn,
They eat less and spoiling pillage more,
As if the doomsday will cease the world tomorrow.

Ah! The simpletons move with empty plates.
With huge yellow greasy spots in front,
The uninvited seem happier than the invited,
Trace out they far fetched thread of propinquity.

Oh! Man! Behave like Man, if thou are a man.
Gentility lies but underneath the surface,
In presence of the opportunity springs up,
Whatever is hidden in flesh, blood and bones.

Muhammad Shanazar

Washed Beauty (An Acrostic)

Love emitting origin, beaming a faint
Yellow pink glow of light, and sweeps
Nips thorns of darkness: the debris of
Night that makes the world bitter harsh.

Adds scent and colour to a drab life,
Large-hearted, selfless noble being,
Eloquent figure of letters, as rare as
Xenon that makes the world radiant,
Astute, auspicious, fair and judicious
Nymph, a fairy with washed beauty,
Decent in styles modes and manners,
Efficient in discerning fragile hearts,
Removes always blobs of depression.
Lynn Alexander

Muhammad Shanazar

We Are Hearts And Hands

Be not annoyed with me,
Those who go asunder
On the winding route
Are in fact alien since beginning.
If it is possible,
Think not of them your own,
And be not melancholic,
O! Friend,
Make not your courage
The dust of their feet.
Be not annoyed with me,
Never lose your valour,
Till breath goes on be optimist,
Leave not the edge of hope,
Tough love is afar yet it is near too.
Rise! Gird up your back,
For I am with you,
We both are hearts,
And hands of each other.

Muhammad Shanazar

We Confront A Journey Very Long

The moments
Which were inscribed
On the slate of heart,
I have gone through,
Them all.
The tears,
Which were frozen,
In the eyes
I have shed them all.
The drops of blood
Demand the stars
Being their eyewitness.
I am afraid,
Lest my lips should be sealed,
Before the wind
Brings me tidings,
And the gems
Placed on the palm,
Should sink in the ocean.
Come! Let us seek,
A path though the valley
Of thorns,
For the moment of nightfall
Has encroached,
And the journey
I confront
Is very long, very long.

Written By Farheen Chaudhry
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

We Dust The Eyes

We the men and women of the world,
Remain annoyed
With brothers, sisters and fellow beings;
Spend lives
Dining the dinners of hatred,
Taking the waters of hypocrisy,
Breathing the air of arrogance.
We trouble, we tease, we torment,
Plotting, playing
Against them the foul games;
And when one dies,
Departs to the world next,
We gather around the corpse
With tied jaws, close eyes, wrapped in shroud.
We shriek and shout, we weep and wail
We cling to the feet, fall to embrace the deceased,
We sniff back the tears,
Some shed them as does a crocodile,
We wipe, rub the noses to make them red,
As if we are bruised and battered by the pang.
Along the coffin
We move with pretentious sullen hearts,
As if we have a load of grief to haul.
Putting into grave we throw handfuls of dust,
In fact we dust the eyes
Of participants of the burial.
All rites then after we perform
To nourish the bellies with the dishes sweet,
Though the deceased might have died of hunger.

Muhammad Shanazar

We Since Age

We since ages have bent upon,
To make friends with scorpions and snakes,
But these limbs, muscles and network of veins
Have not gone through the agony of exercise.
We have not dug trenches since long, □
And fastened stone on the bellies,
We have besieged our minds with iron-walls
In such a way as all waves are infertile.

We have sown nothing on our farms,
Only the crop of heads which is not our own too.

Muhammad Shanazar

What A Small Poem It Will Be!

I have written a lot yet it seems
Nothing has been penned,
I have to sketch yet
The countenance of my dream,
And grip its realization in close palm,
Because the heart still palpitates,
And pain resides in there,
Dust of the past moments jab the eyes,
Someone's memories make the lashes sodden,
And shehnai still weeps.
I have to write yet on water,
And all around will be the tale of separation,
What a small poem it will be..

Muhammad Shanazar

What Are The Wages Of Labour Journey

My so-called friends you dawdle
Having in hands,
Khaiwat, Khasra, Latha and Gardawari,
Your Jareeb is not long enough to measure,
The length two farms which my father
Tilled walking and walking behind yokes of oxen,
Placing his hands on the handle of plough,
The same hands harder than stones.

Walking and walking behind yokes of oxen,
He measured more than half of the world,
But you would not sense gashing pain
Of his lacerated heels.
My mother too while bringing on the farms,
Lasi and bread, and carrying bundles of grass,
Got her feet worn out, got her neck twisted.

While measuring, totaling these two farms
The Jareeb of my and your breath would finish
But the labour-journey of my father
In ten vegas of land would not cease.

Khaiwat: A unit of land comprising on khatoonies, Khasras, smaller units.

Latha: A map of lands prepared by Revenue Department on white cotton cloth.

Jareeb: a measurement comprising on ten pieces of chains each is called Karam, and one Karam is equal to 5.5 feet.

Gardawari: Official record of ownership of lands prepared after four years.

Vega: A piece of land measuring four kanal.

Written By Qayyum Tahir

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

What Direction You Have Come To

What direction you have come to,
You don't know,
How much i pleaded the heart to bend to wine and rose,
With how much struggle enkindled
The dark chamber of heart with a drop of blood,
Adorned seasoned spectacles in the lane devoid of love,
In front of the tearful eyes,
Discarded the shawl of grief,
And molded the earthen existence to receive the colours of season.

O! Futile wind,
This time you too have come to sojourn
In the lane of my love with tattered costume,
Neither have you had anklets
Of fragrance on the feet,
Nor on the wrist bracelets of sambac,
Nor the shawl of cloud upon your head,
Nor semblance of some beloved tone.

What direction you have come to,
Wearing the costume torn into rags,
Why you have come to the colony of my dream.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

What Do You Seek?

