

# *ECSTASY*



*Yumna Jameel*

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ECSTASY

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# CONTENTS

No.	SUBJECT	Page No
1	فانی اللہ	9
2	Beginning is the End	10
3	The One and Only	11
4	A Miracle of Posterity	12
5	Love is a tender flower	14
6	Two Humans	16
7	Mine is an empty world	18
8	Allah holds sway	19
9	Ignorance is bliss	21
10	The final flight	22
11	The story is told	24
12	Spiritual eyes will be sated	26
13	It is time to pray	28
14	Goodbye	29
15	The caring heart	30
16	اس دنیائے فانی میں	32
17	انسان کی ہار	33
18	His Will prevails	34
19	Open the gate	36
20	The message is clear	38
21	Angels will sympathise	40
22	Take care	42
23	Speak-o soul	43

24	Allah is One	44
25	Wisdom is a treasure	45
26	Life is a cage	46
27	Reality an eternity	47
28	Above the rest	48
29	Man has to learn	49
30	A power to be reckoned with	52
31	Land of rest	53
32	Love is enough	55
33	As you sow so shall you reap	57
34	قیامت ابھی ٹھہر	58
35	انسان اک قطرہ	59
36	Praise be to Allah	61
37	Soul is bare	63
38	Better late than never	66
39	Satan rules	68
40	Death is not shy	70
41	When sin was born	71
42	Hear me	73
43	Rise and be wise	75
44	Prayer is food	77
45	Road to eternity	78
46	I do care	80
47	We owe you	83
48	کیا کچھ نہ سمیٹ لوں۔ اب کے بہار میں	84

49	میرے ہونے سے یا نہ ہونے سے	85
50	Miracles will never cease	86
51	Promise is a promise	87
52	The inflated ego	89
53	Death dines	90
54	Part of the whole	92
55	Life is life	93
56	The lawyer knows	94
57	I crave for love	96
58	A good book	97
59	Pollution	99
60	Divinity discovered	100
61	دستک	102
62	میرے بعد	103
63	مرحومہ بہن کی یاد میں	104
64	Genetic limitation	105
65	Am I losing the will to live	107
66	Contemporary crisis	108
67	The dying race	110
68	Never too late	111
69	To be or not to be	112
70	I live only for myself	114
71	Rehmat-ul-lil-Alameen	116
72	آخرت کا وعدہ وفا ہونا ہے	117
73	برزخ کے بعد	118

# وَلِلّٰهِ الْأَسْمَاءُ الْحُسْنَىٰ فَادْعُوهُ بِهَا

Allah deserves good names, call him by good names.

## PREFACE

Dear Reader,

As a poetess this is my first attempt, and I hope you will encourage me by reading this book so that I may write more books.

Let me introduce myself I am Yumna Jameel presently posted as lecturer of English at Govt. College for women, Bund Road, Lahore. My father (Late) Mr. Jameel-uz-Zaman was an officer in the Information department. His last posting was at London Embassy as Minister Information. He died in London in 1980. I have two brothers. One is a Doctor. Dr. Afraz Zaman and the Youngest Mr. Abrar Jameel is a chartered Accountant in Lahore. My mother is a courageous lady and she is my strength, I idealise her. I did my matric from convent of Jesus and Mary, LHR in 1974. then from Federal Govt. College for women Islamabad I did F.A and B.A in 1st division. M.A I did from Kinnaird college in 1988 in English literature I have been in service since 1990 February.

I started writing poems while I was doing M.A in 1987-88.



It is not that I am very religious or more pious than many others yet I have deep respect for Islam. Allah gave me strength to go through difficulties in married life and divorce proceedings. And I thought I owe a lot to that One Supreme Power who is our only Savior. Actually all else is just a reflection, a manifestation of Allah. Everything owes its existence to Allah and his names are beautiful and auspicious. As Muslims it should be our habit to recite them on beads. Remember Allah and He will remember you.

Life is so difficult, and there is so much tension, anxiety, frustration, depression and social upheaval that only religion and pursuit of peace through reciting names of Allah, can help us from mental collapse. Again I hope and pray that readers will like my poems and I will be encouraged to write more. The language of my poems is not ornate. Basically free association has helped me to choose words that rhyme together. Ideas are not too boring yet they are presented simply, and without any deception. They are original and authentic. I have not copied any thing, not even a single word from any source, book or C.D. All ideas are my own. I am confident that those readers who like poetry and enjoy it will like my poems. My pen name is

Virtuous Vigorous Virgo

I want to thank all those people who helped me in the publication of this book. With his word of thanks, I end this introductory preface.

Yours Sincerely

Yumna Jameel

خرادی تقدیر کی، پہ  
جو ہے بویا، کاٹنا

## فنا فی اللہ

وقت، دولت،

اولاد، تقدیر

کب کسی کا ساتھ دیتی ہے

سدا رہا نام اللہ کا

اور پھر

آخر میں

حساب دینا ہوگا

روٹی، روزی کا

نام، نمود کا

ہر نعمت کا

گناہ کی طاقت

اپنی طرف بلاتی ہے

مگر

سہارا بنا تو نام اللہ کا

کام آیا تو نام اللہ کا

انسان فانی

گناہ نادانی

روح مانی۔ دنیا دیوانی

## BEGINNING IS THE END

The beginning is the end.  
Out of nothingness,  
Absolute power of Allah's will  
Had emerged and prevailed  
My soul said "yes"  
"You are my God"  
We all said, "Yes"  
"Yes we promise"  
We wanted to exist  
We wanted to be created.  
We wanted  
A heaven - A hell  
We wanted Him to do it  
For us. We wanted  
A heaven. A hell.

God

## THE ONE AND ONLY

The wind blows  
And it shows  
That creatures great and small  
Are making their bows.  
Before the One and Only  
Who, whenever I am lonely  
Sends messages heartening  
To my breast only.  
He knows how to tell  
Hidden in their shell  
The humans who hide  
The reason they go to hell.  
We all have to pray  
Before we fall prey  
To the voice of satan  
Leading us astray.

# A MIRACLE OF POSTERITY

When hearts are full of desire,  
The flights of fantasy gather strength,  
A persistent strength, that made Jinnah,  
Advocate in the name of a Muslim state.

When soul is holding to an ideal,  
The flights of fantasy gather strength,  
A staunch strength, that made saddam,  
So adamant against opposition.

When mind is blooming in bliss,  
The flights of fantasy gather strength,  
A committed strength, that made Arafat,  
Pursue the goal of a plestinian state.

When bodies are willing to die,  
The flights of fantasy gather strength,  
A fatal strength that made Osama,  
So consistent for rights of Muslims.

