

Poetry Series

Nosheen Irfan
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Nosheen Irfan()

I was born and bred in Lahore. After doing my matriculation from the Govt. Comprehensive Girls High School, I was fortunate enough to lay hands on my father's small collection of English novels. From there began my journey of love for literature. I went on to get a formal degree in English Literature at masters level from the Punjab University that gave me an opportunity to read varied forms of literature and I devoured the works of the most distinguished names in literary world. I was an avid reader of novels and short stories till 2014 when through facebook I came across poets from different parts of the world and I developed a passion for reading poetry. I never thought I would write poetry myself but one morning I woke up as if a new person feeling quite blessed and wrote my first poem. Of course it was not a mature piece of writing but it put me on the right track. Since then there was no looking back and Poetry became my best friend. At the time, I was out of employment, so had plenty of time to write. I made sure I read every great piece of writing and by reading I improved myself. But I believe the best we write is when we write instinctively. We can always give a proper structure to our thoughts later but first draft must come from instinct. I find poetry writing very healing spiritually. It has given me a voice that I never knew I had. Now poetry is as important for me as breathing, eating, living. Hope you will read me and appreciate my poetic journey.

November

A silent smog hanging above
The roads awaiting the fall of leaves
I sense your departure in the blur
A shadow moving away noiselessly
New dreams cannot weave a pattern
The city air is thick with blunders of years
As past was discarded in the wrong way
While away in the distance only smoke rises
Words are afraid of themselves.

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Will The Spring Answer?

And this autumn air
This smell of blood
How familiar they seem
Yet how unfamiliar
How goodbyes multiply
On the trees
And on a land torn by grief
The discoloured fallen leaves
Like the charred bodies
Can't the ground hold anything else?
This discoloration of life, this trampling
On the weak and the fallen
When will it end?
Will the Spring have the answer?

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Post Love

You live many roads away
Many blanks away
Many pauses away
You live on the outskirts of my life.

Between us, Lahore expanded
Stretched out till hands released hands
And soles forgot the touch of gravel
And love was always waiting for a knock.

I live though I have stopped calculating
How much distance divides us
Now the tracks have multiplied
and I have forgotten Mathematics.

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When Love Ends

Your pain will stay
In the eyes, in your gait
You will embark on never-ending search
You will be a stranger on well-trodden lanes.

The pain will show in face
Hiding itself from stares like acne scars
A sense of defeat will make a home in you and
It will keep the curtains closed and doors locked.

It will be hard, so hard it would slice you
Through the middle, but no blood will ooze
Only wandering thoughts, wandering feet
An eternal sense of stumbling into chairs and tables.

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The Heart

The heart has suffered time and again
The ache of goodbyes, the apathy of roads.

The heart has suffered like a bad habit
The strain of departure, the silence of hope.

The heart has suffered because it beats
When it's cold and tearing and nobody listens.

The heart has suffered long enough to survive
But it lived in pieces trying to look brand new.

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Even That...

I don't hope to see you
For you are just a mirage
An illusion of a vacant heart
An apparition to an empty mind
With leafless courtyards.

I'd rather see the painted sky
The crimson splash of the sunset
Or the yellow burst of the sunrise
But even that... I want to see
Through your eyes.

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The Parting

We parted
In broad daylight
While the city huffed
And puffed
The engines giving it a voice

We parted
Leaving pieces of us in each other
Split into half
Cut from the middle
Weak and wobbly

We parted
Knowing we would suffer
Feeling the tip of dagger
Dying slowly
Embracing pain.

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The Return

He is back
The voice of the people
The pulse of the public
Though weak and traumatized
But undefeated in spirit
All that he had endured
All the torture on body and soul
He will put behind soon
And will be the man he used to be
Before he became a victim
Of blind and naked power politics.

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No Love Poem

Words refuse to configure themselves
Structures lack a solid foundation
That's how designs have shaped
No cognitive plot lies at the base

Can I write a Love Poem for you?

But the moon is deep in thoughts
The sky is a wide mass of absence
The trees don't reply to the gusts
Silence spreads outside its habitat.

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A Very Rainy Day

The rain is raining and raining
The day is rainy, the night will be rainy
Rain is making puddles lovers cannot jump over
Dates are cancelled, meetings are stalled
It's raining outside, it's raining in heart
Rain brings together, rain keeps apart
The lovers both love and hate rain
As it rains and rains and paths are erased.

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This Life

This life spreads wide open
Like a treacherous terrain
Inviting the adventurer in me
And killing the human in me.

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Expansion Of Silence

Some voices we cannot hear now
Voices that were tortured to silence
Words cascaded down into the river
Merging surging by their own will
Suddenly silence spread its sheets
For the birds of prey hovered above
Now words must seek permission
If they have to beat the silence
For the instincts of the predators rule
And small birds are waiting to die.

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Silent Meeting

A meeting was held in silence
Amid hanging webs of memories
I heard only the drifting waves of words
Killing each other mercilessly.

The autumn ?? oozed from the eyes
There was nothing to say but sigh
Even that was a hyperbole
For silence scripted the best exit.

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September 2023

Sultry heat clings to the corners
As it recedes from the entrances
The sun has started blinking
But its glare is still its forte
There's nothing new yet
The same old smell of sweat
That made August taste of mouldy bread
But I cannot ignore September
For being faithful to the summer
For being the month of your birth.

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Might Is Right

Show them you can pull the trigger
And herd them along like cattle
Tell them they have nothing to cry about
There's ultimate peace in quiet

Life is easy if you seal your lips
The truth may better be left undug
He spoke and paid the price
One man with a dissenting voice

He was picked up by the unknowns
The masked men in black Vigo
Everyone knows who took him
But no one dares to question the motive

The history of mankind is simple
Logic has often lost to force
A man may suffer for his questions
But status quo must not be shaken.

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Crumbs

While I crumbled
Like dried bread
Between crushing fingers
You gathered the powder
In a bowl and put away
For another time
To coat and wrap
A new fantasy.

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War Of Silence

I am drowning in the waves
Of silence
The battlefield is bereft
of ammunition
Words are hidden in barracks
Like soldiers
With unloaded guns
This silence is war unto myself.

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Where Is He?

His face is missing from TV screens
His voice doesn't boom on YouTube
Where is he? People ask but get no answer
What's his fault? Speaking, they said.
Speaking what? Speaking the truth.
Speaking against those who control,
Who abuse power, who misuse authority
The result?
He has been missing for months
No one knows where he is kept
Or whether he is alive or dead
Can the State kill you?
Because you are popular and your voice reaches millions
I hope the answer is 'No'.

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Monsoon Shower

The rain has a lot to say
And it speaks its heart out
Leaving nothing to fantasy
Divulging all uncensored
No manipulation, no manoeuvres
Just an outburst of sad storage
Un-simmered serving to the listener
Uncontemplated confession
In the midst of bricks and walls
Of our so-called connection.

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Gathering

When the rain has rained
Down to its last drop
But the clouds still linger
Gathering more crystals of water
As if the world is still thirsty
Or the grief is still new
The clouds stand still
But abundant in their silence
Collecting, assembling
In the quietest way
The gift of crying.

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Battle

Sweltering silence
Of
Summer afternoons
The above-your-head sun
Coming down further
To become a tirade
The tussle begins
Between
The heart's wordlessness
And
The fierce rhetoric
Of
The tropical sun
Who will win
This senseless game
Silence and words are always at odds
Yet neither can displace the other.

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Infatuation

My eyes carry you
Like a childhood dream
I see you through windows
As though you are the moon
Hiding behind the trees
Or playing with the clouds
I see you with eyes of the night
Waiting for the sun.

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Parched

A blazing sun orbits the sky
Painting in pale blue expanse the futility
Of resisting the patterns of fate

Beneath the acacia a cat sleeps the slumber
Of the satiated belly and of thoughtlessness
Inviting the stare of green-eyed envy

From the window nothing is in sight
But the blurred future of a lover who chased
Obsessively the shadow of love

Heat is seeping into the curtained houses
Pouring a steady stream of consciousness
That body is at war with itself

Words too are parched and wait for a dip
In flowing waters with the zeal of a protagonist
Who must sail alive to the epilogue.

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Surrender

Finally
It's over
The self-deception
The tree knows the wind can break
Its courage. Its resistance can last
Only as long as the wind lacks
The urge to kill. It's over
Love knows it's weak
It must flee the battlefield.

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The Spell Is Broken

As you build an empire of lies
With high unsurmountable walls
A gate of iron barring the intruders
You are sheltered from the multitude
But it's a glass facade you are living in
It will take only a stone to break your shell
You will have no respect but only fear
Of the common man's rising.

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In Memory Of Sandy, The Cat

The air is filled
With a fan's droning
A door opening, a spoon clattering
Life is still roaming
In and out of rooms
The gravel outside is grazed
By the rush of tyres
But sadness has drifted into the territory
Like an uninvited guest
Yet you cannot turn it out
You cannot not entertain it
This sadness demands your hospitality
Your undivided attention
It asks you to weep a little
For the missing sound of meowing
From the music of your soul.

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Be Ready To Give Love

If you want love
Be ready to give love.

The roots must say to the tree
When you sway in the wind
We fear losing you.

The water must say to the fish
I am your life
Don't leave me.

The night must say to the stars
When you glow
I become myself.

The poet must say to the page
Take my dreams
And fill yourself.

If you want love
Be ready to give love
And say it aloud
Yes! you make me complete.

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Love Is No Game

Love is no cat and mouse game
There's no win or loss
There's no slave or boss
Sometimes you retreat
Sometimes I surrender
But in either case
There's no defeat
Love is the ultimate winner
When we don't mind
Losing our ground
Love is the sole beneficiary
When our anger is temporary.

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Poetically Bound

I must write to explain
Your smile. Your gaze
I am the poet
Who is roped to you
In speech and writing
Like the wind is meant
To search and find
The deepest wound
Of the tree
Like the sea is meant
To meet the golden moment
of the sun
That's how I am born
To be with you.

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Fated To Be Strangers

We are strangers
Though we know each other
Our smiles have carried each other
Our eyes have held the weight of each other
But we are strangers
Though we have spoken through glances
Smiles and gestures
We are strangers
And we will be strangers
Because there are strangers between us.

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Post Rain

Looks like

The rain was all I wanted

To be light weight

And feathery

But now that it has rained

And the air is perfumed

The leaves repaired

Life has something of a rebirth

Why is this weight

Still on the shoulders

Like the pointed top of the Pyramids

Grazing the silence of the night

What does it take?

To lift the weight

Of many years of circling around

The wishes of a foolish heart.

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Touch Screen

I will tread back
Holding a satchel
A piece of chalk
Stolen from the class

But I have moved
To a stylus
Pressed between the tips
Of fingers

I touch and touch
Without feeling.

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The Storm-2

Something falls too hard...near or far

A smash answers the wind's call
A child's cry drowns out the cloud

The sky is drunk on something
Fermented long enough in some cellar

The first rays flicker on little pools
A fallen tree across the asphalt
Splinters of a tired window at the feet

Nothing leaves without leaving a throb
Be it storm or be it love!

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A Humble Request

Make me part
Of your solitude
Where your thoughts
Glow like the moon
I want to occupy
Those spaces
Where you keep
The waves of silence
Keep me
Where you keep the torch
Light me with your imagination
You and I
Like the fantasy of a child
Existing in the impossible.

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Waiting

I am waiting
For you to shed
The skin that covers
Your heart
Like thick curtains
I am waiting
For you to remove
The layers one by one
Till you are You
A heart in love
But unafraid of loving.

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Day Dreaming

I lived in Day Dreaming
Peacefully flowing
Like a wave in love with itself
Unafraid of rocks with sharp edges

Day dreaming got me far
Even in the sea of your arms
Where I found plenty of room
And plenty of charm

Though you are inaccessible
Trapped inside the bubble
Of your inelastic ego
I reached you smoothly
Like a dolphin riding the waves

I reached you like the wind
Breaking down the taboos
Nothing could hold me back
Not even the class disparity between us
I possessed you like a fairy-tale princess
In the paws of my winged day-dreaming.

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Why Do I Love Poetry?

I love poetry
For it loves me back
It asks me for nothing
But gives and gives
Without frowning

It has decorated my loneliness
Its presence has made me whole
It has that magic touch that makes
Silence a musical rendition by a maestro

Why do I love poetry?
Because poetry has been true to me
Poetry hasn't betrayed my trust
Poetry hasn't made me wait
Poetry hasn't made me suffer.

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Irony

As love increased
Distance increased too
The trivial the love
The easier the path.

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Wordless

Your silence
Unbroken
Like rain
From clouds
Of storm

Your words
Withheld
Like tears
Of trees
In cities.

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Not Enough

The first word in my diary
and the last word
And all that lies in between
Belongs to you
As much as it belongs to me
But what a pity!
All the love I have for you
All the rhymes, all the metaphors
They aren't enough
To make you mine.

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February

With only a few leftovers of coldness
The day dawns upon new tender buds
Soft rays turning sharp right above the head
As the day proceeds you want to lighten up
Removing the layers like you tear off memories
One by one you discard the superfluous
And end up with bare necessities of heart
Love becomes all you need to carry
A hand becomes all you need to hold.

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Complex Love

My love like a subclause
Is put on hold
For no clause would join it
I am in search of a simple sentence
Capable of defining love
But you try to make it complex
Always waiting for the other part
Never standing on its own
No wonder my love remains
Subordinate
Thanks to your inclination
For complicated things.

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How About...

This too shall pass
The awkward silences
The supremacy of ego
The ice is melting to flow
Where you and I will grow
Beneath the alcove of warmth
How about knowing each other
A little more, a little deeply
Like the waves know the moon
Through ebb and flow
Or like the tree knows the birds
That nested in its arms
You and I
Sheltered in each other.

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Break The Ice

Don't be silent so long
That you forget the song
Sung by the morning breeze
In duet with the trees.

There are words in heart
Waiting to make a start
The words that are shy
Without a clue as to why.

For silence is an abyss
Where you might seek bliss
But words are a crown
Don't let the feeling drown.

Inside us we carry a mountain
Words unsaid holed up like prisoners
Someone must break the ice
For life to once again suffice.

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Wait

The trees await
A burst of rain
The dust-coated leaves
Long to bathe
In an uncensored shower
And
Streets with sooty air
Gardens with unquenched shrubs
They want nothing
But to be drenched
In
Crystal clear waters
And of course
Of course
The heart needs too
A saturation
A cleansing
For it's tired, so tired
Of thirsting
And breaking.



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Walk

Lets walk through this day
Clutching the remnants of hope
Our eyes still shimmer with dreams
Our hands still move to glean
treasures from the rubble
Let's walk through this day
Holding on to the bits and pieces
That will build tomorrow.

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Wilderness

No wind speaks
Only silence screams
The night is deep
So is the wound
The cry within
Locked in a cage
But the key is lost
And the light is dim
Nothing
But wilderness
In and around
Everywhere
A space waiting to be
Filled.

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Merged

People with branded shopper bags
And people with begging bowls
How they merge on every road!

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Waking Up On Sunday

Silence serenading down the road
A wall with flakes of paint falling off
Hosting unconditionally a drowsy cat
Basking in the mild rays unmindful
Of the stirring in the treetops where
Sit a few birds in meditational ecstasy
So silent is the morning no whirring
Of engines in the garages where flashy
Cars stand like sentries of the souls
So much peace that it troubles the heart
Used to the races of the heartbeats.

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Fatal Attraction

Your eyes with the moon in them
Gauging the tides of my heart

Your smile with the sun in it
Stirring the stillness of my soul

You know the magic
The alchemy of turning hearts
Into slaves

You with your subtle ways
Know how to make someone plunge
Headlong into the whirlpool

It's no ordinary love you excite
It's a life sentence for
An unforgivable Fall.

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Transition (February)

From a stinging cold it shifts
To a coldness less cold
Still cold but not cold enough
To make you cold right through bones
A few birds back on their perches
As if the worst is over for the trees
A song escapes the lips, a fantasy flings the window wide open expecting change
along the misty lanes.

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Things

Things are strange things
They replace people often
Our cupboards are lonely without them
Our rooms are forlorn in their absence.

But still things are things
You love them but they don't love you back
And that's what you need
Not just to love
But be loved back.

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Words Are No Luxury

Though eyes speak eloquently
Revealing the depths of soul
Mirroring the bottom of the heart
Where you keep the best
And the worst hidden from prying gazes
Though silence has its own language
Louder than a chorus
But words are a basic necessity
Without which a bond would starve
For words water the soul to make it bloom
Words feed the heart to keep it young
Words have no alternative
Words have no contender.