What do you seek
In between lines of hand?
What do you seek
In these trifles?
Why do you entangle yourself?
He who is destined to meet,
Begins to walk on the path of life,
With out beholding lines of fate;
And then never departs.
He that is not in the fate,
We never obtain,
And never goes along.
What do you seek
In between lines of hands?

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

What Is Love

Love exits since beginning!
Beyond the string of words,
But is a reality.
Love in the firmament of thoughts,
In the guise of clouds,
Always flutters, soars high,
Sometimes contracted into the drops of rain,
Impinges, scatters on the land of heart.
Taking delicacies from the breeze,
And fragrance from the roses,
Colours from the rainbow,
Light from the stars,
Weave a beautiful Anchal,
And from the same Anchal adorns,
Mud-made houses.

Love throws into trials,
Sometimes becoming poetry,
Enhances deference of the words,
Sometimes becoming a tune,
Hums gradually,
It becomes an incarnated eye,
After getting the beloved one,
A strange touch it becomes,
In the alley of the most adored.

Who knows what kind
Of magical utterances it utters,
And hurriedly descends into the close eyes
Of someone with out a knock,
And makes a residence.
Love smiles,
It is a fragrance,
Always abodes in the breath of blossoms,
Such a light it is,
As it turns into moon the dark nights,
And permanent pang it contains,
That has Indescribable tang,
The definition of Love is that it is Love.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

When At Last

When at last,
In that window
The morning spring will open her eyes,
And when the bower will blossom,
The flower of union out of the dream,
When the colours will undress themselves,
Hiding behind the eyes,
And when fragrance caressing
Dreamy rims of the lips
Will beget the glow of tactility.

When at last,
The autumn tide contracting
In the shadow of your anchal will steal
The genuine blossoms of the spring.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

When Did You Fathom This?

Just at a hands distance
From the pores of the sky
Countless stars descend
On the mud and concrete roofs,
Straw beds and pillows made from slumber
Eyes full with sleep
Glitter in the constellation of stars.

When did you think,
When did you see,
Dust coloured settlements with,
Rooftops of mud and cement.
In the streets of blue darkness
And a stair, without a mark
And how the hoards of stars come down
Tiptoeing around the cots
Like secrets moving.
Like the breath moves on the
Chest of snober.

Have you ever desired
To come out of dim light lantern
Lift your heels
And reach out for stars
And fill your bag.

We used to do this
Lift our heels
And fill a bulk of stars
In our shirts,
The one whose shirt would rip apart
Stars would laugh.

Yes, but you would
with dazed eyes
be watching
cluster of stars,
you must be wondering
it's a dream

one day you'll have to paint this.

In the fate of city dwellers
There is no sky
Which they think is a sky on their heads
Is a cup of dust.
Whether straight or upside down
You have seen the sky for the first time
From the mud and hard rooftops
Surrounded by grey walls.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

When Snow Melts

When the hot winds blow and trees beep,
The snow clad peaks melt as if they weep,
The icy water trickles, falls gushing down,
From the rocks crimson, grey and brown,
It merges, mixes, flows through the streams,
Passes through the plains fulfilling dreams,
Water then converges itself into an ocean,
Whereupon remain trade-ships in motion
Armadas move, linger to settle the clashes
Launching missiles with smoke and flashes.

Muhammad Shanazar

When The Break Ensued

The curfew was imposed,
The women, men and children
Of the valley were banned
To come out of the houses.
The whole hot day of June
Was spent in exchange of fire,
The volleys of bullets went overhead
With the buzzing sounds;
Sometime mortars and heavy guns
Came in action too.

The soldiers roved in the deserted streets
All resistant with weapons,
As if the ghosts were discarded,
From the door of purgatory,
And they all came back to launch a war
Against the countrymen.
Their mother and daughters, sisters and wives,
Sitting afar are baffled to think upon,
Whether they would return in persons
Or with silver medals, wrapped in coffins.

Motars, guns instilled fear in the spheres,
No one dared come out of the huts,
The nation remained watching the show on TV,
The commanders remained busy in the lodges
In drinking, eating and chatting.

When tut, tut, tut of the guns Gs III ceased,
And the break in curfew ensued,
The residents of the battled valley
Men, women and children came out of the abodes
With scythes in hands, they ran to the farms,
To harvest over dried wheat-crop,
And to pick over-ripe fruit hanging on the trees.

Muhammad Shanazar

When Your Memory Sojourned

The wilderness changed into a new inhabited world,
Every inch of the land,
Every gust of the wind,
Every speck of the sphere,
Halted around me.

Hustle bustle turned again in the realm of my heart,
When shadows entangled with the sunlight,
The winds of grey hamlet in the evening,
Danced around the cold beds.

The queries and perfume of your dreams,
Again began to gush,
As a tone of the melody,
As an infant mumbles
Like an azan in the masjid,
Like a sounding flute,
Like a lamp of the temple,
Like a wave of the Ganga,
Like a dawn in the woods,
Ah! The bonfires of your memories have begun to spurt,
Today when your memories sojourned.

Muhammad Shanazar

Where Are You?

I have driven back my car to the porch,
But the hands resting on the steering
Would not switch off the machine.
I have returned,
But where should I go ahead in the house;
Tight are laces of my shoes,
And these gloves are dank.

Look behind awhile!
The collar of my shirt never had been
So dull, as it is now,
The knot of my tie gives off inertia of ages,
The dust of loneliness wraps me from all around,
Where are you my love? Where are you my love?

Written By Qayyum Tahir
Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Where Is Picasso

Why being astray
From the company of birds,
This dove sits depressed alone,
Hidden in the heap of dried leaves;
It seems as if she carries in the eyes,
An urge of a journey long,
A desires of a fresh dawn. she is
Pondering what is being done in the world,
The stuff of today existed on the previous day,
And which that will happen tomorrow
Will be the reflection either of today,
Or of the previous day.
Or of that which is buried in the existence,
Or of a destroyed town or a city.
Then this dove why is engrossed,
It seems as if that the country is bruised
With fears and apprehensions,
The trembling wings have sustained,
A few wounds from the iron hands
That is why she sits fearful and fretful.