When flights of fantasy gather strength,  
Humanity is ready to sublimate itself,

Meaning is given to sacrifice,  
Reverence is paid to poverty,  
Heroes are bestowed upon posterity,  
Homage is paid to power,

O merciful Allah,  
Save us from sadistic suicide,  
Save us from the evil within us.

# LOVE IS A TENDER FLOWER

Love is a tender flower  
Loved ones are its petals  
Friendly hand in the needy hour  
In a warm grasp settles.  
God's gifts are the shower  
For those who avoid nettles.  
We don't go to the wine bar  
We drink from the kettles -  
We ride in cars  
We are in excellent fettles -  
Hopefully we shall see the hour  
When polluted air settles -  
Awaited, anticipated, is the hour  
Of unseen, holy battles -  
That land of rest is not far  
From the holy battles.  
Nearly here is the hour  
Of time's tested mettles.  
Chosen ones will be far



From the noisy battles.

They will reach in early hour

Near the heavenly petals.

Waiting for them there

Will be rewarding tethers -

Bearing fruit juice and honey -

Without the need of money -

Love is a tender flower

Loved ones are its petals

Friendly hand in the nedy hour

In a warm grasp settles.

## TWO HUMANS

When two humans fight  
They lose sight  
Of moral values, of principles  
Might is right —  
When two humans cry  
The harder they try  
The lesser they succeed  
They stop at me and my-  
When two humans love  
They fly like doves  
Spirit's feeling drive them  
Crazy for more love-  
When two humans thrive  
Make fours into five  
Ego inflates  
It forces them to strive-  
When two humans doubt  
They turn about

Like lawyers they debate  
Until they have gout-  
When two humans pray  
They make hay  
Which builds their stamina  
Be they good or at bay-  
When two humans cheat  
They forget to eat  
Their honest daily bread  
Their hearts forget to beat-  
When two humans misbehave  
They really do rave  
They cross the limits  
Feeling brave-  
The crown of creation got stuck  
On the tree of Ego.  
The tree that leads  
To good deeds  
To fulfill needs  
Heart bleeds  
Soul supercedes

# MINE IS AN EMPTY WORLD

All things fall into place

There is no space,

In the puzzle of my being

For anyone else to trace.

The battle of body and mind

Or else to search and find

Remnants of wear and tear

In my time or in my kind.

For I possess no wealth

That revealed needs stealth,

Mine is an empty world.

All I ever need is health.

Health to go on living.

And to keep on giving

My students their daily input,

Without any misgiving.

## ALLAH HOLDS SWAY

The higher you go  
The lesser you owe  
To your inner self  
The need to bow.  
Ego goes to you head  
Makes heart like lead  
You fail to see clearly  
What lies ahead  
Life was made to die  
Only Allah up high  
Shall prevail forever  
Allah will never die-  
Every wave in the ocean  
Every ounce of digestion  
Will taste death  
Frailty has no health  
Enjoyment subsides  
Pleasure tides

Sorrow hides  
A new tomorrow  
Life is bow and arrow  
Targets are narrow  
Blind like tomorrow  
It is best  
To let life rest  
In strong faith  
East or west  
Whichever way  
Allah holds sway  
Let him not test  
Tolerance, or endurance  
Because test is a test  
Only the best  
Are worthy guest  
At heavenly crest  
At His behest

# IGNORANCE IS BLISS

Ignorance is bliss

Let us not miss

Knowledge is this

Mistakes lead to learning

More learning leads nowhere.

The more you learn

The less you earn

Because you do yearn

For powers that burn

Limits that govern

The wheels that turn

Fortune into a friend.

The pain, agony, sorrow

Of today and tomorrow

That come and go

May under the glow

Of slow, steady, flow

Of moments which throw

Us below.

The end of the row,

Where come and go,

The pain, agony, sorrow

Of New tomorrow

## THE FINAL FLIGHT

Hidden is the seed of greatness

Within the heart and soul,

Then what triggers the plant,

To grow into a whole

Hidden is the malice, the profound,

Ugliness, which cannot be found,

Cannot be reached or bound,

By the half-witted clown,

Much is hidden,

And much more of it is not,

It is Allah,

Who is hidden,

Yet manifest-

If one doesn't know the rest

It is best,

To lay in one's nest,

And conceive the crest —

In times of test



When hidden talents  
Show their mimes  
And fate and fame wait  
On the threshold of times-  
Times one struggles to win  
Times one makes effort to strike  
A pot of gold within the soul.  
For greatness is strife within plight  
Before the final flight  
Towards heavenly height-

# THE STORY IS TOLD

People unknowingly  
Attach a lot to value  
To fortune, and money  
They can't help in any way -  
To me it seems funny -  
People unknowingly  
Attach a lot of importance  
To love, friendships, partners  
They can't help in any way  
Allah holds sway -  
Lo and behold  
When we are old  
The story is told  
Youth knocked in the fold  
In the guise of actor bold  
The fool, cold  
Cunning, conceited, gold,  
Was actually sold

To people old  
Who lost the gold  
For what future may hold -  
Prophets told  
To young and old  
Where the gold  
Was actually sold  
Let us hold  
The guilty mold  
Forget and forgive  
Our soul.  
And, lo and behold  
Before we are cold  
Happiness bold  
Comes knocking, rolled  
In robes of Gold.

# SPIRITUAL EYES WILL BE SATED

No one cares a damn  
For the maltreated clan  
Who suffer in silence  
Yet there is a plan  
In the system of things  
For beggars and kings-  
No one cares a damn  
For the blind, staggering man.  
Who needs to cross the street  
Finds no space to walk on feet  
No one cares a bit  
If he is hit  
By a passing car  
And is thrown afar  
He dies or he lives  
Not a thought anyone gives,  
No one gives a thought

To those who are caught  
In the struggle for naught  
No one gives a hoot,  
To those who salute,  
Their clients and kick with boot  
The poor, the needy. But do loot  
Poverty-stricken who can't re coup  
Their pride with force brute.  
Atrocities, crimes  
Will not go unabated  
Spiritual eyes  
Will be sated  
His will shall prevail  
Every person will fail  
Until conscience may hail  
And tear the veil  
Spiritual eyes  
Will be sated.

# IT IS TIME TO PRAY

Life is a bridge,  
Between birth and death,  
Years have gone by,  
And I,  
Stand apprehensively,  
Stretching out to gain,  
Faith to sustain me,  
Faith to sustain me,  
In times of unpredictability.....

The bridge is shaking.

The tide is rising.

It is time to pray.

To beg pardon,

For what is done,

In heat of passion,

Without compassion.