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The Spring Comes

After every cold glance
Comes the spring
With a friendly smile
A soft stirring
Of all that was frozen
Beneath the shivering
Of the sunless morning.

The spring comes
As a promise to the wounds
That healing is on the way
No need of stitches
Just inhale the air
Like the fragrance
Of the first love letter.

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Revenge

To forget
To forgive
To shut out
Of all memories
To move forward
On steady footsteps
To not look back
Over the shoulder
To banish from thoughts
To exile from heart
Isn't it the best revenge?

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A Cloud

A cloud carries
In its soft body
A storm
Or a drizzle

It doesn't ask you
What you need
A storm
Or a drizzle

It's so divinely human
It doesn't care
What you need.

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The Dentist

A catalogue of flaws
Wanting to be amended
Like the initial draft
Of a novice in poetry
Pouring out with a smile
Sweet as the recital of a poem
He revealed to me
How imperfect I was!

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Still Alive

All brittle twigs
No flesh
Covering up
The abrasions
But can you say
It's all over for the tree
That's all bones
And no meat

Let the season shift
The heart too will heal
The tree will claim a new garment
And conceal the rough patches
There's life still
Beneath the dead skin
Of a heart in mourning.

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The Night

As the moonlight spilled its coolness
on the stirring waves of the night
someone might have thought
how beautiful it is to be alive
how warm the hug of the darkness
as it cradles your pain and rocks it
gently that you don't want the night to end
for the new dawn has just been a cliché that
the heart has invented for convenience.

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Nowhere

The hazy day has nothing to say
Biting cold is numbing my fingers
The traffic smoke feeds the vagueness
Till it becomes the only truth
The flashy cars are claiming all space
Displacing the simplicity of soul
And we go on and on
Not knowing where.

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Hide And Seek

The sun is beginning to show his face
A subtle lifting of the curtains still tentative
Still timorous and uncertain in advances
Our eyes meet through the silent space
Where words are trying to shape a confession
The cold wind is not going away
its stabs come sharply more prying as an intruder
Reading the script of smiles and eyelocks
The meek sun once again tried his foreplay
But today wind won't let the sun have his way
It's adamant to not lose so easily its game
While I want you to win in my embrace.

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The Meeting

The words have a magic
Spun by nuances of language
The cadence of your voice floated to me
Across the table separating our bodies
I felt the constrained fire of your gaze
Struggling to keep its leaps in check
I nibbled at the sweetness of your intonation
Like an ant ?? with a chunk of sugar
Words flowed into my deep recesses
Turning into a nourishing meal
But the volubility of the handshake
Went straight to my crevices
All pulsations returned to my numb hand.

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My Warm Quilt

In the sunless, bone-penetrating winter
I guess the night is all I want
The wordless world of dreams
The warm body inside the quilt
All tasks wound up well in time
An early dive into the bed
The night is all I want
It keeps the coldness away
The knife-edge of winter and your silence
Both look so far out of town
The dance of thoughts beneath a warm cover
Wishes just an arm stretch away
I am happy like a child
Who has got a new toy to break
The warm velvet touch of joy
My quilt is the best friend
Of my sorrows.

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Fog In City

The vagueness of life
So accentuated by fog
Each morning reminds
We are travellers of unclear paths
Each shapeless tree narrates
A story of urban love
That is still searching for a way
Through the apathy of asphalt paths
And concrete facades.

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Revelation

When you search silence
Inside your heart
But hear nothing but screams
That's when you know it all
Life is not two plus two
No simple Maths of addition
Or subtraction
But a weird geometric pattern
Or an absurd theorem
Still you love life
With all your might
For isn't it human to love
Complications?

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Vulture

Intent and purposeful
The vulture eyes the prey
Yet waits patiently

Though in search of death
The vulture still has courtesy
To spare the living

But the vulture in a human
Perceives the living for the dead.

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Just Self-Love

No fogs so far
The sun shines a lot
Though December is here
But the temperatures are not so low
That happiness of eating peanuts
Tucked inside the quilt
It's still not possible
As if happiness is a product
With the highest price tag
December is not December
It has a stranger's face
I am trying to recognize it
Meanwhile I recognize something else
The true face of your love
That was just self-love!

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Never Enough

The warm sunny day in winter is enough
Yet it is not enough for the heart
That has tasted love and lost it

A scream-free house is not enough
Because silence itself is a scream
Even Adam felt the pang of being alone

What was enough yesterday
Today it's not enough
And still you say life is simple

When will it all be enough
When will the ache of incompleteness go?

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Thwarted Steps

Each day is a new dawn
But the barriers are still in place
I am still inside the spiky fence
Waiting for the opening to appear
I am stuck
In the cat and mouse game
Played between me and fate
May be tomorrow I will awaken
With a renewed vision
And behold the fence as shelter
And the game as fun
Till then the show will go on
Like the dance of the planets
Around the sun.

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Breakup

When it happened last time
It wasn't the last time
We made up with each other
In our imagination

So it went on slightly longer
Than we had thought
Dry crisp words carried on
Without destination

It went on
As long as we were fooling ourselves
It ended abruptly
As we acquired wisdom.

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Mall Road

Barren like a broken beam
Bare like a bookstore without customers
The road has lost its glory
The magic, the story
It's just a reminder
Of all that's gone
All that's going
It's just a way
For cars to speed on to their destination
No one stops here to capture its history
For it's no longer a book
It's no longer a diary
Where you can find words
That mean a goddamn thing.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Winter Sun

A distant pallor
So constrained
So withdrawn
Like a love
Facing a pyramid
Of obstacles
Like a dream
Up against the flood
Of reality
The winter sun with no fire
Peeps through the mist
Of my future.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Hair

Short bob on her head
Or streaks sliding down the chest
How beautiful each of them looked
With hair so wide apart in uniqueness
Each was a sight for sore eyes
Black or blonde, dyed or natural
A woman looks a miracle in her own way
Whether she has silken threads
Or curls falling down the waist
She looks a paragon of beauty and grace
When her hair enjoys full freedom.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Rays Of Your Smile

No birds croon
At the door of dawn
For coldness swallows
The silhouettes of trees
A mist is stretching out
In search of meanings
Answers are secret
Scrawls of destiny
I wish to hear the songs
Amid the silence of paths
Cold hands need rays
Of your smile.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Here Comes December

The day is grey
Coldness infiltrates
The clamour of the city

Inside the walls
Blankets have usurped the space
Where sunrays used to sneak in and play
Now coats hang on a stand
Ready to cover up the wounds
We thought we had sewn

We exist numbly
Our cold hands shoved into pockets
Where we hoard memories
Of lost dreams.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Broken Trust

Now that trust is a cloth
Mended time and again
With patches sewn together
To keep the shape intact
Now that trust is a cracked glass
That can still hold water
But will not hold something warm
Or cold
Let's discard the cloth
And the glass
For now trust doesn't belong
To the conversations
Now trust is a used up tissue paper
Meant for the bin of memory.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Narcissist

There is a full moon outside
Full of itself, aware of its charm
But I stay inside
Trying to ignore the presence
Of the cheerful moon
That might well be your face
Looking in the mirror
Such a narcissist you are!

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Fatigue

You get tired
When you do nothing
And sit on aimlessness
Like a lost kitten
Or
When you do more than
Your spirit allows...
The spirit wounded
In an undeclared war
You get tired
When you smile
For no reason
Pretending all is not lost yet
Or
When you have many
Reasons to cry
And not one reason to believe
You get tired
When you love and hate
Alternately
When you can't understand
Why you love the person
Who has nothing to give
When your words
Have travelled many miles
Only to hear
'Excuse me
I didn't hear.'

Nosheen Irfan

A Walk In The Smog

I don't know where it goes
The road we are walking on
Tentative footsteps lurk
Around edges of a garden
Where silence has stretched
Like an elastic waistband
Across the blades of grass
Every step I take towards you
Carries me far from myself
But does that stop me in my tracks
Do I rearchitect my route?
Smog is not just hovering above
It is inside me as well
Carving paths in the jungle.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Power Of Smile

Neither of us knows
where we are heading
Yet your smile glows
Like a flowering of hope
And I know in my heart
No leaves are shedding

That's what I trust
the belief of your smile
I can't see the leaves discolouring
Or the walls flaking
Or the streets waiting
as I walk another mile

Your smile is the teacher
I am full of zest
I want to learn
All the lessons
Your smile carries
In its wholeness.

PoemHunter.com

Nosheen Irfan

Smog Everywhere

Shadowed by smog
The trees stand apart
Bricks and walls
Between every communication
As words shape onto the page
Lettering into a confession
Smog sails into the mood
Like a ghost lurking around
Every happiness
To clamp down on celebration
Like the security force
Of a dictator
Smog surrounds the city
Hovers over the meetings
Steals into private rooms
Builds walls between lovers
I want to meet you in November
But smog is between us
Smog of doubt
Smog of confusion
Smog of distrust
Smog of delusion.

Nosheen Irfan

The Road That Was

This road had sprawling shades
as a row of trees stood with grace
Trees with heads touching together
with branches holding hands
They seemed like a family,
close knit and non-virtual.

This road had an uncle's shop
that was a whole wide world in itself
With a few rupees in my fist
I bought all my heart wished
A treasure house of fantasy to which
childish feet sauntered with glee

This road had a house,
old in style, modern in thought
Its bricks peeping from behind the cement
but it had weathered many storms
It had withstood the influx of shallowness
Its simplicity was a shelter for inmates.

Nosheen Irfan

Scarecrow

Raised high above the mass
Of growing stalks and stems
Wide open arms claiming all
The fields....safe from the flock
Planning the unwanted picking
Of their share of ripening corn
The crops stand untouched
By the freedom of the beaks
The fake human guards in silence
His very presence enough to cast doubts
In the minds of the tweeting birds
Who dare not fly over the field
As they spy the stuffed man
With straw and husks assembled
Into a weird likeness of a human
Resembling a man in uniform
Or a clown in office.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Gloom

My heart misses something
With the thirst of a dry mouth
As dreams accumulate
In the belly of the day
I find my face looking
More like that of a bird
Longing to pick at the crumbs
Of daydreams

The clouds have been static
Pretending they have no rain
Inside their grey cottony bearing
But when a man goes out
Without an umbrella
A shower comes down with the eye
Of a hunter

The gloom grows more
No more a fledgling
But a cloud of smoke
Left behind by explosives
Gloom is now pure gloom
Like untrimmed shrubs
A home to hibernating insects.

Nosheen Irfan

Early Dusk

Silence is of a new kind
Mingled with chilly exhalation
Of the early dusk
Everything has been written
Along the lines of the horizon
As the sun sinks into anonymity
While the moon and the stars
Steal the prime time show

Merging into the darkness feels good
To the heart that has waited long
To find words beyond cliches
I am a seeker in the darkness
No wonder I am still searching
For what I cannot define
May be somewhere some day
We decode the message of silence.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Beyond This Love

I see nothing
Beyond this love
No brightness
No sparks of fantasy
I hear nothing
Beyond this love
No orchestra
No songs of the thrush
I feel nothing
Beyond this love
No silky softness
No warmth of the rain
This love has my whole life
Clenched in his fist
This love is the undisputed truth
Written in every book I read
There's no escape
No turning back
This love is love in every sense.

Nosheen Irfan

Love Poem Without Words

The sky was a freaking gold
With the sun hanging low
Along the faint skyline of the city
Goodbyes aroused no curiosity
I thought to go too
But your smile held my footsteps
I was pulled by a light
No less shiny than the galaxies
I failed in my escape
Just because your smile had a way
Of writing a love poem without words.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Holiday Thoughts

Pleasantly cold the Sunday morning
No hurry, no worry of alarm sounding
Above the noise of the dreams
If I could be with you, if you could be with me
How smooth the sailing would seem
Across the span of timelessness

So quiet is the house, so serene the doorbell
No intruder I expect to trespass my thoughts
Where you are a constant, all else a flicker
If I could be with you, if you could be with me
How easy the roads would seem
With all the dust and debris.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Autumn Reflections

There's autumn in the air
Each rustle gives the leaf a palpitation
The wind is no longer a laugh
But the moan of impending fall
Whispering like a fortune teller
Trying to disguise doom
In undertone

The leaf clings on
Survives another night
The cold barbs of the wind
The stings of the unwanted change
But the wind is not to be defeated
Its assault is fiercer the next day
The ground is the ultimate goal.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Would Silence Be The Writer?

Language is perhaps the only way
To reach the deep inner recesses
But deaf heart hardly gets perturbed
By the effusive string of words

If I rummaged through the vocabulary
Still unused in my love confessions
How many words would I still dig out
That might stir the depths of a glacier

Would silence be the new writer
Of the bond that failed to name itself
May be silence would be the perfect epilogue
Where words failed to structure a plot.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Abstract Vs Concrete

The impalpable passing of time
The intangible sailing of life
Make you realize you live
in abstractions
Although surrounded by the concrete
And you understand
That concrete might be visible
But it's the abstract that touches
You more deeply
That strikes you harder.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Your Light

You are the dawn
The generous awakening
Of light
Reaching for the dark corners
Sweeping over
The silent streets

Why do I feel darkness
Hovering over me
Like a hunting eagle
When all I want is the light
Of your eyes probing
The silence
Of my seas.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Fallen Leaf

Golden brown
Crinkled up
Edges torn
Or curled
Swishing along
The ground
At the bidding
Of the wind
How far will it go
How long will it roam?
Even a leaf will get tired
Of wandering
Wavering
What of man?

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

On Verge Of Autumn

Sultry heat
A tad bit softened
But concrete is still burning
With rays of summer
Trees are getting ready
For autumn
A radical discoloration
A jaw-dropping
Transformation
That would leave
The world
Wide-eyed
With a slight melancholy
Teasing the thoughts
Change is coming
Are you ready for change
A whisper cuts the air
Like a new knife
Are you ready to let go
The question drops
From nature's lips.

Nosheen Irfan

September

Summer still persists
In September sunshine
My city still sweats
From the labour of the lowly

How long has the summer been
Weaving itself
Around the months like a snake
Coiled around a lifeless body
Squeezing it till its bones creak

Summer still lingers
Around the corners
Of streets where houses
Huddle like frightened children

And how can I be joyous
When seasons smile
At the helplessness
Of the concrete buildings.

Nosheen Irfan

Flood

The water is rising in rivers
It's rushing down to gulp
The lowlands
It's in the valleys
Racing downward carrying with it
The mountains of dreams
People have left behind
All that they received
Or snatched from life
For the water is hungry
The water is angry
And hunger or anger
Neither waits nor thinks.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

An Innocent Wish

I wish for nothing
But to live in your eyes
When they sparkle with pride
I want to be your first thought
When your eyes catch the first gleam
Of the just awakened sun

I wish for nothing
But to live in your smile
As it bursts into glory
Of a thousand moons
Riding upon the darkness
Like a Sultan on a white horse

I wish for nothing
But to own your good moods
Make me the rationale of your laughter
And the justification of your pleasure.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Hand Written Letter

In the damp air of a pouring August
I long for words to break their handcuffs
I want my confession to be a hand-written letter
Forever resting in your bedside drawer
Where my thoughts have shaped into calligraphy
To fill in undiluted ink the pages of our story
Never growing feeble with the running time
Though the page might turn yellow with age
My love must stay young and wrinkle free

As the rain gains momentum after a slight nap
I long for words to spread themselves over the sheet
Like a wayward wave caressing the shore
Will you read my words?
Waiting for you to devour them with your gaze
Waiting for you to soak them, till they become
A part of the books you hold inside.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Bare Tree

The autumn tree...
The scaly arms and legs
With no bird housed
In its bare brittle branches
Still the tree seems to be dancing
Wouldn't that be a sight
For starved eyes
A network of arteries
Pumping life into our reveries
Giving new imagination
To the heart
That has tasted the fall of dreams.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Abandoned Courtyard

Half-shaded in the afternoon
The marbled floor smudged
By the acacia shadow
Awaits the summer breeze
Slowly winding through the twigs
Swishing the dead yellow leaves
Prostrate on the floor
Silence sweeps the yard
With force of a hurricane
Trees answer in monosyllables
As no footsteps cross the threshold
Of ego between the gate
And the window.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Scrutiny

If I'm watching all your moves
It's not insecurity or possessiveness
It's just that I'm studying you
As my favourite subject.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Complaint

I want the sun to minimize its fury
Its tropical vengeance scorches my wings
Rash is the last thing my face wants

I want the rain to time its outbursts well
My date was ruined last time I felt young
I can't jump over puddles to reach you

I want the winter to let its claws rust
My fingers are bitten red and blue
They call it chilblains I call it cruelty

I want seasons to modify their disposition
Their extremity spoils the temper of my city
Who wants a battle with weather
When you have other enemies?