Who knows how this happened,
There should be someone
To share her grief, her pain.
Had there been Picasso around
He might have made her innocence
And her clours a symbol of peace,
There should be someone of her own
To open new orisons to unfurl her wings,
And again he may give her
New zeal of flight to her feeble wings.
Alas! It would have ever happened,
A malady would have got a physician
Acquainted with pain.

In the shelter of her flight,
I see today a hidden volcano,
The era of forest is in vogue,
Her eyes that were once an abode of love,

There surge tides of fear.
The dove is tongueless,
And that which is occurring around her
Is beyond her forbearance,
Her depressed eyes only question to the skies,
Why her life is a punishment for the deeds undone,
Someone should justify why Mediterranean
Of agony surrounds her life,
Why wildernesses stretch all around,
Why every colour is grim today,
Someone should tell why odium
Has engulfed the world, someone should
Convince why the storm has blurred us all.

It is not obligatory that a man should
Quench his thirst by drinking blood of a man,
And every issue be resolved
With the device of war, though the residents
Of the world know war begins from the dark
Narrow recesses of hearts and minds
They spread, enlarge and intensify
Only darkness in the world.

In the same spectacle there waits the dove,
Sitting depressed, wounded and shrunk
In a heap dry leaves, perhaps waits
For the arrival of a fresh dawn,
And a soft touch of the hands of Picasso.

Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Who Can Be She?

She is who toils day and night,
Enkindles lamps spreads light,
In the celestial world of minds,
Gives the blind the gift of sight.

Rills of loyalty in her heart flow,
That water gardens where roses grow,
The lovers of poesy get in hands,
Garlands of poems that ever glow.

I know not why my heart wishes to adore,
Those who dive deep and bring ashore,
Gems, pearls and the beads of thoughts,
And distribute the stones door to door.

Her mind is flamed and blood is hot,
Her efforts will cause a change a lot,
The pride of age, the guiding star,
Who can be she? Melyssa Sprott.

Muhammad Shanazar

Who Can Measure?

Who can measure?

The pungent pleasure,
Avarice, wrath and rage,
Of the blood lickers.

Who can measure?

The depth of shrieks,
Of the bleeding humanity;
The loudness,
Of the exploding shells;
The blackness,
Of the mushrooms rising;
The callousness,
Of the rulers,
The passive spectators,
Waiting for their turn,
And encroaching doom.

Muhammad Shanazar

Who I Am?

A shadeless tree with out fruit,
A thorn that pricks bare sore feet,
A stone that breaks brittle hearts,
A weed that multiplies its seed,
And scatters upon fair fertile land,
In each growing season.

Smoke that makes spheres sable,
A book with the contents erased,
A hand that stifles the fellow beings,
A sleeping lamp emitting no light,
An inventor of devilish devices,
A maker of trouble in each corner,
A being discarded from the Heaven,
A traveller unaware to the destination,
A vial containing no scent or perfume,
A flame that makes the world a hell,
Would that I have shown my worth,
And have added to beauty of the Earth!

Muhammad Shanazar

Who Is Behind The Curtain?

(Written In the political background of 1977 to 1988)

Upon the pale branches of bushes
In the woods,
The sleep of autumn is intensifying,
The small wing-clipped birds creep,
And seek for fragrance
Of the songs mixed into dust,
Their nests have scattered into straws.

The wild leopards are now on roads,
At crosses of the city,
They rove at day time,
And in the shawl of night,
In the dens,
They huff squeezing doe with relish,
Between their legs;
And elephants in the marshy lakes,
Wash blackness of their deeds,
As donkeys rob themselves on the dusty earth.
The flocks of foxes coming out of dreams,
Of the bunches of grapes,
Smell aroma of dishes served on the round tables

The leopards with fire scattering eyes,
Enkindle lamps of servile respect,
They have surrounded the offices,
And dogs, yes brown dogs stand alert,
Like ever to guard their safety

Around the city at the main spots
There sit herds of wolves,
Well acquainted to personas of their own,
They see eye to eye, wait when one will wink
And the other will tear it to pieces.

The swarm of curtailed wounded birds,
Wobbles, drags itself,

Pass raising slogans through streets of the city,
"Reveal, reveal the secret! "
The monkey-tamer proclaims,
"You will have to wait a little more,
The secret will be out! "
From the hollowness of the tree of time,
The woodpeckers all of sudden flutter,
"See awhile
Who is behind the curtain at last! "

Who is behind the blind?
What is behind the blind?
Who will see and understand?
Why the acrobats of the circus,
Have dropped curtain till now?
Why thousands of wounded clipped birds,
In profound silence,
Enfolded in the blanket of mono-faced days,
Look at the blind mournfully?
How should they know that blind is behind the blind,
And who will see behind the blind,
They are only aware that
There overspreads bodiless silence
From forest to fort
Passing through negritude,
It huffs,
Entangling itself with thorns
Of the thick bushes of darkness,
Sniffs and seeks for fragrance
Of the melodies mixed into dust.

One day,
These wounded clipped birds were brought,
Clad with the noise of whistles and sirens.

O! My God,
This is the spectacle,
Never has been depicted yet
In books with entire truth,
It has only been revealed
To the jars of my eyes,
In the quagmire of dark days

And nights of eleven years,
Merging with the golden-jade songs of the birds,
Surging from the jars of my eyes
Then it was lapped over the each pore of the wall of city

O! My God,
It is enough,
I need a rain, from the pieces of cloud
Sent by You,
I want to wash my oozy eyes,
And want to weep heartily,
On the history of my own era.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Who Knows When The Eve Befalls

The shades of my wall have begun,
Merging into the dusky Anchal of Eve,
Only a few moments are left behind.