Ya-Ghaffaar

Don't we all.

Slip, comit and fall.

To err is human.

To forgive divine.

# GOODBYE

The party is over,

The music is silent,

The dishes are dirty,

The host is reclining,

The hostess is yawning,

The guests have gone,

The caretaker locks the door.

But then, another party is on,

For you and for me,

We join hands in harmony,

We exchange notes on fresh gossip,

We don't say goodbye,

Goodbye

An insult for us few,

Meaningless for us,

Who share a lifetime of joy.

Ya-Ghani

But a pleasant relief for those,

Who need to go,

When the party is over for them,

And they cannot over-stay their welcome.

# THE CARING HEART

Behavior shows

The good, the bad, the nasty

Friendship and love grows

Among, like-minded hearts

The caring heart

Makes graceful bows

Towards Beloved Macca,

Ya-Awall

Beloved Awall

Make me grateful

Give me treats

Make me happy

Happy to be one with Ya-Awall

I was once with you

Now I do not conceive

That oneness

Yet I do not deceive

Myself, I do not deny

My self, my soul, that promise



When I will definitely see you

When the dead arise

In the guise

In pious size

Evil may dive

Into hell, Angels drive

God-fearing folk

Into heavenly beehive

I wait

For my fate

To take me straight

To heavenly gate

My last prayer,

"I do care

To do justice

To my soul bare

Before Allah

May care

To make me dare

Not to lose the will to live

A meaningful life" ----

## اس دنیائے فانی میں

میں نے سنا تھا کہانی میں  
 آگ لگے گی پانی میں  
 افسوس

تہا رہنا پڑا جوانی میں  
 کچھ دن کٹے شادمانی میں  
 برا وقت تھا زندگانی میں  
 اس دنیائے فانی میں  
 سچ بھی ہوا کب کہانی میں؟

## انسان کی ہار

اے مشین،

تو موسیقی سنائے

تو کرہ ٹھنڈا کرائے

تو جگگائے

مجھے گود میں اٹھائے پھر آئے

میں سوچا کروں

تیری جیت

میری ہار

اے دل بے قرار

رونا بے کار

انسان کی ہار

مشین ہے درکار

# HIS WILL PREVAILS

Prefect in perfection

No harsh reaction

His Will reigns

Through the reflection

Of his creation-

Up, above and high

Down, below, we die,

We do cry

"No hope if we try"

His Will reigns supreme

His Will prevails

Allah Rules

Has the tools

His Will prevails

All else fails.

Heart, kidney, brain,

Do but fail to bail.

Reality has a pattern,

Eternal truth known  
To him alone  
Life has shown,  
Reality is borne,  
By those who mourn,  
The past alone,  
Choose not foolishly  
Choose with might  
The path aright  
Towards the site  
Where angels may  
Carry the day  
Fear is the key  
Mighty is He  
Who owns the key  
So let it be

# OPEN THE GATE

The rat is in a maze

All else is haze

We go by trial and error

Proceeding through craze-

The puzzle gets solved with difficulty,

Using all our ability

We anticipate, we linger,

At the gate of felicity-

Ya-Fataah

Open and we enter

Into your shelter,

Away from satan

Who makes us falter-

Into folly and sin

Who can win?

With piety and patience.

Perseverance and constancy

Without chagrin.

Ya-Fataah

Make us sure

Of the pure

Entrance into heaven

Our only cure.

Ya-Fataah

Open the gate

Let us not be late

In reaching there

With heart bare

Full of care.

## THE MESSAGE IS CLEAR.

The pious and pure  
Are better with cure  
They've rewards in heaven  
Are able to endure.  
But the cruel and crafty  
The evil-doers and nasty  
Will be lost  
Will not be able to burn  
The oil of toil  
Deeds will die within the foil  
Of the deadly coffin —  
Life only hires  
You and your liars —  
Till death brings an end  
And life tires.  
Your frail beginnings  
Face an end / Around the bend  
Beyond what most comprehend



To be the end.

Tit for tat

Mouse for the cat

Is the rule sublime

Beware —

And do adhere

To the call of conscience

Its call is near

The message is clear

Have no fear.

Bravely bear

Burden dear

And justice will hear

You message queer

Without a tear

You must tear

The veil in the rear

Of your living soul.

We have to wear

Death's smear

With or without tear.

# ANGELS WILL SYMPATHISE

Out you go,  
Adam, Eve will also go.  
You too can leave,  
Satan, and I will forego.  
I will forego your sins  
And see what the last day brings  
From your graves  
Will open, like dustbins  
You deeds and misdeeds  
Maladjustments, malfunctionings  
And misadventures.  
It needs collective endeavour,  
It needs sincere repentence,  
To assert and to cover  
Shame into succour  
He may pardon  
He may not  
Beggass can't be choosers.

Pardon may be granted  
Pardon may be reserved  
But all this fun and folly  
Will lead to a dead alley  
Unless of course  
He wishes otherwise.  
So the few who are wise.  
Must now be able to rise  
And enlighten the skies.  
Attain a prize.  
For prophets who prophesise  
That before your very eyes  
Angles will sympathise.

# TAKE CARE

Take care

Not to break

A heart full of care

A head full of hair.

Take care

Do not demolish

Man's heart, foolish

Take care

Break not the promise

Take care

Destroy not the sanctity

Of human efforts.

Take care

Do not light a fire

Of evil, within your

Own inner soul.

Do not become a coal.

Remain whole.

Attain your goal.

## SPEAK-O SOUL

Hell is within

So is heaven

Hell is within-the seeds -

Genetic seeds of evil -

Like germs are planted.

Within the human soul.

Heaven is within,

Crucified on the altar

Of wishes, dreams, desires

No one can see within.

Salvation is near

Have no fear

Shed no tear

Must bravely bear

Burden that is dear.

Speak, o soul.

Tell of the tales

Of woe and

Waste not even a minute.

Speak, o soul.

# ALLAH IS ONE

Transformational catharsis

Going from one ladder to another axis

Brings out a blossoming reaction

For those who miss.

The lively shows, the timely bows,

They wait for better times, and rows,

Upon rows are filled anticipating

A better treat in retreat which shows.

Ya-Raqeeb!

Who goes from better to best

He who takes the hard prest

To transformational catharsis

Above the rest.

There is no two-times in Love

Either you don't or you do love

Love cannot be shared

Spirits dwell on love.

Allah is one.

The tune you hum,

Makes you courageous

And solves you problem.

# WISDOM IS A TREASURE

You set out to test,  
Who is above the rest,  
In toil, hard prest,  
With crown and crest.