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Fantasy

Waiting for you
To come down from your throne
Your light is on my wishlist
Its silver touch is my magic wand
Suddenly making the darkness disappear
Into the cloak of passion
Waiting for you
With eyes of daydreams
Where fate is a pliant tool
Moulded by the lover
And beauty doesn't come with the curse
Of being a victim of Time.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Search

Search for the night
Where dark spreads
A white sheet
For dreams to tread on
Without stumble and fall
Search beyond the pain
Which holds you
Like a noose around the neck
Search, search
For your eyes still have lustre
Of the crescent moon
Though they have shed
A thousand dreams.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Sunday Morning Bliss

Somehow the road is silent
No honking of cars
No ignition in car engines
So quiet is the morning
As if sunk into a consistent reverie

A cat rests on the wall
Plunged deep into a dream
Though the sun-rays play
Upon her marmalade fur
There's no urgency in the air

No clatter of breakfast
No burning of toast
Just a slow waking of eyes
A gradual realization
Of absence of alarm bell

I can sleep a little more
For my dream is not yet over.

Nosheen Irfan

Golden Dawn

Gentle touch
Slight brush
Sipping the dewdrops
From the petals
And the grasses
A drizzle of light
Like the flush
Of dimpled cheeks
Bathing
The mountains and the trees
The rays timorously
Streaking the silence
Of the leaves
That burst into melody
At the handshake
Of golden dawn.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Vague Love

I have no words
To embellish the exterior
Of love
For like a spring bud
It blooms with pride
Cherishing illusions
Of longevity

I have no words
To paint and polish
The scratched surface
Of a love
Steeped in escapism
Relying on evasions
Till the lovers are lost
Without a clue
Where the footsteps are heading

I have no words
For a love
That has an empty interior
Of a deserted home
Without confessions
And vows.

Nosheen Irfan

Carved Face

Your face is carved in my mind
Like a hieroglyph upon an ancient temple
Time cannot weaken its persistence
The imprint is obstinate like my love

I tell myself a face is not all, not irreplaceable
Some other smile can have a similar magic

Searching amidst alternatives I see hope
Yes, the mind can dethrone anyone
When it finds a new fantasy for solitude

But every time I erase your face
And sketch a new one on the page
I feel I have erased my reason to be.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Descent

The sun going down
Soundlessly
No more hunger left
In the orange disc
Now hugging the horizon
Like a reunion with
A long-gone lover
Unafraid of dark
Following its footsteps
Without envy for the moon
That stealthily usurps its glow
To become the monarch
Of the nocturnal silence
The sun has no fire to rise
Above others
Nor any desire to give its passion.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

In The Pouring Rain

In the pouring rain
I long for words to pour
Ideas to metamorphose into calligraphy
So that blank pages of our love
could be filled in indelible ink
The pages on which a stubborn silence
has spread like a carpet with a lifetime warranty

In the pouring rain
Solitude longs to break its handcuffs
And merge with pitter patter of freedom.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Harvesting

Happy fields
Happy faces
In the season
Of harvesting
When the crop
Is taller than you
And you can hide
Inside its density
No melancholy
Can sneak in
Amid the hands working
Fiercely
Gathering and making
Bundles of their toil
And storing good luck
In their barns.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Family

When the walls are silent
And the wind has no message
I take solace in you
For in the loneliness of a heart
A desert can expand beyond the scale
Of daydreams
And in that moment
A near and dear one
Turns into a candle
Lighting up
The darkness
Of
All that I could not grasp.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Your Eyes-2

I have seen in your eyes
A sun traveling the night
Its light harvesting the darkness

Your eyes have carried all seasons
The evolution of blooms
The surrender of leaves
The subtle shifts, the overhauls

I have seen life unfolding
In the windows of your soul
Your eyes are a subject
Of philosophical dimensions

The more I read, the more
I long to decipher
How can you carry the whole world
In your eyes I wonder.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Fallen Guavas

Battered by rain and wind
Guavas littered the yard
Pulpy, pink and pure
A foot waiting to squash them
With its arrogance
Or indifference
How often we imitate
The fallen guava
So easily trampled or kicked.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

My City Lahore

I inhale Lahore
Through smog
Through rain or fog
I'm used to its uneven skin
Its cold cutting sword-like edge
Or its sweaty clingy summer touch

I have seen it growing
Expanding its territory
Yet clamouring for space
More place to hold the ambition
And the shiny bodies
Of drifting vehicles

How far it is going
Gulping small villages
Hardly any space left
For contemplation
Of history it still holds
In its old pores

Massive malls
Luxurious wedding halls
They all have a sea
Of people
Moving like shadows.

Nosheen Irfan

Not As A Habit

I miss you
Not as a habit
But as necessity

I cannot help but think
Of your eyes
That speak like an orator
I cannot help but think
Of your smile
That breaks the conventions

I miss you
Not as a habit
Nor as a luxury

I miss you
Because you keep my heart beating
My pulse running, my blood flowing.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Summer Afternoon

Humid haze born of white clouds
Droning of a tired fan
Dry-mouthed cawing of a crow
Perched upon some panting branch
It's the same old story
Of a summer afternoon
So devoid of words
So teeming with lethargy
In each movement
Of the clock's hand
I can count victims
Of boredom.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Our Silent Companions

They are there
In the morning, in the evening
With stories rustling in their branches
And scars etched on their barks
Yet how silent they are
Notwithstanding the rustle

Trees, our silent companions
The friends of our souls
They are not just homes to birds
but to the wanderer in us
Their existence, a sanctuary
to the unknotted threads of thoughts

They teach without asserting their power
These quiet trees that give eloquence
to the wind
Their life is one of giving.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Autumnal Tree

I have no more leaves
To shelter your fatigue
For I am a tree
Rooted in autumn
But I still have branches
Though dry and brittle
They can still hold
Your silence

If spring comes to me
I'll call you to pick
All the blossoms on my body
And in each new fig
You will find a reason to believe
That all is not over yet.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Excess Of Rain

There's no melody in the rain
Just a gloomy monotone
Persistent and urgent
Like a door-bell

There's no romance
In the rain that pours
And pours its heart
Not knowing how many
Yards it has submerged
How many steps it has stopped
How many plans it has ruined

There's no music in the rain
That breaks its dams
And floods the streets
Without regret

There's no melody in the rain
Because you are miles away.

Nosheen Irfan

For You

I'll hold you
In the bosom
Of my
Memory
I won't let go
Of you
In the freedom
Of my
Fantasies
If I cannot touch
You in real
I won't quit
My chase
In the journey
Of my
Reminiscence
Where you must exist
Like
The title
Of a book
Always visible
Even if
I don't have time
To read the contents
Of your
Persona.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Arrival

You arrive
At the door
Of my contemplation
Quietly
Like the Sunday sun
Without awaking my eyes
Without shaking my slumber

You arrive
Gently
Without ringing the bell
Without breaking
The silence
Of peace.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Excuse For Existence

You still exist in my pages
Where ink has run dry

You still exist in my memories
Where faces have blurred

You still exist in my thoughts
Where threads have coiled

You exist because
You are my excuse for existence.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Clouds

Clouds make it clear
You can't keep it inside---
The pain, the voices, the tears
The stories

Your eyes that see the raindrops
fall
Your ears that hear the wind
blow
They cannot keep inside
What's bubbling and bursting

Every part of you longs
To be the rain and breeze---
Fearless, honest and free.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Rain

I wonder what the rain says to you
To me it sings a song from time bygone

I wonder what the rain brings to you
To me it brings a fragrance
That fled with the wind

I'm listening
As the rain comes down
Softly sometimes
Or pelting with passion

I listen
As if I'm listening to words you never spoke.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Dreams Can Still Rise

As the day is dying
Panting its last breath
The dreams rise from
Windowless rooms
They find a way
To liberate themselves
From the clutches
Of judgements.

Dreams have wings
Of birds
They must fly
Fly beyond the walls
Made of concrete
To find their own horizons
Where they can float
Endlessly.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Advice

Strive for balance
And symmetry
In life
And the outcome
Will enrapture you
Elate you
And amaze you.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Playing In The Moonlight

When we ran, the moon ran with us.

We ambled about the compound
with our giant silhouettes.

The summer heat trickled down
our armpits and wetted our backs
but we felt nothing wrong in that.

Our faces flushed with joy of summer-break,
our bellies bloated by 8 O'clock supper.

We played beneath the moon
till our feet cramped and our shins ached.

We knew as long as the moon shone,
we won't get pricks from nettles
while parading down the dark turf.

We won't hurt ourselves
falling over the steps
And we won't have splinters
penetrating our rubber soles.

We loved the moon and she loved us back.

Nosheen Irfan

May You Find Someone Who...

May you find someone
Who completes you
in every way possible
Someone you can trust and take
Without a doubt in your faith

May you find someone
Who stands like a tree
Rooted in your love
With sprawling branches
A shelter for your fatigue

May you find someone
You can cherish and adore
Like the night does the moon

Someone who holds your chaos
With a gravitational pull
Inviting all your pieces
With magnetic force
To cling to its soul
As an entity complete and whole.

Nosheen Irfan

Supplication

Open a secret door
For my feet ache
Bogged in the marsh
You have the answer
To the voice of pain
And in your silence
You hold language
Of the cosmos
As thoughts rush to me
Like insane waves
Of a storm
As fears grab me
By the neck
And suffocate my right
To breathe
Send a silent message
To the broken shards
To the stubborn scars
That you are there
Watching
To pull me from the edge
Before another misstep.

Nosheen Irfan

Cherish My Love

Cherish my love
For it's no mean love
It's a love retaining its pride
A love not demanding a price
It's a love with voice
Revealing its inside
A love without reason
But a love with rhyme

Cherish my love
Its madness is unique
Its passion is sea-deep
Its energy is full of starry light
Its anger is childish outburst
Lasting a few moments
Its jealousy is temporary
Its sacrifice is eternal

Cherish my love
It asks for nothing
Except to see it
With open eyes
And open heart.

Nosheen Irfan

Thinking With Fun

I cannot say all is well
As I cower beneath a turtle shell
With blind-folded eyes
Let's ignore the hell

When life throws at you trash
Catch it, be brash
I grow wings but cannot fly
For all the fears in me
Fed time and again
Till they become a one-eyed monster
Appearing in my sleep

Oh, where do I flee?
Tongues are long and free
I cannot see the sunlight
Kissing the top of the tree
For I'm too lost in my fight
Weighed beneath a quilt
Of unseasoned doubts

Why do I feel tied in a rope
With no will to untie the knots
Will I walk the road with a smile
Like that of the new born
Unaware of the thorns

Will they lower their gazes awhile
If they don't like me or my kind
Could I be a bird
That trills without fear
Of the hunter.

Nosheen Irfan

Growing Up

Growing up meant
Every day you lost some illusions
Every day you discovered a new statistic.

You learnt it the hard way
Kissing a frog won't turn it into a prince
Mirror won't always say you are the fairest of all
Your dainty shoe doesn't make you Cinderella

But still those times were good
When a child defied darkness
And sauntered in lanes at will
And no matter how many cages came
In his way of running, he dodged
With innocent cunning

It was good not knowing the world
Not knowing the horrors that exist
The narrow compass was a safeguard
Though we longed to break the rules
And craved the freedom of birds
But the unripe brain made sure
We won't know the world
In all its nakedness.

Nosheen Irfan

Broken Twig

In each twig that breaks off
Like tired zest of an idealist
For the wind blew against it
Slapping and thrashing
The flailing arms and legs

In each twig I find a reason
My struggle hasn't ended
My words have not bended
I can still walk towards that elusive light

Though the twig lies broken
I can still carry myself
Through the tunnel of falling beams.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

A Small Wish

I wait for the rain
Of your voice
Soaking me through
With words of love
Carrying me
Away from the din
Of loneliness
Let me ride upon language
Against the wind
Like a bird with wings spread out
Embracing all that comes
In its way of rise.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Love Needs A Tongue

Flash upon my vision
Like a rainbow after a storm
Surprise me with an avowal
That ends the unbending silence
Of cautious, customary lips

For love needs a tongue
As much as man does
A tongue that is free
And dancing in fields of abundant harvest
A tongue happy like a bird gliding home
In the dusky sky

Love needs a tongue
To keep its flame burning
So come out full like a midday sun
And pour out your heart
Before love is drowned
In an ocean of wordlessness.

Nosheen Irfan

You Exist Like The Sun

You don't exist
In vapours
In ambiguity of silent
Exhalations
You exist in my life
Like the air I inhale
Not knowing
It keeps me alive

You don't just exist
In uncombed strands
Of thoughts
Or in sudden sparks
Of remembrance
You exist like the sun
That comes to go
And goes to return.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Is This Love?

You are the reason
Of all my seasons
You are the logic
Of my smiles
I have held you
Like a precious metal
In the locked corner
Of my contemplation
You come suddenly
Like the knock of wind
You sway my heart
To and fro
Is that love...plain old love
Without a thought for reality
Flying high in the wind
Upon reckless wings of fantasy.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

New Year Song

There's something new
A digit has been added
A new year has begun
So swift and sudden
Despite the long days
And the monotonous ways
How quick it all seems
The moving of the clock hand

There's something new
The world is saying
Though life is the same
Wrapped in mystery
Love is the same
Playing games

New year has come
Would it mean real change
Or would it just be a shuffle of days?
May be you can make it new
By being the best of you
May be you can make it right
With slow and steady steps
Till you see the light.

Nosheen Irfan

December

An epilogue of the year
Speaking in cold misty tones
Summing up a mood
Healing or scratching a wound
December holds in its frigidity
The flow of a thousand thoughts
That tumble back and forth
Shuffling between the new and old
Igniting new fancies
Or reviving faint memories
Amid the frozen tracks
Outlining a future
In the blurry silhouettes
Of trees at dawn.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Winter Woes

Coldness of winter
And your silence
Both sting the skin of my solitude

Coldness of winter
And the fate of love
Both weaken the roots of my hope

Coldness of winter
And the numbness of words
Both break the flight of my thinking

I wish to escape
The season of stagnation
That slows the blood-flow of love.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

October

There's change in the air
Crisp to the touch
Dry to the skin
Something is there: a weight
Like a love not declared
Like a letter not dispatched
Some change is happening
In hushed tones
In unstressed syllables
Leaves are set to fall
Without regret or grievance
What is happening?
Eyes see goodbyes
Heart sees new beginnings.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Interior Of Heart

Unswept ground
Housing the autumn leaves
Waiting for wind to carry away
The bitter-sweet memories

The floors are choked
The windows are half open
From whence peep the eyes
For a landscape faraway

The fragments of past
Left-overs of dreams
Growing like a tree
With a massive trunk
And dense leaves

With so much stacked in the room
Of memory
Some regrets, some longings
Having no intention to flee

With so much locked inside
The interior of heart
It still has room for new beginnings.

Nosheen Irfan

Wish Love Would Stay

I wish love would exist
In the silent spaces
Between us
I wish love would flow
Through the pauses
Between each paragraph
Of our story and fill the blanks
When we run out of words
To comfort each other
I wish love won't get tired
Climbing up
The walls of egos
I wish love would keep going
Despite the bumps
In the journey
I wish and pray
That love would stay
When light fades
And wishes pant from racing
I wish love would smile
When darkness is around.