Only a few moments are left behind,
My fingers will hold the hemmed edge,
Of your memories that take me along,
On the same paths, in the same streets,
Where lies the wealth of forsaken times,
Those spent hours, the consumed life.

Forgetting all agonizing seasons,
The affairs, and the tales of pangs,
The memories will collect, assemble me,
Intake me into the restful soothing soft lap.

And in the gallery of night, all complaints,
Shall be erased from the slates of heart and mind;
But Ah! Again the dawning morn will snatch,
Scratchingly the Anchal from the head of night,
Again there will be the same tedious affairs,
The same world, the same bubbling pangs,
And the same sunny scorching streets,
The same life with very tormenting troubles.
But who knows when the eve befalls again,
The same eve which in exchange,
Of the tediousness of the day shows me,
The same world of the delightful dreams,
Oscillating me into your sweet streets again.

Muhammad Shanazar

Who Knows?

The caravan of evening,
Had lost in the darkness of night,
Long ago,
Only remain behind
Creeping hush in the rooms,
The yellow light of the lamp
Whispering to the pasted posters in the bazaar,
A lonely bird that has just returned from somewhere,
But now perches in the leafless tassels of a tree.
Who know what will happen tomorrow?

Muhammad Shanazar

Who Rules The World

(1)

A damsel concealing her body,
Eyelids heavy with drowsiness,
A little before the sunrise,
Comes out of a bungalow,
In eyes of the Day tears of the Night.
O! God, in presence of Yours who rules the world?

(2)

In the concert of qawalis today,
Seeing a beautiful face,
Intensity in prayers grew,
In some recess of the heart of a saint,
A charm went in the power of spell.
O! God, in presence of Yours who rules the world?

(3)

An officer brought to the minister,
His wife,
Just for posting on a lucrative seat,
The minister sees him with odious looks,
Then night, drunkenness, wine and goblet.
O! God, in presence of Yours who rules the world?

(4)

A patient along the roadside,
Entangles with the last breath,
The life while embracing death
Says coughing,
Who is the patient, what is the prescription.
O! God, in presence of Yours who rules the world?

(5)

A step father sees with capricious looks
A lovely orphan girl,
He sees with the lunatic looks,
And becomes wild in cupidity,
Then iron-like arms around the delicate body.
O! God, in presence of Yours who rules the world?

(6)

In a place of seclusion in the mosque,
The bangles chinked in such a way today,
Piousness, godliness became a bygone dream,
Keeping in the tray someone fled away,
All prayers, azans, and ablutions.
O! God, in presence of Yours who rules the world?

(7)

Two shadows under the dewy grove,
Meet with hot breaths,
The branch of flowers became fragrant in such a way,
Both of the shadows say together
Cologne of two bodies in fact is one.
O! God, in presence of Yours who rules the world?

(8)

An envelope less than expectations,
Fell upon the heart of boss like lightning,
The subordinate is hushed engrossed,
There echoed bitter sound of the bureaucrat,
His bossy taunt, beseeching of the servant.
O! God, in presence of Yours who rules the world?

(9)

The church, night and the nun,
The lamp has devoured the light,
Contents of the oath are burning,
Today in worship of the passions,
Fold of the Bible has become deserted.
O! God, in presence of Yours who rules the world?

(10)

An employee and an industrialist,
An ancient difference of labour and capital,
God's eyes on the throne in the heavens,
On seeing this all go on smiling,
In the hands of flower is a broom denial.
O! God, in presence of Yours who rules the world?

(11)

One eyed and the other un-eyed,
Quarrel on the money of charity,
Becoming the voice of the sightless eyes,
In rapidity runs blood
Who know of how many unseen resentments.
O! God, in presence of Yours who rules the world?

(12)

Seeing the mirror of rapture,
Her Beauty says,
"No one is parallel to me,
Whomever I see shall be spell-bound
Of the magic of my beauty and grandeur.
O! God, in presence of Yours who rules the world?

(13)

A load-carrier with a load on his head,
Runs to the train, with the fear
Lest it should leave the station,
His tears and a few coins
Increase his speed.
O! God, in presence of Yours who rules the world?

(14)

There lays a body speckled with wounds,
The relative lament in the ward,
The doctor gets engrossed
In smile of the nurse and says,
"Darn for a while the wounds of my heart."
O! God, in presence of Yours who rules the world?

(15)

In abode of silence at the night,
When I looked to the sky,
A splendid world of the moon and stars
Was saying to the most Merciful God,
"No one is there from the Earth to the Heaven except you". Then
Then in presence of Yours who rules the world?

Written by Ronaq Hayat

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Who Will Descend Into The Grave Of My Poet?

(A Poem for Faiz Ahmed Faiz: The Poet of Revolution)

Amid myriad of the earth-dwellers,
A broken hearted multitude of devotees,
Wrapped in grief,
Moves towards the funeral with tumbling steps,
The lips are busy in condolences
For the Moon of Poesy.
Their eyes and broken hearts count the beads of grief,

A gust of pain rose from the rim of roof,
"Entrust to the grave the body of Faiz,
Enfolding it in the flag poesy,
Place beneath the head the code of Love,
Fasten with the celestial cord
The tale of journey-beaten dusty toes:
Which are signs of those who return to God Almighty"

Upon the patient shoulder,
An apex of love,
And caravan of lovers

O! The followers of Faiz,
Lament gently,
Shedding silent tears,
From eyes and hearts,
For the bearer of wisdom,
And love has to yet become the diet of dust,

Who will descend,
Into the grave of my poet?
Whoever descends, convey him,
His moist eyes must not to drop tears,
The Poetry of Faiz,
Is very delicate and brittle,
No grit must be jabbed into its body,
Be heeded!
Lest phalanges of the words should be wounded,
Lest face makeup of the futuristic impacts,

Should fade from the words,

Place him in the grave like a fresh rose,
With a care as honey-comb is removed from the branch,
O! The followers of Faiz,
Place him just gently, as gently as breeze blows,
Yes; place him more gently,
For the bed of earth retains cold a lot,

Written by Ayub Khawar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Why Do You Sojourn In My Dreams?