Verily thou art wise  
Thou made man to rise  
High above the heavens  
In dawn and sunrise -

Man searches and finds  
Man cuts, climbs and binds,  
Man manages by manoeuvres  
To reach heights sublime.

This is possible only because,  
There is a fundamental cause,  
For us to rise and be wise,  
Wisdom is a treasure.

Buried in deep thought  
Whoever sacrifices pleasure  
Can dig this treasure  
From the depths of his soul

# LIFE IS A CAGE

Stories tell tales

Stores sell at sales

Ya-Haq

Towards you our soul sails.

Allah's blessings do not stop,

It is a profitable crop,

This life, here on earth,

Does not need another prop -

Life is stage

Life is a cage

We are all in it

Paying homage.

Ya-Haq

Every living being will

Taste life's drill

He gives what you deserve

Even if your spirit is ill.

As you sow, so, shall you reap.

Death is not the end, it is a sleep

A passage to eternity, a peep

Into memories for you to keep.



# REALITY AN ETERNITY

I wish I were a bird,  
I would have no need,  
No need to frown or fret  
No need to despair or regret.  
I wish I were a machine,  
That would have no need,  
No need to bend or bow,  
No need to plant or sow,  
The crop of follies or sins....  
I wish I were an angel,  
Who would have no need,  
For self-discovery, self actualization,  
No need for participation,  
In group ethics,  
Or aerobics.  
Now I feel I am somebody living through a reality.  
Harsh. Ruthless. Reality....  
Timeless. Painless. Reality.....  
An Eternity.

## ABOVE THE REST

My wounds are healing  
I have a good feeling  
About myself, my life and times  
My acts, thought, and dealings  
Are in good safe hands  
Of silent, sub-conscious bands  
Stored in mind sublime  
That thinks and lonely stands.  
On the ocean of time,  
In the same line,  
With sages and saints,  
Who know how to shine.  
Above the rest,  
Think what is best,  
And keep abreast,  
With destiny's jest.  
Ya-Jabaar

# MAN HAS TO LEARN

Do not call the wrath of Allah  
To fall on you,  
Do not call the wrath of Allah  
To break hearts into two.  
He showers mercy  
He provides bounty  
He gives to all  
Money, prosperity, beauty.  
Reality has to be endured,  
It cannot be cured,  
Without deep heart felt prayer  
Temptations to be lured  
Into sublimation pure.  
Nations were crushed  
Into humility  
Peoples were dashed  
Into slavery  
Why?  
Not because they did not obey

Because they broke rules  
Rules not made for mules -  
Yet man has to learn,  
Good deeds do not burn,  
With death stern,  
Mountains will turn -  
If you follow  
And you swallow  
Prison hollow  
Of reality shallow -  
Life on earth,  
Is only a birth,  
Into a laboratory,  
To test the heat,  
Of hell's hearth -  
Take time to think  
How to reach the brink  
And to link  
Before eyes that blink  
At the threshold of heaven  
When hearts sink

And we drink.  
Wine of salvation,  
At the station,  
Of our graves --  
Word of caution  
For every nation  
Life on earth  
Is only a birth  
Into a laboratory  
Preparatory  
For a better state  
Within heaven's gate.

# A POWER TO BE RECKONED WITH

Gracious one.

What's done.

Can't be undone.

Great god

You are praised.

Your throne is raised.

Above all else.

Your judgment

Is high and mighty

No man, woman, child

No angel, good or devil.

Can question your authority.

You are a power

To be reckoned with

You are a tower

To be held forthwith

## LAND OF REST

Truth lives,  
Truth prevails,  
Truth gives,  
Our daily mail -  
Before we are no more,  
On the shore,  
Of life which bore,  
Us ashore,  
In the roar,  
Wanting more -  
Time to live  
And to give  
Alms and balms  
To reap that profit  
In heaven,  
What is in store for me,  
In the land of rest,  
If is best

To test

My courage, bravery

My piety, virtue

Here on earth

Before death

My last bow

To gladly show

Regards I owe.

To ya-Kareem.



# LOVE IS ENOUGH

Love is enough

When the going is tough

When there is no desire

Love is not enough.

It might back-fire -

To live in here and now

Is to sublimate the brow

Towards hearts desire

When youth know not how

To satisfy the desire.

To live alone

Eat the bone

Wait for time to own.

Who has out grown

Sanity

And has shown

Caliber, stamina and grown

Into a clone

Who is prone  
To make moan  
On erroneous zone  
Suffering like a stone  
Bone or no bone  
We shall be prone  
To love  
More than our own  
Heart permits  
Soul submits  
Target hits  
High summits  
Hold on to kits  
It fits  
You and me  
To say true love hits  
The brave hermits.

# AS YOU SOW SO SHALL YOU REAP

What shall it be?

Asks the queen bee.

Is it honey or no.

Then came the reply

It's so high.

This tree, nearby -

So you know

You shall reap

As you sow

In pile or heap.

That tree is your grace.

O God. My Allah.

You may grant.

You may withhold

That grant.

It is you judgment

Who gets what?

The end is still far

But we do wish for the star.

Our heaven.

Afar.

# قیامت ابھی ٹھہر

قیامت ابھی ٹھہر کہ ذرا

آنسوؤں کو پونچھ لوں

اپنے لبوں کو سی لوں

یتیمی کا داغ دھو لوں

چاک گریباں کو سی لوں

قیامت ابھی نہ آ، کہ ذرا

کوئی نیک کام کر لوں

دکھ کی کا بانٹ لوں

قرض کسی کا ادا کروں

کوئی آٹا مانگے تو دوں

قیامت ابھی نہ آ کہ ذرا

غریبی کی تہمت ہٹا دوں

دعا کے لئے ہاتھ پھیلا دوں

قیامت ابھی ٹھہر کہ ذرا

ابھی ٹھہر

# انسانِ اکِ قطرہ

سردیوں کی بارش

پھسل کر چلنا

گرنا، سنبھلنا، اور پھر چلنا

زخمی انسانوں کا رش

اور بھیکتی سڑک، فرش

بنگے سر

گیلے ریتلیے جوتے

سردیوں کی بارش

زخموں کو چاٹتا ہوا

بھیگتا، بھاگتا ہوا

منزل کی سمت طے کرتا ہوا

پاش پاش ہو کر سنبھلتا ہوا

انسان!