Nosheen Irfan

Memories Rain Down

I listen for more, sitting in the porch
As breeze stirs dormant thoughts
And rain intones some archaic pain
Aroma of wet soil wafts free
Stretching towards closed doors
Dance of leaves, murmur of breeze
Heavenly bliss or nostalgic rush?
Rain and breeze keep collaborating
For a duet of unheard melodies
In my peace, your thought sirens war
I fight off the blitz of memories.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

When Silence Is The Editor

Your silence stings my solitude
Editing my thoughts and words
Into the language of barren trees
On each page I flip, I see your hand erasing
The alphabets of my unfinished script
I dump my love story into the trash bin
I cannot be the writer of my destiny.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Silent Rain

I listen to the rain alone
Its unbroken melody unlocks
Consciousness
Cloudy sky maintains
A weird silence
No thunder
No lightning
No melodrama
No farce
Just a steady pouring
From numbness
Of pain hid
Beneath impassive
Face of clouds.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Stasis

Words are wary and shy
Wedged between whats and whys
We use many verbs to build a bridge
But silences expand beyond ridge
So we walk back to the start
No chapter is added to preface so far.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Sunday Morning

The early morning hush lingers on
Closed doors and curtained windows
No car engine starts in drowsy garages
Reposing cat on wall hardly stirs
Words are locked in sleepy heads
Unread messages await a blue tick
All my adjectives are silently waiting
For your smile to shine like the sun.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Moon's Smile

Your smile
Sweeps away silence
With a wordless
Conversation
Your glance
Glazes with eloquence
The lonely
Pages of the night
Without metaphors, poetry is scribbled
Across the emptiness
Of my dreams.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Bird

Brown boughs hid in blossoms
Splattered with beauty of solitude
A lonely bird musing on something
Amid the flowering symmetry
Cut off from the roar of car engines
Safely perched on balanced memories
His beak ready for solo songs.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Hold Me

Hold me
In your eyes
With the yearning
Of a thirsty desert
For your glance
Is the last refuge
Of my stranded
fantasy
Let your smile
Sweep away the silence
Let your glance
Outwit all eloquence
Let love be the speaker
Stealing words
From the full moon
Let love be the vast space
Where stars swirl
And sparkle.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

A Scream

It's always there
in the unseasoned parts
Awaiting to burst out
of the cage

It longs to be heard
yet fears the shock
on the listener's face

A scream!
The language of anguish
buried beneath patience
and discretion

The scream within,
with a silence louder
than a voice.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Charm

It took a glance
To enslave
My ego

It took a smile
To incarcerate
My free-will

How could you be silent?
But speak a thousand words

How could you be a drifter?
But stay in my heart forever

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

March 2

March promises growth
To the soil and the soul
March stirs with soft hands
The silent seeds of hope
My city smiles with assurance
As pathways forego boredom
My city is awake
Smelling of fresh foliage
Toned with purples and pinks
I'm witnessing rebirth
In the dead corners
Of doubts
Yet I wonder
Amid all this splendor
Is Love like spring too?
Beautiful but brief!

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

March

March sprouts seedlings
On chafed skin of my city
A breeze liberates itself
For a rendezvous
With the smiling daisies
Standing amid the floral
Extravaganza
Feeling the breeze brush
Off the remnants
Of cold thoughts
I see March glorifying
My city with rebirth.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

No More Words

I have no more words
To dress up love
In tailored language
Splayed on pages
In shelves
Mouldy from unkept
Promises
I have no more words
To pour from rain clouds
Of my dreams
For you have stolen all
My metaphors
To decorate your smile.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Day Dreams

Some dreams cannot meet reality
Yet we water them, nurture them
We wake up every day to see them grow
And long to be drenched in their glow.

Some dreams cannot merge with destiny
Yet we let them flow in our blood stream
We keep them alive beneath our skins
And long to be carried by their wings.

Some dreams stay by our side
Like a pillow or a cushion
To put our tired heads on
Some dreams are just meant to be dreams
Yet stronger than reality.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Fall

The leaves are falling
singly or in a cluster
Every gust shakes
the quiet clinging to dying love
The ground below awaits
a red carpet
upon which will walk
the last steps of our love
And each crunch will ask
Did I let go
because I got tired
Or
Did I let go
because you got tired?

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

You Are To Me

Like leaf is to the tree
Rain is to the soil
Shore is to the sea
Bread is to the starved
Home is to the refugee
So are you to me

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Ode To A Womanizer

O lover of many!
What is love to you
But a toy
for your insatiable heart
what is love but food
for your giant ego
you don't care
how many hearts you crush
how many souls you smear
You pluck the flower,
an ornament for your coat-pocket
Your empty heart craves food
You flirt, manipulate,
fill it with deception
You want to win at all costs,
to have painted lips
at your feet
Unfettered by love,
You keep trampling the naivety
The king you are
in your empire of coquetry
living among blooming flowers,
getting drunk on their fragrance
And when spring goes,
you make a bed of petals
to sleep soundly on their pain.

Nosheen Irfan

Dream On, Dear Heart

Dream on, dear heart
It's no time to part
your dreams are still yours
in a silent commune with you
on nights of endless solitude
erasing from your vision
the glare of unsavoury truth
building up another hope
in the heart forlorn
dream on, dear heart
separation from love
but be half death
if you part with dreams
what would be left of thee?

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

I Wish Today

I wish you a smooth sailing
on paths ripe with glee
no turbulence of thoughts
swelling to make your hopes flee

I wish you serenity of sunrises
on dark lonely nights
no chaos of feelings
surging to banish the lights

I wish you joy in every corner
I wish you hope in every tread
I wish you love that will last
and bring back the time that fled.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

A Sea With Storms

You are...

A sea with storms

But like the fish

I must swim in you

To breathe

To live

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Speak To Me

Speak to me in unveiled language
Be expressive like a gust of breeze
as it talks to the trees
Be vocal like the falling rain
as it shares its heart with the land
Love longs for words
for confessions, for vows
Love demands the coherence
and candor of the sea
beneath a full moon
Love longs to hear
Love longs to speak

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Let Me Read Your Smile

Let me read your smile at length
And reach into its deepest layer
Where meanings flower in a bunch
And every shade illuminates my hunch
All its chapters worthy of share

Let me dwell deep in its evolution
And learn all about its history
I won't get tired of its untold tales
I'll roam forever in its unknown vales
And hold in my memory its every mystery

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Thanks To Love

Sometimes I love you in silence
Sometimes I'm restless like the waves
Sometimes I'm just sighs and tears
Sometimes I'm all smiles and hope
Love makes me go from calm to roar
From wanting to fleeing
From dreaming to crying
So much I feel in a little time
I'm a demon, I'm an angel
Thanks to love I'm so many people.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Speak Up!

Unchain your thought
Silence will feed their audacity
Voice your pain
Though they call it insanity
Suffering alone will bring no salvation
Muffled sobs will not fill the vacuum
Your fragility is not your weakness
Don't let them take it for vulnerability
Speak up! Enough!
Your voice will make a difference.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

No Escape

To escape love
Is no small task
You can smile
You can wear a mask

But love will seek you
As lungs seek the air
You can run or hide
Do what is fair or unfair

But love will follow you
As your shadow in morn
Or it will rise to meet you
As your shadow in eve

Till you will tire of escape
Its futility you will see
What's ingrained in you
Without it how can you be

Love is the breath
Love is the light
You need both
Be it day or night

Nosheen Irfan

I Choose To Rise

I choose to rise
Like a mountain in love with the sky
Always gazing up in wonder
At the azure splendor of the day
And scarlet beauty of eve
I long to be near the sky
To talk to the sailing clouds
That carry a rain of sorrow
Beneath a sombre demeanor
I long to stand upright
Though bent with baggage of time
Like a mountain I wear a stony face
With dreams buried in caves of silence

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Labour Day

one who lays brick after brick
to make you a house
deserves a decent house too

one who often falls to death
from the upper storey of a skyscraper
deserves to rise socially too

one who sweats in the sun
dehydrated to the bones
deserves a hearty meal too

one who carries load on head
for a meager amount in return
deserves more than a temporary roof

respect the soul that earns
working with sun-burnt hands
acknowledge, with open heart
the dignity of labor

Nosheen Irfan

Isolation

There's no hurry
No breathless scurry
No mad chases
No shifting gazes

There's a loud hush
A comma in the rush
A silence of the soul
A longing to be whole

There's unthinkable change
It feels so strange
It's hard to believe
What we cannot perceive

Nosheen Irfan



Another Day Of Isolation

Another day
Struggling to find
Its meaning
In the maze of hours
Minutes and seconds

There is no laughter
In the wind
For fear rules the streets
And hunger collects the
Fallen leaves of hope

I close my eyes
Hoping everything will vanish
And new dawn will come smiling
At the door.

The door bangs
Isolation is undisturbed
For it's only the wind
Daring to wander
In the time of pandemic.

Nosheen Irfan

Old Tree

Many a gust had ruffled its composure
And made its branches shake with fear
Many a raindrop had battered its pride
Till it could hold no more its head high
Bent by the wind or the rain
Stunned into silence by the autumn's sighs
The tree is old and rough
Its leaves are a pale green
But it still sings to a weary passer-by
The songs of the youth and spring.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Years Have Gone By

Years have gone by
Yet I'm in the dark
I know not if you love me
Or if love is just a farce
Years have gone by
But I never realized
That time didn't take you away
But made you my night and day
Years have gone by
And still I haven't moved
What dreams I carry
I carry as a duty
I have learnt a lot
If only I could learn to move on!

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Hope In The Time Of Corona

Not confined by fear
I'm Hope, still in cheer
I'm not dawdling in a room
Or staring at walls
I'm still flying on wings
That flutter in ecstasy
I'm still smiling in the pathways
As a primrose or a daisy

I'm not hearing the tick-tock
I'm not sinking into escapism
I'm not staring at the flower-less vase
I'm sailing the waters
Riding the waves
Scampering down the lane
Catching the rain

I'm Hope, unscarred, unchained
I'm not brittle as a false promise
I seek and seek enlightenment
In empty streets and deserted lanes
I don't quit my search
For meaning of existence
And cause of pain.

Nosheen Irfan

Listen!

Listen!

I'm in love

But not to wither

In wait

Love has a big heart

To bear and starve

But not to cry forever

At coldness

My love is real

As sure as the day

Don't judge my love

By its endurance

For everything in life

Is mortality-bound

Though my love is unworldly

Surviving your silence

Love put to test

Will die from thirst

Or if it lives

Will look a naked tree

Don't stay away

Or love will have its way

Flying here and there

To find a new nest

Nosheen Irfan

Look At The Moon

Look at the moon
It's full and complete
Like my love
Silver, white, shining
Bright.

Why can't you see?
Its allure and profundity
Its enormity, its purity
When it's spread out naked
Unwrapped by cowardice
Taboos and hypocrisy
Why can't you see it?
Inviting you to explore it

Maybe you think
Love has phases just like
The moon
Maybe you are afraid
Of a waning love
Suddenly disappearing
Leaving you in dark.

But dear!
Don't look ahead
Love may hide sometimes
Or it may grow silent
But it breathes and shines
Somewhere,
Beyond the sight.

Nosheen Irfan

With Time

As time passes,
Your image will dwindle
Your smile will retreat
Like the setting sun
vanishing below horizon
Without a stir
Without a whimper
But how many sunsets away...
I wonder your departure is...
From my thoughts.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Her Love

She loves with a love
You cannot imagine.
Her eyes are illuminated
Just to glimpse you.
She smiles like a flower
Kissed by the wind
For you have gazed at her
With something of love.
She blushes like the rainbow
For you have uttered a word.
She laughs like rain
Falling on a tin-roof
For her reflection shows
In your eyes.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Lament

The night is falling
Over my dreams
Wrapping them in a darkness
Both subtle and screaming
The moon cannot reach
The bottom of my heart
To bring to light the sight
Of a panting love
What is crown of creation
So easily becomes someone's abyss
Within me sighs a mad breeze
Lamenting the starvation
Of unheard prayers
Within me cries a dry stream
Envy the kissing lovers
And fate's blue-eyed folks
Whose pain cannot even match
A poor man's unshed tears
Do the stars belong to all of us
Rich and poor alike
The darkness is quiet...
Quieter than the gods

Nosheen Irfan

Blindness Of Love

Why do I seek you
Knowing you to be
A wanderer of beautiful lands
Not made to rest in one lap
When I know love is just an arrow
Bound to bring stinging pain
What makes me fall for you
Who smiles for everyone
And is not meant to belong
But to roam from heart to heart like wind
Love has a blindness they say
An inherent blindness
That makes a Zeus of a man
So I chase you against reason
Right down to the blind alley
But I cannot blame you
For the fault lies with the lover
Not the beloved
The lover...
The poor lover!



PoemHunter.com

Nosheen Irfan

Autumn Thoughts-2

A mute surrender to fate
No bitterness, no rage
Voiceless wait for sunrise
On cold, lonely nights
Is that the only choice?
I hear the breeze wind its way
Through the bare twisted twigs
And the rustle of the fallen leaves
Dead for all the color in them
Manifesting the treachery of seasons
And the brevity of youth
The whispers, the sighs
Cease not as the wind passes on
But questions remain questions
Bemoaning the eternity of their existence

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Meeting You

I'll meet you
in the golden hour
to watch your smile
carry the whole ocean
and the dancing shimmer
of waves happily imprisoned
in your eyes

The hour is long to come
and my soul is weary with loneliness
but when the hour comes
I'll beseech time to pause
its ruthless motion
When the hour comes
I'll make it worth
a thousand sunsets

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Tonight I Won't Write

Tonight I won't write about love
as a crown of earth
or the brightest star of heaven
for love is just a mirage
that disappears as you drag your tired
self towards it to quench your thirst
I won't write about love as a revelation
opening the window to beauty
or introducing you to godliness
for love is just a delusion
befooling the heart into believing
it blindly, madly and immorally
I won't write about love
as a gust of Zephyr
admitting the aura of spring
for no more eulogies
you need gift this Mammoth
feeding on tears and sobs
Tonight I won't write about love
as a mirror of the moon and the stars
as a salvation from the scars
Tonight I will perhaps write of love
as a night prowler
with a blood-dripping mouth and
teeth dug into the trembling flesh
Or better still let me leave it alone.

Nosheen Irfan

Release Me

A willing captive
Of your narcissistic charm
I chased you down the road
To nowhere
Took you for a savior
When you were nothing
But a bait of Lucifer
Release me
From this love
That offers me no grass
To put my bare-feet on
That offers me no sky
To send a prayer to
This love...
Like a black hole
Sucking me deeper
To feed your titanic ego
Let me go
I don't want the Eden
Your smile seems to promise me
Let me go
To burn in hell
For no damnation
Is worse than
An unrequited love.

Nosheen Irfan

Summer Love

A flaming hot sky
Where should I hide
Your love is no umbrella
To shelter me from the fate

Not a wisp of breeze
Where should I retreat
Your love is no tree
To house me in its magnanimity

Where should I hide
Where should I retreat
Your silence gives me no answer
Your words melt me more

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Shall I Rise?

As darkness thickens
into a mass of impenetrable silence
and moon fades from sight
of budding dreams
Should I make-believe
I have the choice
to grasp the dawn
Shall I rise
from the night
where darkness thunders loud
and the waves come
crashing down on the fallen
too hard
Shall I rise
to catch my falling self
in mid-air.

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Flowers

Flowers are meant to wither
But they smile blissfully unaware
I'm scared of what is to come
Those fragile flowers have more dare

Wind comes to shake them too
There's no soul, unscathed by sorrow
But they glow, come what may
I fret over what's happening tomorrow

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Shades Of Dusk

Warm shades of dusk scatter
across the breast of a dreamy sky
A pale blue sky surrenders
amid a smattering of nameless clouds

The sun leaving behind a memory
My gaze cannot measure its sufficiency
Each shade brief, each moment fleeting
Yet it fills a craving, starving heart

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Let Me Be Your Friend

If you lose
your color
your spark
your magic
your charm
come to me
with all your thorns
I'll hear your silent tears
I'll heal your invisible scars
If suddenly your world contracts
And you don't know where you stand
Let me be your friend

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Back To Dreamlessness

if it is decreed
that love must suffer
that heart must bleed
for want of answers
if love must wander
beyond reason
where falls no rain
from clouds of fulfillment
if love must cry
tears of separation
let me revert
back to dreamlessness

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Away From The Sound And Fury

as the mountains echo
unsung songs
the walls of solitude
protect me
the roar of traffic recedes
the glare of neon lights fades
i'm alone, yet not lonely
silence means more
than a thousand words
i know you are with me
in the truest sense
i discover my peace
with a silent companion

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Love Is No Easy Path

love holds no grudge
it learns from the hurt
love craves reciprocity
yet not demands it
love longs to win
but embraces defeat
its heart homes a world
of sacrifice and compromise
it pays the rent
without owning anything

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

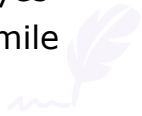
Love Her

Love her
like the moon loves the waves
stir her heart, put her in frenzy
create tides in her sleeping soul

Love her
like the wind loves the trees
awake her from winter slumber
help her break into a spring song

Love her
like the rain loves the land
drench her deep deep down
sate the thirst of her dreams

Love her
make her see your love
in your eyes
in your smile



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Nosheen Irfan

A Woman In Love

she is the dancing raindrops
the full moon's flight
the surge of sapphire waves
the song of leaves on a summer eve
the whisper of breeze
threading through ready crop

she is happy
as a candle flicker, unaware
love is consuming her existence

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

This Day...(Rain In February)

This day...