Why do you sojourn in my dreams?

Sometime

In the form of intoxicated breeze,

Sometimes

With fondness of the flower-flies,

Sometimes

In the wild look of a hermit,

Sometimes

With fragrance of flowers,

Sometimes

In the form of an innocent hope,

Sometimes

In the shape of a moon-ring,

Sometimes

In the type of a string of stars,

Sometimes

In the texture of a woolen shawl,

Sometimes

As a butterfly,

Sometimes

As a glow-worm,

Sometimes

In the style of fragrance.

Why do you sojourn in my dreams?

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Why Has God Created Those Lips?

He often said,
"Do you know why God created your lips? "

On my unawareness he replied,
"So that they should confess,
You are mine, you are mine"
And then,
I became habitual in saying,
"I am yours, I am yours."

Then a day came, he spoke wearily
To my routine expressions,
"It is queer you neither feel fatigued
Nor experience tedium, and then
It is true; the same sentence has been learnt
To be said by the lips of someone else."

I am pondering that I should ask him,
"Tell me my Love!
Why has God created those lips? "

Muhammad Shanazar

Why I Write?

When indelible memories of the past,
Torment my heart and mind; I write.

When mist floats in front of the eyes,
The light comes from behind; I write.

When the men of the callous world,
Compel me to be confined; I write.

When my heart weeps wailing upon
The wise being led by the blind; I write.

When in self schemed distribution I see
The deserving limping behind; I write.

Muhammad Shanazar

Wilderness Of Probability

The sun has not yet set down,
In the channels of my gloominess,
The blood of intimacies is yet running;
In the tassels of my desire,
The flickering sunlight of yours is yet nestling.

In waves of the river,
The specks of gushing, humming,
And dancing night yet remain behind,
From the dreams of oneness,
Some reality has not yet been known,
Torrents of the monsoon have not yet been
Poured down upon the lawn and lanes.

The lights of hotness
Of the season of frost haven't yet doused,
The desires have just extended a little,
Their feet out of the warm shawl,
Just now the flowers have costumed themselves
With the splendid dress of fragrance,
The water of stream has to yet flow
To the sea unresisting.

There is yet a symphony of wakefulness
In wilderness of the demand,
There yet burns some fire in the brazier of body,
The shadows before the sun set yet call me
On the porch of your existence,
And lend my lasting passions feather and flight.

If you come just now,
The prediction of intimacy will dance
In such a way as my comfort will become
A shadow of your delight.
The sun has not yet set down, the hopes
Yet rustle in the wilderness of probability,
The beams of my dream of love shimmer
In reality of your closeness.

I confess, it is hustle bustle of my departure,
But in the wilderness of probability,
The sun has not yet set down,
The glowworms of your shining dust
Yet glimmer in the eyes of my desire
For both of the bodies
Have not yet paid off the loan of night.

Written by Ronaq Hayyat
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

With The Eye Mortgaged To Time

With the eye mortgaged to Time,
Who should become
Jubilant seeing the mirror,
Who should write poems
With obsolete diction,
And who should be obliged
On the words of appreciation;
Where is the intellect,
Where should it be encamped,
When the tightening-cords
Of the world are slack.

How should in words
Contract the pain of spaces,
When no one is safe from the dying stars,
In the worn-out confinement of Time.

Becoming my helplessness,
Why should there remain my chances,
In the magic of my thoughts.
The evening roves homeless,
And the clouds do not have
Any abode in the sky;
The wave of breath
Is like a print on the water,
My presence endures me,
In the shadow of bygone dream.

Written by Naina Adil
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Without You

I without you am incomplete
Just like a half said couplet
A half writ poem
A lonely cloud
Floating over the burning desert,
Or dust wafting into the air,
Or a bird that went astray,
A traveller journeying the distances
But unaware of the destination.

Muhammad Shanazar

Woman

Woman who is the daughter of Adam and Eve,
Had been buried alive,
She is being burnt alive too,
Impertinence it is if she expresses her consent
All relations suppress her,
One who is born from her own womb
Becomes her master,
She breathes but in the service of man,
She goes on bearing oppression,
And shedding, rolling down tears of helplessness
Perhaps it is identify of Woman.

Written By Shazia Akbar

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Words Became Christ

I have been beguiled,
Thousands of times,
And wrecked my house,
With my own hands.
Danced I on the gestures
Of necessity,
Spoiled my age, listening to
The childish longings
Of my heart.
Spent half of the life,
Starving my body and soul,
Then my words became Christ,
And I wrote them in my blood.

Written By Sabina Riffat

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Would That I Were Plumeria

Would that I were plumeria,
A flower clean and spotless,
In the day would bask in the sun,
At night ply with beams of the moon.
I would have neither religion,
Nor tongue, nor sect, nor customs,
Would that I were not from descendants,
Of Cain: the conspirators against lands
Waters and airs, they are polluters of minds.
Would that I were a gift for the untainted eyes,
Free of chauvinism, patriotism and prejudice,
Being crown of the creation,
Instead of becoming a cause
Of turmoil on the gorgeous planet,
Would that I were an innocuous plumeria,
The creation which enriches beauty of the world,
Imparts happiness, satisfaction, sparkle,
And inscribing a poem on the palm of breeze
Vanishes away forever from the world.