اپنے مقصد کو فوت ہوتا دیکھ کر

اپنے ارادوں کا جنازہ اٹھائے

اس یقین پر کہ جیسے

بارش کا قطرہ

کے الٹے الٹے مقام بنا لیتا ہے

انسان بھی قبر کی آغوش میں جا سوائے گا

اپنے خالق حقیقی سے جا ملے گا

جب یہ قطرہ بادل سے پھٹا ہوگا

جب صبح ازل پو پھٹی ہوگی

ابلیس نے عبادت کی ہوگی

آدم کو سجدہ ہوا ہوگا

فرشتوں نے تسبیح کی ہوگی

اے انسان تو وہ قطرہ ہے

جو بادل سے پھوٹا

وہ نفس جو خالق سے چھوٹا

وہ روح کا پیکر جو

جانِ قانی میں جا سما

تو کتنا شکر گزار

کتنا عاجز، کتنا متکبر

کتنا فارغ، کتنا غافل

مانگ!

پناہ مانگ!

بارش میں پناہ مانگ

کچھ توفیق مانگ

خالق سے ملاقات مانگ

مانگ اے انسان مانگ

## PRAISE BE TO ALLAH

Praise be to Allah!

Gives and boasts not.

Praise be to Allah.

Pardons and forgets not.

Forgets not to punish,

The wrong-doer for his folly.

Forgets not to guide,

The stray ones in the alley -

Forgets not to bind,

The shattered hungry belly,

Praise be to Allah!

Shows clearly the way

To heaven in Arsh-e Mualla

Heightens bodily clay

Before disarray

Makes one pay

For moments gay

When flights of fancy stray

Before we boisterously play  
Let us pray -  
Let us show our regard,  
And play the final card,  
Show that we have fears,  
Under a heart that is hard -  
Fears will not allay,  
Until we really pay,  
For pardon, patience, peace  
Then we safely carry the day,  
Prayer is to try  
To hush the inner cry  
That rises from the heart,  
Towards eyes not dry.  
Moisture in the eyes  
Every heart tries  
To reach to the goal  
Before the body dies.



## SOUL IS BARE

Good governance  
Patience, tolerance  
Salute eternal source  
Of Sovereign Permanence.  
Ya-Malik-ul-Mulk.  
Why make faces?  
Slow in the races  
Man sleeps  
Over corruption cases -  
Then they complain -  
Finding no gain  
That the system falters  
Again and again -  
Why don't you reconcile  
To be docile  
Is it written in the file  
To trigger the missile.  
And hit and murder the pile

Of enemy who does'nt reconcile -

To reality as it may smile -

Love your own kind

And you will find

Enmity, hate, evil

All left behind.

Dreams come fast

But where do we go

From nostalgic past.

Mistakes stare

When soul is bare

Over here

Poverty, despair,

In prayer

Go under the layer

Of earth bare

Decay is rare

People do not care

Whether it be here or there

Mind may dare

To capture the clay

✓ Mankind must learn

How to fairly earn

Heavenly fern

But not to burn

Human urn

Into a solid sea-vessel

That knows no hassle

Goes alone

In storm or cyclone

Over fair-weather

Towards eternal sojourn.

# BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Time and again, he postpones  
Punishments from stones for stones  
Stunned humanity awaits  
When and where humans turn to clones  
Time and again the permits  
Man to do good in bits  
Broken into daily routine  
While the murderer hits  
Another massacre attempted upon -  
Another human soul shattered anon -  
Without mercy, without tears  
Another ordered killing of icon.  
Time and again  
He takes pain  
To infect into bleeding hearts  
Heating, harmonious gain -  
Prophets were slain  
Saints were slain

The brilliant brain  
Was again and again  
Pushed down the drain  
Dictators feign -  
Innocently in words plain -  
Motives and enchain  
Humanity's main  
Talent and again  
We are sorry  
For the lane  
Of correction was profane -  
Is it not time to feel  
The need to turn on heel  
And to stop-all murder  
All betrayal- in deal  
Better late  
At any rate  
Than never  
Ever.

# SATAN RULES

Killings, murder, slaughter, Genocide

It is not possible to hide

Man's innate nature

Evil is on our side.

Satan rules.

With his tools.

Near and far away,

Man kills man

There is no ban

On murder, slaughter, killings

Child is father of man -

Is the end hear ?

The downfall is sheer

Put yourself in gear

Have no fear.

Ya-Momin,

Spare us the misery, the fright

Spare us the decay, the flight

From good forwards evil

Save us, put us aright -

Ya-Momin

Where fright and fear rule

Can we go to the school

Which propagates

Religions teachings to mules

Ya-momin

Life is beautiful, true

Life is lovely, true

Truth is this

Truth is the glue

Which links us anew.

# DEATH IS NOT SHY

Death is not shy

People gather and cry

Knowing not, when, where, why

We say goodbye

Fear is the key

To eternity -

Be happy, for He may

Keep you in dismay.

When life is a pain

Death makes you fly.

To rejoin up high.

In the sky

With eternal Grace.



# WHEN SIN WAS BORN

Creator of earth, heaven, hell, sky  
Creator of universe up high  
From nothingness Allah created  
Creatures who swim, run, fly -  
There are conditions, stages,  
For creatures of all ages,  
To ponder and perceive,  
Fools, idiots, wise sages -  
When nothing was born.  
The seed was torn  
There and then  
Forces were thrown  
To govern.  
Method in madness.  
But mad become madder -  
Sad became sadder -  
Adam and eve climbed the ladder -  
And sin was born -

Ya-Mubdi

You know best

How's our test

Do we fulfill?

The required drill

When part becomes whole,

Only the virtuous, compassionate soul

Will attain its goal -

The rest would have sold

Their total hold

Over to the devil

For petty gold -

Do not compel

Your inner shell

To go to hell.

Its time to dwell

On what prophets tell.

## HEAR ME

O God, O Almighty Allah,  
Hear me when I am lonely  
Sad, dejected, tired-console me-  
Hear my prayers, fill my bowl,  
O maker, owner of my soul -  
Times when I can't pray  
But my soul does say  
Nothing is more dear  
Than the fear  
Of Allah-His Greatness is clear.  
To everyone far off and near.  
Times when heart's desires are crushed  
And cries of pain are hushed  
Times when tears don't come  
But beats the drum  
Of heart that is numb  
Cries are many, and come often  
Hear me at such times.

Let my prayers go not in vain  
Hear my heart rending cry  
For happiness, freedom from pain.  
Its not that I don't try  
To silence this inner cry.  
Yet it stops not  
It is consistent, endless -  
I am alone and friendless  
Nature gives me consent  
To cry and prevent  
Despair and give vent  
To feelings by writing  
And not by fighting  
Against self respect.  
Self - awareness  
Self - organization  
Self - management  
Is the call clear  
The slope is sheer  
Tear after tear  
Drops in fear.