Wild and grey

A roaring sky

Unabashed rain

This day...

When it becomes so hard

To smother love

And confine it to discretion

This day...

Calls for words to unclothe

Words that like treasures lay buried

Beneath prudence

This day...

Calls for words

To pour just like rain

Without caution

Without inhibitions

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Rain Is Pouring Down

Rain is pouring down
From an overwhelmed sky
Why are we so quiet
While rain is roaring
And pouring with might
Why are our hearts afraid
When rain has no doubts

Rain is pouring down
No fears hold it back
Each drop creates notes
Awaking the calls of romance
But why are we apart
When rain comes down
To moisten the dry mouth
Of our dreams

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

One-Sided Love

I saw him, I fell, I couldn't get up
It was love like rain that never goes up again
His smile ensnared me, I couldn't move
A step forward I strove, I longed to be free

But I was rooted, too deep to fly away
A curve made me a captive from day to day
I felt my path would never be straight again
In the ocean of love, I would forever stray

His eyes acknowledged my existence
But his silence was loud like crashing waves
Perhaps like water I should never tire
Rock will finally change shape and color

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Windows

Wind makes them talk
Rain breaks their sleep
When sorrow nags at you
Suffocating your soul
You just have to open them
Gaze out to feel your blood flow
To know there's life still
Moving in the street
Where playing children' voices float
And a car rushes by
Honking to clear its way
And when you must shut all the doors
For you don't want the world
To probe your wounds
Or to throw a volley of questions at you
At that hour you can always open the window
And invite the external air
Without being digged into

Nosheen Irfan



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Simple Love

when the sun shines in my eyes
it makes your reflection brighter

when the rain comes dancing down
it soaks me in your affection

when the breeze enters my heart
it sweeps away everything but you

when yonder hills echo
your name is everywhere

Nosheen Irfan



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Winter Of Love

My hands are cold and numb
So is my heart
Winter is my friend
Making me cold
Making me colder than you

You are the moon
Distant and calm
Lost in your own spark
Smiling indifferently
As my love waxes or wanes

Nosheen Irfan



PoemHunter.com

Don't Be Amazed

And like the wings that fly too high
Love too gets tired
Don't complain the moon has waned
How long the fire can rage
How long can love be the moon, or the star or the fire
It has to tire of itself, of being too bright and imaginative
When you see its light dimming
And its fire becoming ash, don't be amazed

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An Impertinent Question

You want to hug her
You want to kiss her
You want to make love to her
You want to praise her
Sing songs for her
Write poems on her
You see sunshine in her eyes
Taste honey on her lips
Drown in the waves of her hair

But why is it so hard to respect her?

Nosheen Irfan



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Why

They don't know your story
They haven't travelled your path
They haven't known your pain
But why do they judge
Why do they deride
They don't own you
Why do they try to break you?

Nosheen Irfan



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Dust Of Dreams

Each day
peels away
my hope

moon standing afar
gazes into my wounds
shines brighter

leaves kiss the ground
reverently
then rustle along the ground
singing a song

while life spins out
a symphony
from fragments

I gather in trembling palms
the dust of my dreams

Nosheen Irfan

Take A Plunge

Plunge deep into the soul of things
For answers filled with meaning
Awaken the feelings buried within
Beneath the placid face, dreams are stirring

As thoughts lead to the realization
Mind flies in pure ecstasy of resurrection
As I plunge deeper into your love
I feel peace flowing through me like sea water

Nosheen Irfan



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A Tale For The Poet

Stripped of foliage
braving the cold
naked and forlorn
the autumn tree
carries in its lithe branches
a tale a poet can read

Nosheen Irfan



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Untitled

Love is not a flicker
to be blown out by the wind
nor a fire to engulf
and destroy you
True love be a quiet river
just flowing and flowing
without a thought
never changing path

Nosheen Irfan



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I'm Silent

because I love you more than I can say
i'm wrapped in silence
of a sea under setting sun,
silence of a rainless desert
or perhaps the silence of weary time
words don't exist any more
as if language
died
when the waves of love rose
and tossed me
into a whirlwind
of dreams.

Nosheen Irfan



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Autumn Thoughts

In the falling of the leaves
Some see autumn
Some see themselves
In the bare branches of the trees
Some see a season
Some see life

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Generosity Of Your Smile

Generosity of your smile
Fills me to the core
I must gaze at you often
Like i'm the ship
And you are the shore
Your heart's glow is enough
So enough
To shatter the distance
I want nothing more

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You Owe It To You

To believe in yourself a little more
When everybody has gone
And you are left alone

To listen to yourself more deeply
When you have no words
Only sighs and sobs

To look at yourself with more tenderness
When you feel unloved
For no reason you know

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November Rain

never mind the grayness
never mind the chill
sip the dreamy drizzle
of seasonal change
collect the memories' trickle
from the clouds of nostalgia
feel the whispers of winter
wrapping you in cold arms

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Dedicated To A Smile

If your smile sets me free
where shall I go
This smile that sings like the rain
and furnishes my dreams with moon's glow
Where shall I go
unchained from its shy exuberance
torn from its magical simplicity
Where shall I go
for there's no way out of love
that has grown like a tree.

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Love (Haiku)

A silver shower
My arms gather all the stars
My heart takes a bath

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Micro- Poem

Silence on lips
While heart is speaking
Emptiness in eyes
While heart is brimming
Sometimes things are not
what they seem

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Micropoem

Come, o healer
like the sunlight of early dawn
my heart is an empty room
fill it with your charm

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Sea To The Moon

I feel myself pulled
your gravity is ferocious
you are the silent charmer
making me dream
making me scream
dawn will bring calm
but I don't want to lose
this moment of chaos
that negates the space
between us
and lets love be a force.

Nosheen Irfan



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What Should I Write Tonight?

What should I write tonight
The sky is clear, the moon is bright
I get a glimpse of you in the stars
So love should be the topic, not wars
The wind slowly weaves its path
Through the lanes in moonbeam bath
Will I reach you through words
Can my love be flying birds
What should I write tonight
You are far, I can't feel alright.

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Summer Sunset (Haiku)

Sinking summer sun
Heart soaring on gleeful wings
Of the homeward birds

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Floating

Floating by
Serenely, steadily
Never standing still
As people come and go
Never pausing
As we cry or laugh
Time flowing
In the sea and the clouds
Its wings never tired

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Dewdrops

Glittering dewdrops of thoughts
Adorning her face
Though in love, she was suffering

Nosheen Irfan



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Sunset And Solitude

Heavenly bliss descends
in a drizzle of gold
Last sun rays drench in enlightenment
the meditating mountains
Nature is neither sad at what's going
nor glad at what's coming
It's in a perfect balance
creating a space
where silence is music
and solitude is home.

Nosheen Irfan



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Twilight Sky

Twilight sky is so many shades
For my heart to meander through
So many faces
For my mind to read
Spread out like an open diary
On which a bleeding pen is writing
Erasing, rewriting
As many words it could
In the brief moment
Before night takes over
And hides the artistic riot of emotions.

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Rainless Clouds

Odd shapes,
Resembling insomniac dreams
Floating by untiring
Over miles of uncertainty
In a whimsical pattern
Till they disappear as silently
As they come
Very much like love

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Birthing

The day births in tender tones of golden,
soaking up the tears of darkness
Don't just open your eyes, but rise like a bird in flight,
measuring the limitless space

- - - -

There's still a lot to know,
a lot to explore
Life didn't end when your heart broke.

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You Are My Moon

Your face lights up my way
Far though it be
Its radiance reaches me
Breaking all chains
Only in loving you
I enjoy a freedom
A complete freedom
That elevates my soul
And puts to sleep
My inner riot
I strive to reach
Into the arms of your light
With a passion
That no darkness can dim.

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She Belongs To The Universe

Deep into her eyes
You see galaxies
Waiting to be discovered
She belongs to the universe
As much as the stars do
She needs to grow too
As every plant does
Grow into a tree
To become the shade
To talk to the wind
But there are always hands
Itching to pluck her
Sneaking up to uproot her
There are always eyes
Prying into her
Through tinted glasses
Perceiving half of what she is
Still her laughter tinkles
Through dense air
Her chirpy voice sings
Like the caged bird
That never stops dreaming
Of the sky.

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Unlock Yourself

Unlock yourself...

I believe you are more
than what your eyes reveal
and what your smile conveys
Let me reach into your soul
I know there's so much to dig out
A ripeness of emotions to extract
for you are not a book to be judged by its cover
You are deep
Let me dive into the whirlpool
of your smiles and tears
You are not shallow
Let me pick the blossoms beneath your skin.

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Sometimes...

Sometimes
Open the book
Long forgotten
Some old book
Resting in the shelf
Beneath a pile
Of pain, dreams and longings
Open it
Dust it off
Run your finger over it
Smell it
Inhale the mouldy air
Of the time
That has passed
Since you last opened it
Open it
Feel it resurrecting
Beneath your finger
Open it
If you know what it is
To be alone.

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I Wish...

I wish I could be free
As the cloud that kisses the sky
Or the wind that fearlessly flies
I wish I could be free
Of the chains that enslave the soul
Of the pains that won't let me be whole
I wish I could be free
In real as I'm in dreams
Flowing as blue water of streams
I wish I could be free
To face the dark on my own
To not cry as love goes
I wish I could be free
In every cell of my blood
Like every drop of the flood
I wish I could be free
With nothing on my mind
As if I have nothing more to find
I wish I could be free
Like freedom is my right
For which I don't need to fight.

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Keep Going

When darkness is deep
And life lies in a heap
Every step you take
Raises a cloud of dust
But you can't retreat
You have burnt your boats
Keep walking on,
For it's never too dark
Even under a moonless sky
Keep going, into the night
With a heart made of light.

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October Autumn Blues

It's one of those days
when things slow down
to a crawl
but the air of autumn
is palpably moving
and the falling of leaves
makes a noise
you often hear
inside you
on insomniac nights
when past and future stand
before you
and you feel crumbling
in your bones
and you feel peeling
in your skin
and all of you sheds
till you become one
with the autumn tree.

 PoemHunter.com

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With Every Sunrise

Many a trampled flowers
lie
in the wilderness of man's
inhumanity
but with every sunrise
glows
a new rose
dazzling the eye
with beauty, so shy
unfolding its petals
to set free its fragrance
and life once again
seeks
our arms- -tired from
carrying pain and lies
to come, embrace it
wholeheartedly
as you would hug the summer
rain.



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Plea To The Love- 2

Be my winter sunlight,
Suffuse me with your amiable aura
To give pure essence of delight
Be my summer rain
Drench me to the bone
To wash away all the pain
Be the silver halo of the moon
Surround me, imprison me
To make my lonely heart croon
In you I want to lose myself
In you I want to find myself.

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Be The Moon

Face the night with a glow
Smile down on a poor soul
Light up a sad, secluded pathway
Spread your light, but not hide your scars
Be the moon, sometimes.

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Don't Cage A Bird

A bird is born to fly
Freedom is his heart's cry
Don't clip his wings
Don't put him in cage
Trees are his shelter
Sky is his desire
Unlock the cage
Let him soar
Let him explore
Freedom is everyone's right.

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Tribute To Manto(An Urdu Writer)

He wrote, with a bitter-sweet hand
of the darkness ingrained in man
From truth, his words flowed
With passion, his mind glowed
With a burning pen, he wrote
of the things forbidden
In beautiful words, he told
of the ugliness beneath the skin
His voice was loud and firm
about the realities grim
Nothing but truth, he believed
However naked it might be.

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Illusion

If lips could say
All the things
Buried in heart,
The illusions we cherish
Might be broken
Once and for all.

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A Love Poem

Every day you drift
into the stream of my thought
without my knowing
I don't need to pause,
to stop midway
or catch my breath
I let myself flow
from day to night
All the while you glow
as the sun or the star
I safely alight
as a bird on its perch
I'm not tired
though forever I search
You keep me afloat
just by existing
My dear, look at my smile
I owe this to you.

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If Only We Could Do That!

To wake every morning
as the birds do
with no yesterday
and no tomorrow
just filled with the moment,
exhaling joy and gratitude
into the air
If only we could do that.

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Torn Flower

till yesterday, in all glory
you stood, a glowing beauty
many would dream to possess
to their last breath
some wrote verses on your color
some sang of your velvet touch
but today as you lie
broken and unwanted
many unmindful feet
tread over you
and not one hand there is
to pick you up.

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Micro Poems- 4

to get out of yourself
for a while
that would be
real freedom
- - -self-negation

love is a bad habit
hard to let go of
harder to live with
- - -unrequited love

peace is home
and home is you
and you are far
too far to reach
- - -homelessness

is there anything
more poetic
than crying eyes
and a crying heart
- - - melancholia

to embrace
your scars
with all your heart
the sooner you learn
the better
- - - lesson of life

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Your Smile

your smile holds me...
as the morning sunshine,
taking the world in its arms

your smile caresses me...
as the evening breeze
loitering along the seashore
to hug the leaping waves

your smile begins from the heart
and spreads across your face
like glittery ripples
sweeping over the river

in its warmth I melt
till I'm no more myself.

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Monsoon Song-2

Quiet your heart, hear the rain sing
Let it lull your inner storms to sleep
It sings not of past you want to bury
Nor of tomorrow you wish to foresee
It sings of present, this moment
You must live and cherish.

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A Woman's Plea

Don't call me beautiful
I'm no rose
I'm a woman
With a beating heart
A working mind
I'm just as human as you
With feelings rushing
Through me
My blood is as red as yours
Passing through veins
To all the parts of me
To all the breaths
To all the sobs
To all the sins
To all the desires
I'm just as fallible as you
Don't expect me
To be an angel.

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How They Rise

The mountains,
how they rise
to meet the skies,
in serenity untouched by city noise
How they rise
from earth's bosom,
leaping to enthrall the beholder
How we lose ourselves
in their stately rise,
longing for an escape
from the wayward tides
of our racing lives.

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The Dusk

a changing sky,
dabbled in the orange and red
of a setting sun,
glazing with its precious hues
the restful sea
and the sleepy hills
that moment,
when the world turns golden
just before the darkness takes over
a moment worth an eternity.

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Pour Forth

pour forth
from the ocean of you

the aches
the screams

all your torments

the bleeding of heart
the loneliness of soul
the hollowness of bones

unburden the chest
of the weight of loss

divulge from bottom
all that stagnates
your flow.

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If You Came My Way...

On a warm June day
If you came my way
A breeze it would be
Humming sweetly to me

On a warm June day
If you came my way
A shade it would be
The shade of a thousand trees

On a warm June day
If you came my way
I'd be home at last
After miles and miles of road.

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Call Of The Wild

tired of the clock-wise rotation
you hear the call of the wild

a longing to run in the heartland of dreams
manifesting itself in ennui-struck days

away from the strains of bourgeois life
leaving behind pretensions for a while

to float in the serenity of distant streams
and rise to the sound of singing larks

every sunrise invites your soul
to come and nurture in nature's smiles.

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The Day Is No River With Flowing Water

A long summer day
Burning in sun's malice
Quiet, suppressed air
Bereft of breezy songs
No whisper comes from trees
No murmur from rivers
Empty as a beggar's face
Resigned to life's injustice
A day with its doors shut
And its curtains closed
Keeping all the treasures locked
No glimpse offered to the soul
The day is no river with flowing waters.

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Peep Deep Within

When you look around...

Life is often a desert, love a mirage
Pain becomes destiny, joy a season
The roses wither, sores fester
In multitudes, the pale-faced starvation
The war-torn lands with no sky
The untimely goodbyes
The despairing sighs
The waves of insanity sweeping away
All you cherished
The tyranny's lash herding humanity

In the midst of all this
Peep deep within
To feed upon the abundance of thy soul.