Written by Naina Adil

Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Write Not On Waters

Write not on waters,
To write on waters is not a good practice.
Whatever you write on them,
Whether it is meeting or parting,
Whether it is pang or tang,
Is not perpetual.
The inscriptions on waters are fleeting,
They take us into illusions,
And wipe away us all.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The portrait was half,
Merely a few letters, images and colours there were,
And there was peeping a turmoil
To which was linked restless of my eyes.

You told me,
Imagination is not a colour of rainbow
Which can be seen in the background of monsoon,
And it is not a piece of fabric
With designs of flowers in an exhibition,
Or a heap of dresses being sold in the market,
It is not a hazy exhausted smile of a whore,
Or momentary acquaintance of the brothel houses.

Colour of imagination rouses when an astray cloud
Touching the existence of lightening,
Dissipates all of sudden;
When bankless ocean of memories,
Entangles in torn tattered sail of a boat rapt in whirlpool
When low cadence of violin rouses amid
The villages of silences at vibrating glow of dawns,
When someone gently knocks
With dusty hands at the door closed since ages,
Or some astray bird appears suddenly on half opened window,
Or when there appear on the posters hung at crosses
The lost features of virginity of some Devdasi,
Or when an innocent child expires
Tossing in some damp, semi-dark, profane cell,
When silence passes through deserted streets of loneliness
And changes long moments of wait into a frozen sea.

Beginning of colours is in millions of enlightenments
Which sparkle quickly in the valleys of imagination
And spread swishing all over like icy wind,
Then instantly vanishes into a dark cave like a half-dreamt dream
And there remain lay behind half built statutes
Of the Easter Iceland, tall but with dismal impressions,
Which becoming an ache have been panting
On the land of creation even today and you were seeking

In my eyes grim sings of the same ache,
The same madness, the same bewilderment,
The same fondness, the same sensation,
Which you could not find in the circles of my eyes,
And then all of sudden you became silent.

On the day when we met after years,
The same oceans of silence between us was in surge again,
The same half portrait in the background of crimson wall,
Was placed on the easel in the same manner
As it was on that distant day,
Like half-sculptured statutes of Easter Iceland, then I saw you
Looking into vacancy through a half opened window,
In search of some rainbow which was beyond the circle of my eyesight.
Yes, beyond the circle of my eyesight!

Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

My this poem is not a panegyric,
Might be it, you do not like,
It is not that I wrote not panegyrics,
When I wrote,
I wrote them on the pages of open wind,
In the name of swaying grey evening,
In the name of fluttering lamps at stormy nights,
In the name of virgin sunlight
Scattered on the mountainous peaks,
I mentioned there Nanak, Kabeer and Baba Farid,
Bullah Shah and the Heer of Waris Shah,
And destiny of the helpless appalled human beings
Who have been being buried
In the dark caves of history since centuries.

It might be that you find my couplets very strange,
Like a half-naked madman lost in the city,
You might find my words,
Rough, informal and meaningless,
Because they got their origin
From the womb those trenches
Where rough sounds of the vendors
Rising and sinking sounds of the tea-sellers
At the stations, noise of numerous
Vehicles running on the roads, crying of
An old woman wrapped in dust and smoke,
Helplessness of oxen trudging a stuck cart
Through mud at some distant village,
Or hue and cry of silent Time
Absorbing in the dark recesses of mind,
Singeing sunlight of May have been creating
Gigantic but horrifying statutes of imagination.
You may find my poem very strange because
Where you now dwell, you are beyond
The access of these words, these sounds,
These senses and imagination.

You are now a resident of the pleasure palace,
From the arches of which you see pygmy

Even the giant towers, the moon etched
In the round laces spreads a mysterious mesh
Of beams on your resting place at night,
And you get yourself drowned into velvety sounds
Of Mehdi Hassan rousing from musical system,
And you do not see the universe and listen to
Its rough sounds, its lamentations, hue and cry
Of the protests, depression, helplessness,
And feebleness which originate my imagination,
Each day and each night.

Written by Jagdish Prakash

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

The day was delightful,
When each window of its baradari
Was unbolted the door was wide open.
The sky was replete with flights,
From the earth to the doors of heaven,
Swallows of your laughter,
Engrossed, clang to the hem of my dress.
All of sudden you built a new city of mysteries,
Windows of which were embellished
With gems of a newfangled sense,
And fresh friendship, of self-recognition,
Magnanimity and of transparent beams.

We raised new glow-worms at foggy nights,
Adorned images of thoughts and feeling,
We talked a lot revealing hearts,
Talked of Faiz and Rashad and in imagination
Enjoyed the company of Faraaq and Mir,
Ate with relish edibles in the small bazar.

On small bridge across a conduit we squatted
On the spread shawls, along the road merging
Itself in the remote knolls, we discussed
Philosophies, then all of sudden rosy flowers
Budded in the form of songs

The dawn of life was pleasant, I recall moments
When you fondled fingers to search something
In outlines of the pages of "Zindaan Nama";
Surging eyes raked an ocean: intensity of passion
That ran in ebb and flow of poems and you
Being melancholic of bygone moments
Of moonlight sang some songs with sad face
You sang a song soaked in soreness too.
I went through the lines of "Zindaan Nama";
In solitude, I read out all couplets time and again
And I made you a guarantor of cheerfulness
Overwhelming passions of those days.

That was also a transparent day,
But I don't know what happened,
When we were face to face after years
I beheld the baradari of that day,
All windows were shut tight,
And in the corners the swallows of laughter
Were asleep, I beheld the winds stopped
On those knolls, those lips were sans jingles
Of Faiz and Ghalib. What happened to them?
Why were we strangers then again?
The fingers that searched delight in "Naqsh-e-Faryaadi";
Then held a cigarette, there were some
Rising streaks of smoke, dissipating gradually
In the air, I returned to the worn-out house,
All exhausted, despondent and embarrassed,
I had on my head the catafalque of bygone
Memories, the image of my longing was there
To lament with elegiac tone, I fondled to search
With fingers drowned into the icy river of pain.
A solitary tree of pain got frozen in blows of oddities.
Now in baradari of the past only blow wild winds.