## RISE AND BE WISE

Take not the carrier of good sense

Beyond the barrier

Towards despair.

Test not your friend

Or your foe

That He may show

How to fall on your toe.

Allah, created the universe

Placed Adam and Eve

In heaven.

Allah, today

Takes pains to create

Love in our hearts.

But, stop awhile and think.

Have we become aware

Of the goodness of a meal

Of the profit of a deal

Or are we to steal

All joy of creativity from him.

May be He feels used

Doesn't feel the need to excuse

In a way that is bad.

Angels may worship and not be sad.

But He expects humanity

To subjugate itself at his door.

He expects man to show.

Respect, tenderness, righteousness

Let him no feel used

Let satan not be amused

At the sad plight of man.

# PRAYER IS FOOD

Lead us not astray

We want to pray

For a better day.

Allow us to leave

And to heave

A sigh of relief -

That we may owe

A thousand fold bow

In prayer and solitude

In a mood

Prayer is best food

For the dud's

Body rude

Must now brood

Over prayer deep

Heap upon heap

Of sins disappear

Feelings of fear

May well smear

Every new year.

# ROAD TO ETERNITY

Fear the wrath of God

He has set a date

A deadline-not late

In the passage of time.

Do not misuse mind to commit crime.

Against Adam's honour.

Safeguard it ---

Preserve it ---

Save it ---

For that moment

When you offer your soul.

Bruised or beaming

Before Allah and His Judgment

Will be permanent.

Life sets to test

Your capacity to rest

On a bed of thorns -

And wait for eternal quest.



Life, here, on earth, has an end  
Death is just around the bend  
Of the road to eternity  
Do good and be good  
Share joy and do lend  
A helping hand to your friend  
Like this you can send  
Blessings you fail to comprehend

# I DO CARE

It's not a joke

We carry this yoke

The yoke of pessimism

Even god-fearing folk

Carry subconscious mind

Fate, destiny puts behind

A submission totally blind

Desires, doom, decay.

No person can bind

Into docility.

Allah rules

The lazy mules

Through the blues

Different clues

Reappear in hues

Till, we pay our dues -

But, it may be hell

No one can tell  
Straight paths are many  
Choose, one, two or any  
Only the wearer knows  
What hurts the toes -  
Heaven or hell  
It's a choice made  
Under the shade  
Of a cascade -  
Errors may backfire  
And choice goes haywire.  
No one can escape  
The rape of the cape.  
  
Let it be  
It is He- Ya-Qavi ---  
Feel free  
Under the tree -  
Youth may hide  
Beyond the tide  
Of contemporary genocide -  
Stronger than strong

Braver than brave

Pretty than plain

Tough, true, sane,

Ya-Qavi

For those who dare

To pay the fare

Heaven is here.

I do care

To be rare

Enter there

Under the stare

Of erroneous zones

Ya-Qavi

Give me heaven.

If there is one.

## WE OWE YOU

Don't we owe you

Don't we show you

Don't we know you

Ya-Qayum -

You are generously giving

You are truly living

You are kind in killing

You are silently filling

Our hungry bellies

By you gesture kind

You are leaving behind

Our sins, follies, idiosyncracies

We do not mind

To be one of a kind -

We owe a whole lot

To the One and Only

Who is Absolutely Holy.

# کیا کچھ نہ سمیٹ لوں۔ اب کے بہار میں

اے دل شکستہ

میں تجھ سے ہوں

بہ جھل بوجھل

اپنے ہی وجود کی قید میں

اپنی ہی روح کے حصار میں

کیا کچھ نہ سمیٹ لوں

اب کے بہار میں

پھولوں سے رعنائی لوں

پتوں کے ساتھ انگڑائی لوں

بھول جاؤں سب دکھ

سمیٹ لوں سب سکھ

قدرت سے دوستی کر لوں

تقدیر کی درستگی کر لوں

باتوں کو عقل سے تول لوں

دل کے پردے میں بول لوں

روح کے تالے کھول لوں

کیا کچھ نہ سمیٹ لوں

اب کے بہار میں

## میرے ہونے سے یا نہ ہونے سے

کچھ فرق نہ پڑا  
 میرے ہونے سے  
 یا نہ ہونے سے  
 زندگی رواں دواں ہے  
 زندہ دلی جواں ہے  
 تم میرا انتظار نہ کرنا  
 میں نہیں تو کوئی اور سہی  
 تم راستے کا وہ پتھر ہو  
 جو ٹھوکریں کھا کھا کر  
 نرم پڑا اور گول ہو گیا  
 میں راستے کا وہ کاشا ہوں  
 جو بو جھل ہو کر زمین میں گھب گیا ہوں  
 اب مجھے بھی فرق نہیں پڑتا  
 میرا وجود باقی ہے  
 زندگی باقی ہے  
 یہی حقیقت ہے  
 اور سچ بھی یہی ہے  
 کہ مجھے کسی کا انتظار نہیں

# MIRACLES WILL NEVER CEASE

I am no dead, yet

Although

Time has not spared me

Fate has tricked me

Reality has crystalised me

Still

I live on -

Concealing the hypocrisy

Of my cultural heritage

Facing abuse of society

Absorbing painful existence.

Miracles will never cease

Pain will eventually case

So as to ignite the light

Heart, body, mind, will fight

Until

Sadists will die

Soul will not cry

Piety prevails- by and by.

Till final goodbye.



# PROMISE IS A PROMISE

Like birds in their nest  
I go along with the rest  
Too hungry to speak  
Don't know where to sneak.  
Not knowing really, where?  
The next meal will appear  
And where shall I eat  
And no more shall I care.  
Shall I dine  
With people fine?  
Or will I eat simply?  
With no change in clime?  
This I do feel  
That before every meal  
I should be grateful  
And should bow and kneel.  
God gives food  
To coarse and crude -

He never is miserly  
So why should anyone be rude  
Even a snail behind a stone  
Every dog will get his bone  
Promise is a promise  
No one will miss a meal  
Until Allah may feel  
To stop the flow of treat  
When we all shall meet.  
That day of judgment  
Will surely occur  
Promise is a promise

## THE INFLATED EGO

Humanity lies segregated

Virtue, piety hated

Kith and kin separated.

Human ego gets inflated -

For reasons hidden inside.

The cold, cunning, wicked heart

You and I perish on this side,

We all must play our part.

Awaiting us

At the threshold of nothingness.

Any moment now.

Not knowing how.

Awaiting, us,

Is The One Source,

The One Force,

What else, of course.