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Musings (Notes From My Diary- -5)

Am I floating
Towards my wishes
Or away from them
Is this my morning thought
Or midnight monologue
The past is slowly fading
The present asserts itself
But the future, it's so shadowy
Always, be it day or night
You can't see it in sunshine
Nor can you spy it in moonlight
It's always there,
As a big question
What's next?
I'm clueless.

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Bursting Forth

Spring lures with its hues
with its blossoms
with its greenness
all in abundance
all in fullness
no paucity of passion
no pretense of happiness
Spring is a bursting-forth
an ejaculation
from the numbness
from the haziness
A feast, a celebration
reclaiming the soul
of the world.

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Love Thou Art Frail

Love is just a sapling in my heart
with pale leaves trembling
on its brittle branches

or it's a new-born moon
barely visible to the naked eye

Love thou art frail

You never grow
You are a child always, demanding
and squealing

but I let you be the keeper of my heart

When the nights are longer
than the length of my dreams

you let a moth come into
the fire of its feelings

and turn it to ashes

and laugh with the wickedness
of a triumphant little devil.

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Come, The Day

Oh come, the day
come in my arms
I long to feel
the light as though
it's mine
Come, the words
in a waterfall
strike the pebbles
with all your love
I'm empty
as an un-sung joy
come, fill me
with poems.

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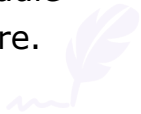


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I Have A Dream

I have a dream I'm
clutching with the passion
of a spring leaf;
this dream I'm carrying
as the fragrance of a garden
to brighten my journey;
holding it deep in that part
where no eye can peep.

It's just a dream:
sometimes beaming
in the shape of a star,
sometimes no more
visible than a tear
in candlelight;
but I need this dream
to build my life
into coherence
in the middle
of nowhere.



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Fragmented

And they say
There's always a way
I must be blind
Not to find
A reason to be alive
A chance to thrive
No way out- -
A voice shouts
Within me is a clutter
To put me in a flutter
Is this madness
Or plain sadness
That eats away at my soul
That won't let me be whole

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Blossoming

The world blossoms again- -
After every fall, after every sigh
Gathering the pieces, covering the scars
The smiles sparkle again- -
On faces, tear-stained by loss
Or contorted with the pain of defeat
The world blossoms, the smiles sparkle
As colors of spring glow in richness
To decorate the paths awaiting us.

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Spring Picture

To awaken to the flowering grace of life
To hug the pollen-saturated air
This spring stirs the dead songs,
Heals the invisible wounds.
Sparkling, smiling, swaying- -
Flowers, a picture of beauty and power
Happy in their brief mortal existence.

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What Does It Matter....

What does the spring matter...
to the unfavored flesh
for whom smell of rain is
mixed with the smell of dung.

To the toiling heart
caged in the sweating chest
of low-paid labor.

To the bare-feet hunger
trudging on the broken tarmac
searching rotten fruit in dumps.

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Valentine Song

No specks of cloud roam
The sky is blue and clear
From heart, the cuckoo sings
I'm in love, oh dear!

Birds make circles in the sky
Flitting about, butterflies cheer
Pansies scent the pathways
Oh, I wish you were near.

Simple and pure, the joy
Playful, the duckling with peers
Flowing, flowing is the river
Oh please, no more tears.

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Moving On...

The night falls swift
at the turning,
splitting our feet
Where you left,
the moon shines less
The place is bleak,
marked in black
but we have moved on
each in our own space
striding ahead
with an occasional glance
over the shoulder.

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Moments That Made Up Life

I don't know
how it happened,
falling in love
with the unknown.

Can you bury it?
the moment,
that made you cry and laugh
simultaneously.

A lot it added
or subtracted
the moment, that was
beyond comprehension.

Now in this moment
sitting on a mound of experience
I can say
my tears came from wanting
what belonged
not to me.

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Sailing

Sailing as a shore-bound ship
Taking wind for a whip

We move and drift
Extravagant or spendthrift

On roads monotony licks
With to and fro kicks

Voice of reason muted
Roar of might saluted

Lies are our oars
Rowing us to shore

A mechanical motion we follow
Inside we are just hollow

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Micro Poems- 3

This road
I have taken
Somebody
might have forsaken

Some people I hurt,
some hurt me
Thoughts, actions, of them
we are never free

To you love was all
to me, it killed
Your deliverance
the imprisonment
of my will

Waiting for spring
I learned to love
the falling of leaves
the freezing of lakes
the dying of feelings

The more you ponder
upon life, the more
you get entangled
in its myriad
of mysteries

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Night Is Alive

The night is alive
In the silence of the river
There's a mystery
In the smile of the moon
We look divine
In each other's thoughts
Floating endlessly
On love's soaring vision
Till we meet
Near snow-capped pines
With moonbeams waltzing
On the waters
And stars calling out
Our names
Our minds dancing
Like planets
In an ecstatic motion
Of perennial surrender
To the Beloved.

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You And I (A Reverie)

You and I, under vast skies
Hands held, eyes locked
Feeling the surge of waves
Beneath the cold floor
Our entwined hands, the trees
Under the moon
Shy and warm from love
Flowing upstream
The smile in your eyes
The blush blossoming on my cheeks
A treasure to hold inside the mirror
Of dreams
How the crescent moon
In conversation with the brightest star looks
So do we look, together
Wrapped in love
Stealing the glow of heavens,
Exhibiting in our eyes
The glory of immortal love.

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Reflections On Time

Time is swift, it races
staining the heart with the tears
of the passing moments-
but then time plods
- the hands of the clock hardly move
when you are waiting
for the right moment-
Walking on earth, paying for Original Sin
or facing the karma for the vices of ancestors
or bearing the weight of Existentialist independence
and condemned to essential solitariness
Quizzically caught between extremes
either you are living too much
or not living at all.

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Believe, Embrace, Live

In diversity lies the beauty of existence

Varied hues and colors make life a wonder

Embrace the difference with openness

Make peaceful co-existence life's purpose

Believe in love, the ultimate miracle.

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Inevitable

Smiles turn to stone
The beastly claws of time
Hunt the unsuspected
Torn wings plunge to death
Sharp pulls and twists of life
Rip the heart and make it bleed
Bursting with life a moment ago
Cold, lifeless pieces scatter
Through the savage winds of circumstance
Hand that waters, plucks the flower
The flow of life suddenly freezes
Wrapped in the folds of mystery
Will ever be the designs of destiny
Unsolved riddles through ages
Scribbled in the yellowed pages
Adding nothing to the meaning
The end is inevitable.

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Sea After Tsunami(Epilogue)

The sea is at peace
Resting in the sunset
Of a fateful day

The waves are somnolent
After running amok
In a sudden fit of rage

On the placated aqua face
Indecipherable are the stories
Buried deep within.

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In Memory Of A Dark Day

Reeking of blood
December haunts
Cold wind sighs
Oh what loss!
Misty dawns bring
The cries of children
Still loud and clear
Tearing at hearts
Grief echoes
Through the years
Memories of the dead
Fade but never die
Though life goes on
Happiness seems a lie
Oh what day that was
It left many scars
Faces full of laughter
Frozen into eternity
Scattered on the floor
The bullet-riddled bodies
What shame, what cruelty!

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Hear The Songs Of Silence

Dig into the silence
Of your heart
Water it every sunrise
And every sunset
This silence blooms
Into a tree of bliss
A state of nirvana
Amidst the chaos
See the sky and earth
Mingle in a mystical union
Spreading a sense of serenity
Through every fiber of body
Liquidizing the ice
That sleeps on mountains of grief
Streaming the water
Into an endless flow
Towards a euphoric tide
Hear the songs of silence
From the sky to the earth
Drowning every outburst
Subsiding every storm.

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The Night Falls...

When there are wolves to hound
The night falls without a sound
Deepest darkness gulps the day
Blessed are those who find the way

When silence reigns in the sky
A poor heart prays for joy
Asleep are the woods and larks
As a soul on a new journey embarks

A moon rises with visible scars
To each his own destiny, say the stars
This is not your day to shine
Needless it is to fret or pine.

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Early Morning Bliss

Golden yellow gleams
Pouring from life's brimming vessel
Far and wide
Fields draped in royal finery
Early morning bliss!
Oh sore heart
Drink tasteful nectar of a dawning
To fill the emptiness
Of your existence
How you cried
In the deathly silence of the night
On the verge of destruction
Wake, wake, wake
The sun smiles the smile of the beloved.

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Clarity Of Vision

The sunshine is mild and friendly
After misty days, darkened by ambiguity
The smoke has lifted, a clarity of vision
Is felt in the balmy air of certainty
Fumes of exhaustion, eroding the soul
Vanish as the new winds blow
A clear sky, a new world opens up
As a lotus slowly unfolding its petals
At the touch of first sunrays
Suddenly it all clears up
You know what is meant for you
And what you must forgo.

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Through The Storms

Storms strike
When least expected
Caught in a tornado
Atheist prays fervently
Might falls flat
Against the fury of wind
You rise on the wave
Of an agitated sea
Shaking through a whirlwind
Of emotions, you come out
Cleansed.

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Fallen

I have fallen a long way
I feel like moss on the seabed
Glow of stars dissolves
Up in the air
Leaving me in throes
Of loneliness
The sun is not warm enough
To melt your frozen heart
Slow is my walk
Faltering my step
A great distance lies
Between us
The burnt wax is cold now
A shapeless mass
Of dead love
The flying bird I envy
From caged thoughts
I'm dying to be free
Love imprisons my soul
I find no window
To gaze out
At the green grass.

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A Walk In Autumn

The leaves-strewn paths
I walk with steps wary
Lest the leaves cry in pain

The crunch of leaves under feet
I hear with ears sharp
Lest their music be lost on me

Trees are not sorry to let go of leaves
Leaves are not sorry to part with trees
Don't cry o heart when you walk on dead leaves.

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Spell Of A Smile

Far into the night
My dream comes alive
I burst into bloom
When I remember your smile
The gray sky turns bright
There's a reason to be alive
The stars shine with a mystical fire
I'm thirsty for a drop of life
Step by step, word by word
I come closer to you, merging
Into the eternity of your smile
Never to depart, never to stray.

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Sky Is Not Too Far

When heart is filled with sunrise
And soul is thirsty for stars
Sky is not too far
When your thoughts are birds
And fear is no more a companion
Sky is not too far
When the light of faith leads the way
And doubts are laid to rest
Sky is not too far.

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Life Has Its Ways

The moments of joy
Are becoming rare
As the years, inevitably
Pass by

No rain washes clean
The scars of yesterday
Carved indelibly
On every wayside stone

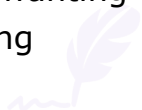
Mist enters the heart
Weaving a web of gloom
Meaning of joy, dimming
By the day

Moments slip by
Huge mountains arise
Between wanting
And finding

Life has its ways
Ships sail or sink
Reaching for the harbor
Of dreams.

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Smog

What do you do
In vague times
To dispel the smog in mind
It's not easy to find
The meanings, the answers
Things are so torn
Beneath the feet, the rubble is growing
Living in the heart of life's battles
Amid perceptions that only blind
The spirits are so worn.

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So Will You Shine

A rainbow glows
when the storm clouds go
like a hope flaring
from the dying embers

though you are far
and out of sight
but look the sun
shines warm and bright

so will you shine
in my dreams as mine
where I hold stars
a million of them in my arms.

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Where They Might Have Gone....

The clouds drifted away
leaving the craving for rain behind
Oh, how our hearts sank
as they did, every time we woke up
in the middle of a beautiful dream
Where they might have gone
the clouds and the dreams
It's futile to muse
Our hands are full
No room for thoughts.

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Chasing Dreams

What's beyond reach
Heart yearns
With a maddening rush of blood
How absurd to chase
Elusive dreams all life
Only to end up with reality
It's happiness I need
But what it means
I know not

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Aching

Storm-clouds hide the sky
And all that it carries
My wish, your wish

Drooping petals of flowers
Know no way of lifting up
Spring or no spring

Lonesome roads are long
Trudging feet are worn
For we are not together

Like an abandoned hut
In the depths of forest
I'm aching, you are aching.

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Sunrise

- -Gently the golden yellow sun rises
A new day dawns, in the darkest alleys
- -Drenched in the perfume of love's blossoms
Heart seeks the path that leads to you
- -For you are the one, to be my candle
Through the twilight of gray autumn
- -I know I shall find you in this new sunrise
That shatters the darkness in my mind
- -As the sun voyages across the azure sky
I know I shall sail to the harbor of your love
- -This light, that pours colors into the cheeks
Pale and numb from coldness of the night
- -This light, that infuses life into grieving bones
Tells that we are the travelers of the same path.

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Sunset- -2

Sunk low on horizon
The sun says a sad goodbye
with a vow to return
after a night of stars' glitz and glam
in the middle of darkness
and the moon's walk
across the spacious heart of the sky
Unlike you, the sun returns
day after day
keeping his promise
You say, what can I do
I'm only human.

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Caught In The Storm

The sky's visage
Changed, as if by magic
From sunny flamboyance
To dark cloudy fury

Before we could find shelter
The skies fell asunder
Raining down wrath
Of unappeased gods

Caught in the storm
Drenched to the bone
We laughed at ourselves
And at each other.

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Birth Of A Poem

Where does a poem come from
From the womb of feelings
Or from the ruffled feathers of thoughts
The answer might lie in the silent moments of the night
In an unswept corner of your mind
Does the poem take root like an oak
Or does it float in thin air eternally
Either way, it flowers
And its aroma catches us.

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Cat On The Wall

A cat came to sleep on the wall
To hide in the thickness of foliage
No purring emitted from his sated mouth
He just slumped down in deep sedation
of a full belly and the toils of a fruitful prowling
His eyes opened, as the leaves ruffled his hair
shot a glance at me
and seemed to say
'I'm happy. Do you mind? '

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Tender Is The Night

Tender is the night
In the silver majesty of a full moon
I wonder why the wind is quiet
When the heart needs a voice
The stars are far but bright
We wish we could pluck them like flowers
How far is the morning, it matters not
For someone finds in the lunar glow
The luster of the beloved's eyes
A cry goes up to the skies
Oh, what bliss the seeker finds!
Tender is the night.

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Poetic Life

Poetry fills my days
Otherwise dull and drab
Little comfort the sun bestows
Merciless in the summer glow
Tuneless wind if it ever blows
Sings of nothing but faint hopes
And the pulse of time slows
But the poet, unmindful of all
Plunges into a sea of thoughts
And brings out pearls from the bottom.

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Elevation (Haiku)

Gentle touch of breeze
Soaring vision softly gleams
The meaning of life

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Not All Is Lost

There's darkness, but not all is lost
The stars, the moon and the fireflies
Look how darkness helps them glow
Darkness, with its forbidding demeanor
Its black cloak of devilish proportions
Its creeping shadows and the ghostly signs
See how it lets the trees exhale their sadness
Be not afraid of the dark, O' my heart
Rather, feel the world's soul, deep inside
Quiet descent of heavenly stillness, around
Feel the breath of sleeping air, surrounding
And the slow ascent of heart's cries, praying.

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Evening Nostalgia

In the falling dusk
the heartbeat of memories
sounds above the panting breath
of invading silence
and loud are the footsteps of time
that once was
but will never be again.

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They Say, This Is Life

Sometimes I cannot make out life
Some poor souls are born to cry
Shedding tears till their eyes are dried
Look there
At that sobbing child clutching at his empty belly
Those wandering eyes in search of love
Those shuffling feet on an uncertain road
They say
This is life, you can't argue more
Why question, just let it go
Take what comes your way, and be grateful.

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We Are The Poets

Sometimes our words dance
in a rhythmic motion
sometimes bleed like a bullet-riddled body
we are the poets
whose bruised souls
long to touch the sky
on the fickle flight of imagination
who walk on the wind
that blows away dreams
wandering feet on desert sand
the marks we leave behind.