Written by Jagdish Prakash

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Written On The Wall

Everywhere stands Death as sentinel,
In the world
Becoming devoid of peace and love,
And the supporters of Death
Are heaping up weapons
At several spots,
They are busy in hunting humanity
But they must remember,
A day is destined to come,
When on the planet
Nothing will remain behind,
Neither loser nor triumphant,
Even the animals,
Birds, reptiles, trees and plant,
Nothing will be there
And later on,
This earth will be such a planet
As where after millenniums
Life will come once again
In search of life and its possibilities,
But She will repent,
Weep and wail
Shedding all stock of tears.

Written By Dr. Anwaar Ahmed Ejaz
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Xeranthemum

Decently made and decently formed,
Embodiment of chastity and innocence,
Supports them who walk a faltering gait,
Pours out she pure sentiments of heart,
Infuses, lends savour of life to the adorers,
Negates manmade walls of caste and colour,
Adds perfume around wherever she moves.

Knows difference between just and unjust,
Obedience is the essence of her existence,
Noble, dignified in spirit, heart and mind,
Treats she brittle hearts with a caution great,
An Ardent alumna of the school of poesy,
Xeranthemum unaware of autumnal winds,
Incarnation of love: Despina Kontaxi.

(An Acrostic tribute to Despina Kontaxi by Muhammad Shanazar)

Muhammad Shanazar

Yasrab

(In the memory of a daughter buried alive in Pre-Islamic times.)

O! Father where are we going to? Bazaar!
What will you buy for me?
Doll, toys and a string of pearls!
Right!
I shall put on a string of white pearls
On my blue costume,
And shall return before the evening befalls.

Father! The shadows make me appalled,
Mother said, "Come back before the darkness prevails."
Father! Would you take me back along?
"Yes! Will go back," the father answered.
The girl was little,
But cumbersome were her apprehensions
Of darkness and shadows.

A thought to go back to mother,
Affection of the younger brother, everything she was recalling.
"Father never showed affection before this day,
How he took along me to buy a doll and a string of pearls,
All assurances of father are false and intention mala-fide,
There dwell serpents of hatred of in his heart," she said to herself.
But the world whispered to him, "The daughter is a spot
Of disgrace and one becomes downcast."

How meager were the demands of the girl of six!
How many sons her two brothers had!
Yes; the same sons, heirs of the heredity,
Who enhance grandeur;
They enable a father to walk with high head.
Though he had nine sons,
Yet one daughter made his nights sleepless.

All times she had been saying, "My good father!
Swing me on the arms; bring me a string of pearls."
She always complained to her father,
"Why am I not an apple of your eyes?"

Why don't you have affection for me? "
I am all alone why mother remains annoyed
And brothers irritated too.
Though we live in the same house yet no one cares for me."

(When shadows began to merge the father and the daughter stopped over a spot
and she became afraid.)

"This is not a bazaar,
Everywhere surrounds inhibited wilderness,
With no human being.
O! Father what you are doing.
Have you concealed some treasure in sand of the desert?
Yes; I have to find my diamonds,
My pearls, my gold and prestige to live life with splendour.
O! Father I am thirsty, we have travelled a long way,
Let's go back home without loss of more time."

Father said, "Now you will have to remain here forever! "
"This is a wasteland; I will not live here,
I will go back to my mother,
I will play in the company of my brother,
He might be missing me, " the daughter said weeping.

The father dug a ditch with his own hands and said,
"I shall bring you here all things you yearn for,
Now you just lie in the ditch."
The father began to bury his daughter,
The daughter wept, shrieked, shouted in agony,
"Father you promised to bring me a doll from the bazaar,
A string of pearls, dress, father what you have done!
Inside is dismal dark, let me come out,
I shall demand from you nothing.
I promise to you, I am being stifled inside here.
Father! Mom said to return before the night falls,
Let me go home you will never find me out,
My good father! I shall never tease you,
My promise, for the sake of God let me come out,
Inside I shall die, at last I am your daughter,
Just see my face once. Will you never remember me? "

Alas! Her weeping and wailing subdued in the grave,
But father's heart did not soften,

In the depth of ditch, and loneliness of the desert
He buried his daughter with his own hands
And he returned with a high head and splendid walk
But silences bemoaned and bewailed behind,
And now bewailing voices are buried
Beneath the layers of fifteen centuries.

Written By Sumaira Baqra

Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Yes I Am Friendless

Yes, I am friendless,
Yes, he showed me a dream,
Then made me a victim of his tyranny;
When the train of my tears broke,
They brimmed the bowl of my chest;
And when the Sun went asleep,
Someone burnt with out fire.

On all sides around there surges blood,
All move with no gain; but with pain,
Who will make out here the fellow beings?
Here all chatter their own matters,
Everywhere there is helter-skelter,
Ah! Here we all are felons.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

You

You are in my heart, only you,
Like a poem of Keats,
Like a swarm of butterflies,
Like a cluster of clouds,
Like lashes of lightning,
Like smiling spring,
Like swaying chinars,
Like mounds of snow,
Like sunlight in abundance,
Like a reflection of moon-light,
Like a galaxy at dance,
Like seasons at rest,
Like bonfires in winter,
Like a tale of the tale-teller,
Like azan in the mosques,
Like dark nights of December,
Like a cheerful rainy season,
Like chinks of the bangles,
Like rumbles of the clouds,
You are in my heart, only you.
Written by Jagdish Prakash
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

You Are Fallen In Love

When the clouds move swaying to the desert,
The roses scent the air lacerating the rocks,
The grains of sand become a galaxy,
The moon becomes envious on seeing the earth,
The waterfalls engender melodies,
Wires of the heart throb on naming someone,
All dreams awake in the dormant eyes,
Autumn begins to converse with spring,
Dusk of the evening perches on the lashes,
Silence on the lips becomes a message,
The season of intimacies begins to linger,
Then you think you are fallen in love.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

You Are My Dream

You are my dream!
I know dreams often
Turn into agony;
The warmth of smouldering desires
Adds colours to passions;
And thirst of pulsating moments,
Just for a few seconds
Sips dew from the rose-beds,
And fragrance surrounds the trees,
For a time being, fleetingly.
I am aware of...
Sand does not possess
Foot-prints of a traveller
For a long time,
Yet dreams are a comfort,
For a moment or two, I know it
But you are my dream.
You are my dream!