Ya-Allah- Ya-Saboor

# DEATH DINES

O believer

Omnipotent Allah

Seeing, hearing witness

Is everywhere to be found

In the sky, on the ground,

Within our soul

And all around -

We believe

In Ya-Shaheed

We relieve

Satan's breed -

We perceive

Innate goodness

We deceive

Only ourselves -

When the creator

Will open the theatre

Self is volcano and crater

Reality is imitator

Of energy's generator

Better now than later -  
Self-esteem is greater  
Source, yet the operater  
Is not a traitor -  
While the sun shines  
Walk on straight lines  
Avoid police and their fines  
Go under the pines  
Find gold-mines  
Know that Allah signs  
Diminution at times  
And death dines  
With angels fine.  
Take the easy way out  
Of prayer about  
Par don, and fall-out  
Without doubt  
In your prayer  
Pay some heed  
To the faltering creed  
Indeed you will succeed.

## PART OF THE WHOLE

Tried, tested and timed

Sifted, selected and mimed

Is the human soul.

The harder the test

The better gets best

Here shines the human soul -

Only those who try

Are able to buy

Time for the human soul -

Good deeds are not wasted

Blessed fruits are tasted

Who knows what's best

For the human soul -

Yet we know.

The human soul -

Is a part of the whole.

# LIFE IS LIFE

Life is a struggle

Life is a jingle

Life is a jungle

Life is a puzzle

Life is strife

Life is a knife

Life is life.

It is difficult to lead

A good life, here on earth

Near the hearth -

Mankind suffers

Mankind offers

Nothing to no-one

Only begs to be forgiven

Prays to be given

The golden handshake

To heaven.

# THE LAWYER KNOWS

O lord-our Maker -  
Omnipresent shaker  
Of our genetic frame  
We become greater  
Every day, every hour  
We, do not possess the power  
Yet our eternal doom  
Awaits at decided time  
When Allah's power sublime  
Will tell us the time  
Will test us in time  
Will teach us in time  
Ya-Wakeel  
Allah is our lawyer  
Takes us higher.  
He will sublimate  
Your faulty fate  
He gives personality trait



For a bait

The lawyer knows

Capacity of the dose

That may fill the hose

Up till his nose

And wounded goes

The reddened nose.

# I CRAVE FOR LOVE

It's time for crow and cock  
To go in safe-havens  
And turn back.  
Evening brings news,  
Sun is no more,  
Skies are lit,  
With pink, purple hues.  
My brave heart turns turtle  
At the thought of  
What fate holds for me.  
I crave for love, and tender touch  
And my heart turns turtle  
It sends me a message.  
Pay homage to the maker  
He knows what is best  
For you and for me.  
Yesterday, today, tomorrow.  
Who knows what time holds.  
And it unfolds  
A daily routine that is thorough.

## A GOOD BOOK

Oh yes!

I have a friend

Moments of friendship.

Will never end.

We sit together and talk.

Of ideas that walk.

We take stock.

Of transformation under the clock.

My companion at all times.

I no longer think of crimes,

We speak of words and phrases.

We chalk out characters and faces.

Talk of people and places.

We describe, we share.

Thoughts ideas, we care.

To lay bare.

We imagine.

We sublimate

Ideas arise.

From within.

The thoughtful mind.

Soul blind.

Tries to find.

A good Book.

That may bind

The human mind

# POLLUTION

It is manifestation.

Of behavior rude.

We no longer call.

Nudity- nude

Polluted air, water, food.

Is in every blood, pure or crude.

Even literary minds are polluted.

Treachery, complexes, phobias, syndrome.

Manic-depression, and shrewd.

Calculations of syndicates.

Synchronised without compassion.

For man, woman and child.

With exploitation.

Televised in dramas prude.

Purity is obtuse.

Nudity is obtrude.

So why do we brood?

Synaptic dude.

Needs catharsis as food.

For the unhappy mood.

# DIVINITY DISCOVERED

Who can give

The One who discovered

Giving ---

Gave light to darkness

Gave dawn to night

Gave woman to Man

Gave Child to woman

Gave life to death

Everything worth giving

Is given

By the one source

Source discovered reality

Discovered generosity

Discovered divinity

Prophets were given goodness

A good promise

Awaits the wise

The pious, the pure.

---

He who gives  
Does not forgive  
Misdemeanour  
Misconduct  
Mismanagement  
Misunderstandings  
Giving is not easy  
God cannot be hired  
None can be fired  
Truth must be wired  
On lines of Reality  
Harsh. Ruthless. Reality  
Timeless. Painless, Reality  
An eternity.  
Beyond continuity.

## دستک

اچانک

میں نے مڑ کر دیکھا

کیا کوئی چور ہے؟

یہ کیا شور ہے؟

مگر

وہ ہوا کا ایک جھونکا تھا

جو دستک دے گیا

کیونکہ

میرا دروازہ کھلا رہ گیا



## میرے بعد

میرے بعد

نہ پہننا وہ جوڑا

جو مجھے پسند تھا

نہ جانا اس راستے پر

جو میرے گھر کی طرف جاتا تھا

میرے بعد

نہ یاد کرنا مجھے

اور نہ وہ وقتِ رخصت

جب ہم دونوں

ایک لمحے میں قید

جدائی کی سولی پر چڑھ گئے تھے

میرے بعد

کسی اور کو وہ دکھ نہ دینا

جو میرا حصہ تھے

میرے بعد

نہ رونا، نہ ترسنا

نہ جینا

جیسے جینے کا حق ہے

## مرحومہ بہن کی یاد میں

وہ کون تھی؟

پری یا حور تھی؟

وہ آئی پھر چلی گئی

وہ ملاقات اتنی مختصر

وہ رفاقت اتنی محدود

ہائے تشنگی

اے اہل دل، تم سے اتنا نہ ہوا، اسے روک لیتے

اے اہل نظر، تم سے وہ پیار کا پیکر تھا مانہ گیا

اے اہل دنیا، تم جان لیتے، مان لیتے اس کی باتیں

آج اس کی یاد میں دل گھائل ہے

کیا یہی تڑپ زندگی کا حاصل ہے؟

کیا یہی آرزو آنا کی پائل ہے؟

کیا یہی احساس فنا کا حاصل ہے؟

# GENETIC LIMITATION

Allah knows how to control  
Knows how to govern  
Knows how to sift and test  
He need not bother too much  
Placed is genetic limitation  
Within us, that is the Limit  
Not everyone can overcome  
Color, creed, tribe, race, religion  
Make me a Muslim  
I choose to be so -  
No one bothers to share  
I lay my soul bare  
Let us, at least, care  
Not to hurt, snatch or stare -  
Let us put aside  
Our materialistic side -  
Let us be better  
Than the average go-getter -