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The Sight Of Fallen Cypress

A lone cypress
In my grandfather's lawn
Standing tall and erect
Since I could sense life about me
I saw it there
Still in the brightness
Restless in the wind
But ever standing
Upright and proud
As the sole child
Bequeathed with honors
And the crown

The other trees were puny
Beside its mighty presence
For all the richness in foliage
They couldn't match its grace

Day after day passed
Unmarred by Time
Its beauty un-blighted
Eclipsing the trees by its side
Their branches sprawled in ungainly curves
Bent and broken at places
Where I hung and swung wildly
Till my legs felt the air
Or I heard the squeak
Of a frail twig

And through it all
The sunshine and the storms
The cypress stood quiet
Like a giant among the pygmies
Withdrawn from the crowd
Shut up in a death-like silence
Un-shattered by the noise
A deep shade of green
Against the pale blue sky
A sight I loved

And thought about in bed
Along with the goblins, fairies
And the stately tower
The cypress stood deep in my mind
Forever young and fighting the odds
A thing with no beginning and end

I saw with bewildering eyes
The spectacle unimagined
Across the courtyard lay the cypress
Fallen from its height
I stood in disbelief
Expecting it to rise any moment
Greeting the sun
Like it always did
Its tapering frame rising ever so high
Slender yet strong
When the harsh gusts shook it madly
There it stood, rooted fast

And although the wind had howled all night
Beating against the shuttered windows
With a fury unheard of
Still a nightmare it seemed
From which I would awaken soon
For a fallen cypress
I could not imagine
Unborn yet
In a child's mind.

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If I Could Hold The Moon

In the hurry and scurry of life
Soul takes whips, sharp as knife
Heart yearns with an insatiable hunger
For the unreachable, loud as thunder

The day camouflages as the sunshine
For a while it all seems damn fine
The light slowly pales into evening mist
If I could hold the moon in my fist!

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A Part Of Me

Away into the distance,
in the mountains and the hills
lives a part of me
that scales the heights of dreams
reaching for the stars of Fortune
a part that gathers lilies by the lake
saunters down the sodden lane
past the wooden cottage
zigzagging through the rain- -
eye-kissing the slopes, steeply
rising from the earth's volcanic profusion
while calm descends from above
and envelops one like a fog.

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At Odds

Life denuded of soul
a carnal mess
of tawdry passions- -
love, cacophonous
dissonant sighing
from hearts of calculation- -
mechanical rotation
of day and night
in an endless cycle
of purblind vision
and pyrrhic victory- -
alloyed compassion from hearts
of adulterated joys
we are at odds
at odds with ourselves.

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Disjointed (Notes From My Diary-3)

I see...or imagine

a world where

laughter aborts on pastel lips
heartbeats stiffen in ribcages

a gloomy silence becomes my companion

when the sun sets in my mind
i stand alone in a crowd

and i stand on frozen feet
day dreaming of flowing rivers and steaming trains

am I a poet?

who dresses life in metaphors

or my words are just rags
barely covering our nakedness.

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End Of Another Day

Another sun goes down
Another day makes an exit
Slithers like an eel from clutching hands

We see birds going home
And stars ready to make a show
In the skies of unconquerable dreams

Under the moon's glow
Fate and love concord
And a lover dreams with eyes of illusion

The sky hosts stars and moon
The earth is choked with cravings
And the poet is alive in his verses.

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No Other Way But...

The sun goes down- -casting a red-eyed glance
of resignation
painting the sky- - in an abstract illustration
of departure.

Some goodbyes cannot be helped
There's no other way
But to give in- - - - -
- - - - - To darkness.

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Song Of Celebration

Be a dancing lover of life- -
celebrating life's every mood

Love, loss, happiness, pain
no moment of life is in vain

Every soul can sing and dance
look within to find the spark

Listen to the inner music that flows
through you like a bubbling stream

Listen closely, follow the beat
the inner candle will surely heat

Let your arms spread wide
to embrace Beauty and Truth.

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Dewdrops On The Rose

The rose, dressed in scarlet pride
and the glow of nightly kisses
lifts up her face to the East

By the rising sun, slightly touched
the dewdrops are tears swimming
in the eyes of the scorned lover.

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From The Diary Of A Poet

On a bright sunny day
I was drenched in a rain of thoughts
Taste of bygone my mind sought

I looked back and thought
of the roads, I walked and forsook
of the lovers, for saviors I mistook

In the memory stack I rummaged
for a day the clouds swallowed
for a night the nightmares gulped

My mind was clustered with
various sunrises and sunsets
that tinged my limited horizon.

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War (Haiku)

Fed on power lust
Bloody squabble of kingly egos
Nobody wins this game.

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Before Rain

The day is dark and gray
My thoughts stray
in the tangles of clouds,
I see a sky veiled in sorrow
torn, yet sailing
Inside the trees,
I hear the dying wind wailing.
It looks like dusk
falling a little too soon
My wide open eyes, greedy
to take in all
of the somber mood
that the rain will crown happily.

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At Nightfall

When the day is done
and a silver moon rises
on the crest of heaven
full, self-assured and bright
in the midst of envious stars
that shine with all their might,
a dream wakes in me
of love, more resplendent
than the sky I behold.

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Micro Poems- 2

(i) The maple leaf flew
away on the wings of wind
It didn't have time to tremble
before it fell on the ground
littered with dead leaves.

(ii) The clouds hide the sky
from human eyes
but it is still there
behind the curtain of sorrow
trying to weep
for a heart murdered
and for a hope stabbed.

(iii) The mountains echoed my grief
I climbed up to find bliss
in their steep rise
to the apex where joy grows
from a touch of the sky.

(iv) The petals fall one by one
The ground is hungry for more
I close my eyes
The mirror reflects my face too clear
Oh, I'm growing old.

(v) Sit beneath the night sky
Looking up for hope
in a million stars
as they face the darkness
shining and smiling.

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Wistful Night

The night is dark, why?
Up there no stars peep
Across a vague sky
Only black clouds sweep.

I wait for you to come
Like the moon, full of light
Every cloud rolls away but one
That keeps the moon from sight.

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Tribute

No skies fall
No oceans dry
The sun shines no less bright
The wind forgets not its trail
The moon, on its course, sails
But when a good man dies
The world is not the same.

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Micro Poems-1

(i) ☐

The stream flowed on its course
as I lost my way
in the vale of despair
I followed it and found myself
shimmering in its ripples.

(ii) ☐

I found peace under the trees
when the leaves were silent
and when they whispered tales
I was the most intent listener
I had so much to say
but I forgot everything
under the trees.

(iii) ☐

I like my feet on dewy grass
that has drunk deep of night
slowly waking to the sun
till my feet no longer feel
the pain of the night.

(iv) ☐

The river likes it
when my grief swims in it
It can empathize with me
without changing its route
we both love the sea.

(v) ☐

The stars are bright
I'm happy, their eyes reach
beyond my skin
I feel their light
making a home in me.

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The Song Of Melancholy

Spring came and went
The garden has no scent
The flowers bloomed and withered
Before, the moments, I gathered

Desire was a bird once
Meant to fly above the rest
The ground is caked with mud
Fallen, the dreams, with a thud

What verses might arise
A barren heart has no fire
Of what substance is living
Devoid of love's giving.

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Love And Life (Rubaiyats)

(i) □

The sun shines a lovely bright
But I cannot say all is right
The world has its strange ways
Was it the same in olden days?

(ii) □

Love brings with it thorns
But lover is oblivious, born
To be drunk on the beauty of the rose
The pricks are barely a bitter dose.

(iii) □

Empty roads don't belong to you
Destination is farther than sight
Sole feet get tired too soon
Without love, short is the flight.

(iv) □

Butterflies, around the flowers, dance
The lush grass in exhilaration warms
Withered flower can only wail
For the garden is still beautiful.

(v) □

In the blistering heat of summer
Your love is the shade of trees
Don't prune the branches, dear
I want to be happy sans fear.

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3 A.M. Awakening(Notes From My Diary-2)

Do I hear the roar of sea
Or the sand shifting in a dune
No, all the sounds are asleep
Even the fear makes no screams
An inner clamor wakes me up
Constant like a drone's buzz
An amplified sound
Drumming into me the realization
Life is drifting without respite
I must flow with it.

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Notes From My Diary-1

I lie half-awake
in midnight's soothing arms
listening to the rain
a sudden shower
from the unpredictable
summer skies
In the day, I had waited
for clouds to gather
dark and grey
but the sun kept shining
from behind
the wisps of clouds
golden and piercing
Now sleep sits heavy
on my eyelids
I'm too tired
to go out
and drink the wet night.



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Monsoon Song

When the days are long and wearisome
And heart has died a thousand deaths
The sound of rain is music to ears
Tip-tapping or pounding, it's good to hear

No soul can dwell on sorrow of yore
When rain sings and dances at the door
Sometimes with gentle steps skipping
And sometimes beating against the wind

I feel the freshness of trees in me
Drenched to the soul, with fragrance
Washed and sparkling leaves ring
With the tinkling laughter of youth

With melody, the heart is submerged
I hear the song and feel all is well.

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Random Thoughts On Life

Years piled up in a mound
life's page was smudged
with tears, I washed away pain
on a lonely night in rain

Sometimes a wind blew
to lift me above the mundane
sometimes a rain poured
to cleanse me till I soared

I stood on higher grounds
stripped of my worldly attire
envy, hate, anger, all paled
in the seas only love sailed

Life made me, molded me.
A journey of self-discovery.

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To The Breeze

Sing me a song
my spirits are low
Through the rustling trees,
speak to me
Let a soothing murmur
float through the vacuum
to reach me
O' breeze
Don't be fickle
Come, I need you
The sun burns a glaring red
The parched land gasps
The golden grass moans
A little of your touch
can heal the soul.

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Let Love Spread

Hatred smites too often

shaking our faith in mankind

We raise our hands to Heavens

for peace and love to descend

But there's more to be done

There's a need for love to grow

its roots deep within our souls

Let love spread its branches

to displace bigotry and intolerance.

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Path Of Love(Rubaiyat)

I passed by many rosy blooms
The garden sheltered no glooms
Inhale, a voice said, fragrance divine
Intoxicating, more than any wine

Quiet as the midnight face of sky
Inaudible was my heart's joy
Stillness danced tipsily in me
Sober, a lover could not be.

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Nameless(Rubaiyat)

In my heart, somebody lit a flame
My verses flowed, without a shame
Rain, river or love? I know not
What soaked me, it had no name.

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Free Souls (Rubaiyat)

The world may soon perish
Your love, I shall ever cherish
A flowing river, don't let it stop
A little bit of heaven may drop

Enlightened, our souls feel
Inside the love's passion, we heal
Today sky has no bright stars
We are free from worldly bars.

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The Day Dawns....

- -The day dawns with a mirthful song
A blushing sun appears to charm- -
- -White clouds sail with ease
To destinations unseen- -
- -Wet leaves shake themselves dry
Green grasses are so mild- -
- -Trees feel gay to their roots
Falling in love with the breeze- -
- -Listen, my love, to what they say
For they speak on my behalf today- -

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Evening Memory (Tanka)

Evening softly falls
Blurring the lines of present
I see your pale face
Quite clearly in the darkness
The window to past is open.

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Rhymeless

The waves of life
toss and tumble
No rhyme,
only jumble
Giant waves
towering, swallowing.
Small ones
cowering below,
weighed down
by existence.

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Crimson Night

Flurried face of the night
imitates my inner turmoil
The crimson moon stands aloof
prophesying doom
It gives new blood to the gloom
that lurks around the corners
of the streets
and flows in the tired seas
A lingering hush
echoes inside the ominous whisperings
of the trees
Crimson light pours into me
a deadly red potion of grief
Tears well inside me
and drift like a river
through my landscape.

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A Bunch Of Roses

A bunch of pink roses
made me forget for a while
the troubles of the world
the aches and the strife

A good many things it taught me
smile as long as you live
though brief be existence
and beauty may not last
Worry not, what lies ahead
turn your face to the sun
and shine in its fire like a pearl

Be not afraid, of the rogue wind
you may lose a petal or two
you may have dreams scattered all over
but smile as long as you live.

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Yellow Blossoms

Flowering into yellow gaiety
Full of cheery aroma of spring
Trees have the friskiness
Of a maiden fair
They flirt with the sunshine
They wink at the sky
They invite the wind
Into the feverish arms of love
Yellow blossoms smile
Holding the gazers in a rapture wild
Dancing with the freedom
Of evening breeze
Mystifying the passers-by
Into an adoration deep
Lovely blossoms!
To imagine thou shall go
As all mortal things are wont to do
The gift of spring,
The ardour of love
Thou shall be my morning thought
And my sweet romance.

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Music Of Life

Swaying to divine rhythm
The world is never still
Its melody is the sweetest
To ever fall upon man's ears

The pulse of the world throbs
Its heartbeat races fast
Twirling around and around
Its movement never stops

You hear the world's orchestra
Your body catches the cadence
Your soul soaks the symphony
Your arms, your legs carry the tune.

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Water Spring(Haiku)

A sign of life spurts
From the earth's bursting bosom
All living souls drink.

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Crossing Borders

War broke out
A man-made calamity
They had to run for life
They felt they had no choice
They had to leave their homes
their barns, their cattle
their pastures, their names
They had to run
No looking back
Look behind
and you'd be turned to stone
Where are they going?
Blankness. Period.
They are going to
cross borders by sea
For, it's harder to do so by land
They are taking a chance
They can't be worse off
than they already are
All things considered
Imagine the worst
Still you'd want to flee
for you don't want
fire raining down on you
or death hunting you down
You don't want bullets
making holes in the walls
in the human bodies
or in your souls
You better run
or you'd be history
There you are!
the vast blue sea
a boat overloaded
with wretched souls
sailing to safety
or to death
Nobody knows.

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Meaningless

Your words, they mean nothing
Inscribed on the canvas of love
They were erased into oblivion
By the hands of mortal dust
Through the passage of time
They travelled on hostile winds
Floating downwards, dissolving
Into the air of nothingness.

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Melancholy (Haiku)

A curtain of gloom
Like evening mist of autumn
Hangs in poetic brain.

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Loss (Haiku)

On his leafless perch
The lonely bird laments loud
His mate is hunted.

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Mad Wind

Ruffling the leaves
out of slumber
Brushing the hair
into a mess
The wind is on its way
Gyrating, swiveling
through the fields
and streets
Rushing, running
forcing ahead
with the might
of madness
Whistling through
the deserts
and the mountains
It shows no mercy
for the weak.

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Song Of Love

Hold my hand
and take me away
to another land
where trees sway
in a mad dance
where sun kisses
the brow of the night
Take me away
I want to float
in the white clouds of love
I want to melt
in the orbs of your eyes
Take me away
where green grass
sings in wild ecstasy
and love walks
on its bare-feet
Don't let go of my hand
Without you
I can't walk the burning sand
Hold me forever
in the refuge of your arms.

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Starry Night

It's a night embellished with
a million stars
O love! Come partake of this radiance
Look, how the bejeweled sky sparkles
Like eyes filled with salty tears
Spread over a velvet sky, stars are
a sheet of diamond glitter
There, in the brightest star
resides the desire of my heart
Let's raise our hands
and pray for a shooting star
An errant flash of luck to come our way
to light the path of our love
A dancing night, rotating on its axis
Stars swirling in a dance of ecstasy
Far from the world's jarring rhapsody
A night, full of promise
of a brighter morning.



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Mysterious Ache

What is this ache?

Feeding on you

Emptying you

It's not headache

It's not heartache

It's not felt in body

But it's there

Like a microscopic pest

Gnawing away at your

Will to live.

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The Woods

Oh these woods! So deep and thick
Standing at the edge, gives me the creeps
Entering its deep recesses, my heart skips
Urge to know its mystery, too strong to resist

Once inside, my fear might take leave
From curiosity, my foot might take a leap
The dark secrets, the trees might whisper from atop
Emerge I might, a rich soul full of deep thoughts.

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Wake Up, O Heart

O heart!

Wasted by the worldly cares

Think not of what's lost

Look around and afar

Wake up to the mellow hum

Of the trees

Let it sink into you

Let it take siege

Of your body and soul

Let yourself be carried away

By the motionless dance

of the morning breeze

Carried to a world

Without hurts and hassles

Be in this moment

Let the moment be in you

There is life, around you

In the flow of the river

That flows with gentleness

On its natural course

There is love, awaiting you

In the petals of the rose

That burst into bloom

With a velvet softness.

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Morning Glory

A timorous ray starts off the day
From seeds of darkness, light grows
Clear, blue firmament looks so bright
To the early riser, a pure delight
Noisy chirp fills the gardens and lanes
Trees are awake from birds' celebration
Sun takes the world in a warm embrace
And impregnates the heart with new hopes
Soft buds open to soak the light of love
Their petals smile in the face of the sun
Morning glow touches the mountains
Beneath the earth a worm wriggles
Gone are the night's endless woes
And the aches of a sleepless body
The sun enters my sorrowful soul
And melancholy melts like snow.