Muhammad Shanazar

You Claim To Be True

You claim to be true,
I tell no lie to you too,
You bring me tidings of good times,
That they will come too,
In the patio of my house
The flowers will smile
And they will instill fragrance into my breath,
Have you ever thought that the spring tide
Often goes astray forgetting the path
Of someone's house, but you claim to be true.

Muhammad Shanazar

You Enjoy Yourself Immunity

Rob us of
Whatever you like,
Deprive us of
Whatever you wish,
Slay them
Whom you like to butcher,
For since long
We have mortgaged
Our self-esteem.
Come!
Rag, rip our self-respect,
But just
You do so as I plead,
Leash more
Our bound hands,
With the cords
Of currency notes,
For their rustle
Make us deaf, blind.
Come!
Perforate the chest
Of whom you desire,
We dwell
In the abyss of disgrace,
Where we adore
The stench of burning flesh,
Besides,
Why you should be afraid of,
For you enjoy yourself,
Immunity

Written By Sajid Husain Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

You Forgot Me At Last

In the despised season,
In the dripping drops of blood,
Only awakens sadness.

I read somewhere
Or heard someone,
It happens that this sadness
Being indifferent and heedless
Nips all of sudden,
Delicate buds of memories.

Hearken!
My heart goes through a fear
Lest you should forget me,
Lest it should happen in such a season.
O! My love,
This was that I said to you,
But happened the same
You forgot me at last.

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

You Have Cast Me Off

I was the only one,
Who caressed your all wounds;
I was the only one, my Love!
Who with pens of my lashes,
Time and again, wrote thousands
Of couplets on your conversing eyes;
And on the land of your heart
Placed I thousand of the reflections
Of faithfulness.
Speak!
Who gave you life against the wish of death?
But what have you done?
Have You cast me off too?

Muhammad Shanazar

You Never Loved

You had no experience of love,
If loved why you didn't ask
From paths about the destination,
You might have written
Any message on the gusts of wind,
Why didn't you search for the name,
Written on stems of the trees.

You might have remembered,
Fragrant roses soaked in the cold dew,
And the moment
When you touched my colourful Anchal,
We conversed about butterflies
And glowworms, and sometimes
Sketched hearts on the paper-boat
By pouring out the words of dream.

You might have remembered,
Valiancy of the flower-fly
And opening of the buds into petals.
Did you ever love? If you loved,
You could never forget all these affairs.

No my love, you did not love,
You might have seen love,
You might have thought for love,
You might have wished for love,
But you never loved at all....

By Fakhira Batool Translated By Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

You Were In A Hurry To Depart

You were in a hurry to depart,
So in haste of departure,
You have left behind the beams of your touch,
The angles of your gaze,
And candles of your phalanges.

Beneath the pillow there lay
Some broken golden breaths,
Dreams of newly born fragrance,
Some gorgeous moments
Strewn in crinkles of the bed.

You have left behind in haste
A hundred coloured laughter,
Hung with the hanger,
In the dressing room.

You were in a hurry to depart,
Now,
Whenever though heedlessly
You pass by from here,
Must be mindful,
You will find the key to the house,
On the left side of the main door,
In a cover,
And you know well,
The wardrobe is always open,
The key of the safe was lost by you,
It has been open since,
It contains a few bangles of yours,
A ring, and amid them are,
Some yellow moments,
And in the packs of those moments,
You will get some beams of your touch,
The angles of your gaze,
Candles of your phalanges,
And broken golden breaths.

Everything that is our combined asset,

Take it along if gathered,
For I am too in a hurry to depart.

Written by Ayub Khawar
Translated by Muhammad Shanazar

Muhammad Shanazar

Your Presence

I just only know you were there,
If my breaths felt you, perhaps
I might believe in your presence.

If only a drop of your emotions,
Dripped on my forehead,
Went down
Into the deep recesses of mind,
Perhaps I might believe
You were there beside me.
Though I never saw you,
Yet I heard your voice
Felt your desires vibrating
On the silvery lake of your voices.
I felt the falls of your words
Cherished the desire to feel,
Felt you and your fast restless breaths
On which I had my least control.
Only I know there had been distances
Between you and me, division as does
The drawn tropical curve.

If I could see your voice,
I might knock
At the door of your emotions,
I could say, "See me too,
My plight is the same as yours
Across the vibrating voices
Which you too might have felt
As you smell fragrance
Of the dew-washed petals
Early in the morn,
Likewise I did feel your voice."

Your eyes
Bore reality of the ocean in surge,
In the ebb and flow of your voice,
From the ringing tone of your phone,
In twilight of the same wintry eve,

I felt your presence, for the first time.

Muhammad Shanazar

Your Tone Is Twisting

The earth is the same,
And the sky is the same too;
This heart is an ocean,
And the eyes are its whirlpools,
Belief is the same,
And same are the delusions,
The moon and galaxy are the same,
Your form and features,
your conversation are the same,
But I have the sense for many days,
The sun is thawing
Decending into clamours;
In fact you tone is twisting.

Muhammad Shanazar