Let us pray, in truth,  
For the spiritually uncouth -  
Let us truly place  
Ourselves in proper space -  
Let us utter in speech  
Not to stupidly breach -  
Relationships, negotiations, bargains  
These are our gains  
Our profits, our pains.  
Our blames, our strains.  
Our rigid brains,  
Take us down the drains -  
Through the lanes  
Alongside the window panes  
While it endlessly rains  
Like slaves in chains  
Genetic limitation reigns -

# AM I LOSING THE WILL TO LIVE

Life seems to me, like a slate  
Is it really so late?  
That my pen forgot to write  
In that vacant, speechless state.  
Remembering brings me here  
Yesterday I was nowhere -  
Now, social pressures persuade  
Me, and I prepare -  
I prepare for tomorrow  
Whether it be joy or sorrow  
I prepare myself for times  
From my fate I borrow  
Time to rest  
And to suggest  
That a new day brings  
Happiness among other things

## CONTEMPORARY CRISIS

To exist, is to be,  
In a haven of aggression  
A presence that struggles to escape  
In a disorderly shape,  
Towards self-destruction -  
Sometimes, it seems,  
That man must kill Man,  
And persist in hijacking, genocide  
Massacre of human soul -  
So much happens in time that's short  
That disturbs the believer's faith.  
He wishes that Bell would toll  
For in the womb  
Whatever takes being  
Breaks the body's whole.  
What gods or beasts are they  
Who exist to find a prey  
What should we know of angels  
We who are the scum of the earth  
Whether we live in Dehli or Perth -  
Ya- Salaam - o  
Guide us,  
Give us harmony and help

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Let us not be slaver of Satan  
We who are the crown of creation  
Why can't we stop self- destruction.  
There is no reason  
Nor is there a need  
To kill or murder  
Or separate brother from brother.  
Where will this arrogant being  
Find a place of solace  
If not now!  
Tell us how,  
To follow snit  
Of prophets and preachers  
Before we turn to soot.  
Nothing begets nothing  
To perish  
Is not the name of the game.  
We are all the same  
Is not all endeavour  
Beyond all blame  
Fortune, Fertility, Fame  
Must learn humility  
And be tame -  
If not now!  
Then where, when, why and how?

## THE DYING RACE

Made from blood,  
Clay, Spirit and soul -  
Mankind is weakened  
By not being whole -  
Soft, sensitive, lost in their own being  
Persons are shattered into despair  
Into bits and pieces, that cannot be seen  
By coming generations, to repair  
The damage caused by the system -  
Is the individual to blame?  
Or should the system be put to shame?  
Humanity should be the same  
If ever it may enlighten the flame -  
The Eternal Source is All Perfection  
Humanity is its eternal creation  
Which is tested and tried  
Sifted and placed side by side -  
With Eternal Grace  
Sets out to trace  
The footprints  
Of the dying race



# NEVER TOO LATE

Sorry!

For the remarks

That left a scar on your heart

That broke the window to your soul

Oh No!

How could I -

Just give me no guilt -

Will you forgive -

Will you forget -

Because if you do -

We can patch it up

Make it worth while

TOGETHER -

# TO BE OR NOT TO BE

Beggars can't be choosers

Sleepy ones are the losers

To drive or be driven

That is the question -

You get what you strive for

There is no either, or,

Come straight to the point

Avoid the noisy joint.

To be or not to be

That is the question.

No one is pushed

No one cares

✓ America is bushed

Has plenty of airs.

Satan rules unharmed

✓ Every Muslim must be armed.

Poor are getting poorer

Faulty behavior

Leads many to err.

Soft even than fur

Is the heart of the believer

Sinner's heart is heavier

Than lead,

Beggars can't be choosers

Many of us are losers

✓ But faith

Makes you whole

Saves your soul

✓ To bite or be bitten

✓ That is the question

# I LIVE ONLY FOR MYSELF

None of you care whether I survive  
This tumult could arrive  
Unannounced at any moment  
With tremendous force  
And upheavals may strive  
To disturb my peace  
Peace, I have earned  
Very religiously  
Peace, I carry with me  
To my grave  
Trying to be brave  
Being careful not to hurt  
Or be tempted to destroy  
Any baby, girl or boy  
Self destruction may occur  
When the going gets tougher  
Than I envisaged  
At my age

Of maturity

Ripeness is all

I see Adam's downfall

I imagine satan's curse

On my fate may befall

Allah is All in All

I am helpless, I am small

Allah saves me at every fall

As I age, I grow, I feel tall

Ripeness is all

# REHMAT-UL-LIL-ALAMEEN

Such charming manners  
Such selfless spirit  
Such beautiful mind  
Such marvelous generosity  
Such thirst for knowledge  
Such loveable heart  
Such self-evasive expression  
Such bountiful harvest  
Of lovely quotations  
All is yours  
Ya-rehmat-ul-lil-Alameen.  
Thou art virtuous  
Virtuous because of you  
Yourself so loving, caring  
That even Satan  
Is chased charmed  
To distraction -  
Are we mad?  
To arrogantly destroy  
The fabric of love  
Do we not deserve  
A better deal.

## آخرت کا وعدہ وفا ہونا ہے

مر کے کوئی آیا نہیں بتانے  
 زندگی کے سنے لگے سہانے  
 مگر موت کے بعد بھی جینا ہے  
 آخرت کا گھینا ہے  
 روح کا آب گینا ہے  
 رب کا دینہ ہے  
 آخرت کا وعدہ وفا ہونا ہے  
 ربوبیت کے صدقے میں  
 آب کوثر پینا ہے  
 جینا تو یوں جینا ہے  
 نقش پا گئینہ ہے  
 ہمیشہ کا جینا ہے  
 زندگی وہ سفینا ہے  
 جب صبر سے جینا ہی جینا ہے  
 جو رب کا پالینا ہے  
 وہی اصل جینا ہے

## برزخ کے بعد

برزخ بھی ختم ہوئی

آؤ اب چلیں

وہاں جہاں دکھ نہ ہو، ظلم نہ ہو،

زیادتی نہ ہو، کوئی کمی نہ ہو

جہاں جنت کی ہوا چلے

جہاں نعمت سدا رہے

زندگی وہ نہ رہی

اے آخرت میرے لئے تیرے پاس کیا ہے؟

ہیونگی کی زندگی تیری ہوئی

نیکی کی زندگی تیری ہوئی

اور تو میری ہوئی





*Unhappiness and separation from daughter inspired me to write poems which could elevate my soul with the help of free association. I searched for words that rhyme together and thus I created poems which I hope you will enjoy.*