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Raindrops

Tiny, silver droplets
Bubbling up, as they hit
the paved floor
Bouncing on the sidewalk
Frolicking on the rooftop
Sometimes they knock on window
Sometimes they sing me a lullaby
Tiny, silver droplets
Falling from Heaven
Like manna for the starved soul
Kissing the trees
In a yearning for love
Softly stealing
Into the heart of the earth.

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Summer Harshness

Sweating and sweltering
under the sun's ferocious gaze
Gasping for air,
life is thirsty for a stream
of heavenly tears.
The land is dry
The land is bare
Its over-baked crust
hardened to heartless sterility
forbidding any growth of greenery
The sun, a fireball
No escape from its burning rage.

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Love Again

Bent and broken
on love's devious trail
Scattered like autumn leaves
in the lanes of abandonment
Devoured by the voracious
appetite of darkness
You are all alone
You must love again
You must plant new flowers
on the soil of your heart
You must hold stars
in the void of your eyes
Bewitched you must be
by the magic of love
Like a dove, once again
soaring to colossal heights
Once love betrayed
but you must love again
For the good of your soul
You must find a cure
Weak and famished
Your soul wants food
Love is the answer
You must love again.

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Quiet Sounds Of The Night

Today the night is so quiet
She can hear the moon sighing
Today the night is so quiet
She can hear the waves crying
It's the night after the storm
Love is still hiding in the trees
The sky looks down upon her
A damsel in distress.

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Crescent

From a distance
of a thousand miles
We see you smile
in the desolation
of a fading sky
A slight but comforting
gleam of hope
in the growing darkness
around us.

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Come.....

Stark, empty days and nights
Sadness has made nests in the trees
Despair is crying in the cuckoo's trill
My vision is stuck within four walls
What color is the sky, I don't know
Where art thou? I don't know
All is amiss, nothing is in place
From the flowers to the dreams
All have lost their color
Come and flow like a stream
To fill the emptiness within me
Come and blow like the breeze
To sweep away the clouds of sorrow.

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The Dawn

When the sun wakes
The heart wakes too
To the light of love
That flows gently
Into the current of blood
To the chirp of hope
That floats in the air
Bridging the distance
Between you and me
It's the dawn, a new dawn
Created from a thousand tears
Of the last night
Touch the grass
With your feet
Sip the dew
From fresh leaves
Chase the love
On butterfly's wings
Hold the sunshine
In grateful hands
Dawn is here
Shadows are buried
In the darkness
Awake!
The sun kisses your hand
Feel its warmth
Touching your soul.

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Golden Dusk

Between the day
and the night
lies a golden shine
The brief moment
of union is precious
as gold.

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Mother Earth

Our mother earth
To see you weeping, my heart bursts
Look how harsh is the sun
On your naked land, stripped of verdure
Where forests are turning into cities
And look how black is the sea
Waste and chemicals pouring into it,
Marine life struggling to survive beneath
O man it's you who make her weep
You lay timber upon timber
A pile of wood you make
To cut into pieces, for your selfish sake
You hunt for fur
You kill for ivory
A mercenary, you sell your conscience
In the name of consumerism
You let smoke rise
From the large chimneys of death
You don't give a damn
How lungs fail, how eyes lose shine
Wake up before it's too late
Let your conscience speak
Loud and strong, let your voice be
'Save the earth'
'Save the Creation'

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Longing

Hold me tight under a star-studded sky,
Of your strong, sinewy arms I have dreamed
Don't speak, thirsty lips don't seek words
But the silent language of primal desires
Let your touch soak me in moonbeam
Slowly pouring into me the lunar serenity
Come and fill my empty existence with meaning
Too long I have lived with crippled longings
The ache is growing deeper, beyond enduring
Sighs leave my body in rapid profusion
Engulfed I am, free me from myself
Come and light this night with your fire.

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Sunset

Golden rust horizon
marks the sinking sun
The mountains are touched
by a crimson shower
of departing glimmer
The fiery glow is dying
in the western sky
to disappear
in the black mystery
of the night.

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Solitude

These long, wearisome roads
Filled with life's asthmatic breath
These pavements, grey and forlorn
Stamped with hurried, work-bound feet
Their restless spirit repels the soul
And inwards I withdraw more
Let me languish in closed-eyed slumber
Don't awaken me, my dream will be broken
Let me wear the darkness of the night
Though the sky has changed its apparel

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Untamed Spirit

Let's dance in the rain
to wash off our pain
Our feet moving to the rhythm
of life
Our souls freed from the bondage
of body
Why sit here and fret and fume
over the long-lost hopes and dreams
Let us mingle with the spirit
of rain
In every drop, it carries
a fairy tale
Rain has the face of freedom
Every tree, every leaf
drinks it in abundance
Let's imbibe the untamed spirit
of rain
Dreams are not to be locked
Desires are not to be caged.

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I'll Reach The Moon

I'm a child, with wishes flying high
In my imagination, the moon is nigh
I'll reach it, with a big single leap
In the air, catch it and love it deep
I'm leaving, good or bad, all behind,
Everything on my way I ever could find
Only to hold you in my arms
Silver, round face of my dreams
So far, yet so near you seem
As I run to you, my heart screams
The dark holds me back no more
Your light leads me to my shore.

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The World In Chaos

Dreams evaporated in smoke
Vile monsters let loose
In a flash, the world collapsed

Smiles vanished like a bubble
Burst out of existence
By the tip of a finger

Angels fled the battlefield
In tears, mourned their defeat
With eyes, drenched in sorrow

What's happening?
Do you know any more than I do?
Where is this insanity going?

The rule has changed
The end precedes the beginning
Alas! Humanity silent, only devil's cheer.

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Lost In Thoughts

It's hard to see the light
through the cluster of thoughts
So thickly packed, letting in
no sunshine
Dark and dismal is the grove
Twisted, knotted hedge of ideas
It's hard to find a way out.

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Nature Heals

Hark! The sky, the mountains
The trees, the rivers
They all have a voice
Their voice will drown out
All the commotion inside
Close your eyes to the world
Hark! They speak to your heart
Of love, peace and God
Open your soul to them.

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Life In Shadows

She lives in the shadows of the night
Darkness brings her bread and bite
Under the street light or in murky corners
Looking out for the chance stroller
She is made up heavily around the eyes
Her lips in a pout of glittery invite
With nothing to lose in the world of snatchers
Her shameless gaze chases an easy catch
A single eye-lock and someone falls
A willing prey to the wily charms
She wants bread, he wants escape
The night passes in a soulless bond
At dawn in the yellow gleam of the sun
The world awakens to see her bread
And she has to answer for every bite.

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Of Dreams, Young And Old

Once a life full of dreams
Dancing in your sparkling eyes
Playing on the curve of your mouth

Intoxicated, on small sips you were
Sometimes, large gulps
sufficed not, for your hungry heart

A sweet deception you nestled in
A company you cherished,
awake or asleep, in life's prime

Now a life stripped of dreams
Like the naked trees, forsaken
by birds and leaves both

Your old heart, no home for dreams
New hearths, they must find
Lighted by the flame of youth.

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Dark View

Day is dark
Sun's gold has rusted
Trees are wearing the shades
of night
My heart boils in a cauldron
of sorrow
Joy simmers on the slow flame
of death
Love is not my cup of tea
I believe.

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The Tale Of Love

O love! Thou are not for me
My bleeding heart shall not hold thee
Thou made a home, in lonely dreams
A bird, in search of mountains and hills
O love! What did thou give me?
Ephemeral joy, filled with shadows
Scattered grains floating in the water
I held thee close to my chest
Thou stabbed me in the back
My verses lose rhyme, by thy grace
A splash of ink fills the yellow page
The tale of love is written on smoke
Adrift on the fickleness of wind

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The Winding Road

On the winding road of life, often
splattered with showers I found myself
Caught in the fury of a storm, or lashed
by the winds of change
The trees were no shelter
Drowned as they were, in tears
Dripping on to me all their sorrows
So I left, to walk on slippery road
Hoping to slide on, all by myself
Clutching the hand of Fate, as my sole comfort
I saw, trudging along, dreams turning into dust
Love collapsing like a sandcastle
Promises broken like crystals
Be it rain or sunshine on the winding road
The trees soaked in a torrent of crying
Or leaves shining with the birth of sunshine
The winding road has no end
For solitary, echoless footsteps.

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Freedom

Unbound by man-made chains
The bird flies whither its heart takes
Sailing through the air with poise
On the spreading wings of desire
It longs to hold the universe
In its fluttering feathery chest
Upwards, the sky blue and inviting
Below, the land grey and waiting
It keeps whirring through the wind
That hinders not its limitless flight
On a rushing wave of impulse
It lunges into the vast, open sky.

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Prelude To Darkness

The sea catches the scarlet of
the sky
The water is turned into blood,
innocent blood
Spilled for fun from a bottle
of champagne
The vultures fly over the waves
of bloodshed
to plunder the dead flesh
The sky and the sea meet
where the sun sets
The world is red,
blood red
A prelude to darkness

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Chasms Of Emptiness

Deep down inside me
a dull ache empties me
of all the feelings
I have ever felt
Sprinting, hopping
Stumbling, shuffling
in the crowded chambers
of heart
Now feelings are leaving in flocks
migrating to regions less cold
and an emptiness reigns
over an emptiness,
echoes the sounds
that are dead
Pathways are empty
for emptiness to make home on
Rivers are dry
for emptiness to flow like water
Dug deep like the roots
of an old tree
Emptiness resides beneath
seeing the leaves falling
and the bark going scaly
but no laments it makes.

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Old(Walled) City Of Lahore

The old city stands,
basking in the ever-fading
glory of distant times.
Bustling, it still is
with the antiquated spirit
of a civilization that flourished
within its walls

The archaic structure peels off
slowly, once thought invincible
At odds with the bare luxury
of advancement galore, stealing
the space once all its own
It clings to history it holds
in its rattling bones

The old city remains
with somber grace, in parts,
though lone and withdrawn
Receding from the influx
of metal and machine
Yet holding its ground
as the last reminiscence of
an era that was.

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Stress

A head full of steam
Bubbling, bursting
Thoughts going round
And round silent screams
Rationality caught in a windmill
Swirling, whirling
Churning out smoke.

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Tribute To Women

You are God's master-stroke
Born from an amalgamation
Of light and colors

All the stars in the sky
Can they make up for you?
All the flowers in the garden
Can they take your place?
All the words from a poet's pen
Can they find your soul?

You are a woman
Your light shines day and night
Your colors fade in no season
Your depth is beyond measure

From Eve to Mother Teresa
Your wonder lies in womanhood.

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Little Hands

Her fingers closed over a broom
While at her age, I had a doll
And learnt ABC at a school

A little boy with a sun-tanned face
Holding a dirty cotton cloth
Wiped the windscreen of my car

A small discolored palm spread out
To feel the touch of a coin
As I parked in a market lane

Little hands at a brick-kiln
Roughened by the life's burden
Soiled and greased at a mechanic's shop

Who makes little hands work?
As they eye toys in window display
And their feet seek the playfield's turf.

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Pyramids

The mysterious triangles
Rising from the desert sand
Stand obstinately and regally
Through the rise and fall of kingdoms
Storms swirled around their pointed heads
Sand shifted madly below their feet
Time couldn't uproot them
Wars couldn't defeat them
They stand in primal glory
Awaiting a decline
To become the dust they came from.

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The Magic Of Spring

The soft, silky hand of spring
Like a magic wand brings
A splendor of green and pink
Tulips, orchids, marigolds, hyacinths
The colors of heaven by contrast dim
Of no heartache, do they sing

Spring steals into the skeptic soul
How love grows from the stones!
A gentle symphony pours out
The hearts enveloped in its vastness
A fragrant music, in depth felt
Love, peace, beauty abound.

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A March Day

Bursting bloom of beauty
Bringing on a scented swoon
Rose-beds, fully-clad trees
Flowering into a fragrant finery
Melody of the mirthful muse
Melting the melancholic mood.

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Slums

A lane of shabby homes
Unfit for any breathing soul
Except these little urchins
Playing in the garbage dumps
Immune to the stench of rotten fruit
And the drain running along the street

Sun-browned to ugliness
Visible from miles away
Bodies unbathed since long
Oozing an odour strong
These people live in squalor
Their eyes closed to filth
Their senses untroubled
By the swarms of flies

A spot on the city's glory
These slums exist, killing aesthetics
The surviving monuments
Of poverty
Unwiped by modernization
Homes to dehumanized humanity
They shelter the paltry.

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Silence

In and around the house
Silence is deep and dark
It's the silence of sorrow
That has wept too long
A penetrating hush lingers
Filling up the spaces
Between the living and the dead

The silence floats through Time
Carrying the weight of muffled screams
Heavier than the night's woes
Longer than the solitary day
Nobody lives to break the hush
The dead are gone, somewhere unknown
And the alive are as good as dead.

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When Death Plays In The Streets

Prisoners in their own homes
the children peep through half-shut windows
"Don't go out, " "It's not safe, "
father and mother trail off through the
stuck-in-time feel of the day
The somber street wears black
as if in mourning, for the dead
The darkened sky adds to the gloom
Earth rumbles, setting off
an indefinite season of doom

What's it like to live in a place
where the sun plays peek-a-boo
And hell breaks loose without warning
The flames rise higher than the roofs
of the bullet-riddled homes
Caught up in the heat and the frost
that burns and bites without discrimination
Fewer are the faces, still fewer are the smiles
The roads are lonely as a hermit's hide
The fight erupted and swallowed them all
Scarred lives, ashen faces
Nothing remains but moaning mouths
Man gives up, lets death play
in the streets, to his delight and shame

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To The Departed Love

Hung around my neck
Like a garland of thorns
Heavy as an untold sorrow
Thy love was my cross

Now buried in eternal soil
With a wreath upon thy bosom
Though in peace thou lie
On thy resting place, I pine.

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He Thought He Was A Man

His father owned a gun, bigger than a shotgun
That killed not just a bird but....
You don't need a head to use a gun
Just a firm hand and a callous heart
So he hated the school
Where only head worked fine
And the hands and the heart got tired

He wanted to be like his father
Strutting around, a gun slung over his shoulder
A pistol strapped to his side
Ready for a shot, any time
His mother never came out with her face showing
For she was a good woman with no voice
And no thoughts

He grew up a man
With a gun slung over his shoulder
A pistol strapped to his side
Always ready for a brawl
The little bit of school in him already dead
He strutted around
Shooting his way into ignorance

He loved his gun
For you don't need a head to use it
Just a firm hand and a callous heart
And that's what he thought
made him a man.

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Story Of A Drifting Log

Floating
Along the unpredictable current
No destination, near or far
Bobbing Up and down
As the water felt
High and low
Taking every nudge and push
I went on and on
Where, I knew not
A big wave rose
Like a giant
And devoured me
I wriggled
In its relentless grip
And felt the lapping waves
Choking me
It was like a thousand
Hands strangulating me
My breath coming
In gasps
All of a sudden,
The water hurled me
With demonic force
And I landed on sedate shore
I was out of the whirl
Lying still like dead
The water drifted still
Its roar calling me.

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Plea To The Love

I found in you all the stars of the night
If you went away, my life would be black
All my words would dry up, my voice cracked
No raindrops would fall on my heart
Melody of life would be out of tune

Don't go, stay with me

As long as galaxies gleam high above
And planets orbit around the sun
And some seagull flaps on the beach
Some child runs and screams like sea
And some bee sucks the flowers to live

How can you go, leaving me behind?

My lonely feet walking the charcoal streets
Your face stamped on every brick
Your eyes staring from every window
Your shadow following me everywhere
And your touch gently killing me.

Don't go, stay with me.

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Dazzling Darkness

A dazzling darkness descended
Aghast, open-mouthed wonder
And a surge of rustic blood
The fireworks, like never before
The village sky patterned by colors
Down on the soil of labor
Stood all the clueless heads
A display unimagined by ignorance
Spied with childish amazement
The landlord on his steed swelled
His pride not to be quelled
The world must thunder and burst
Like his happiness did
A man winning a diamond
Though fret and fuss his wives must
The new bride his home must see
A custom his forefathers cherished
At 50, a girl of 16
He found, by his wealth and means.

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A Dying Life

In bed of illness
Fed
On the remnants
Of hope

Hearing the footsteps
Coming close
Tiptoeing
On the slender rope
Of breaths

Awake, asleep
Between
The blankness
Of
A blurred consciousness

Aching bones
On a well-stuffed
Mattress, warm
From long hours
Of sleep

The dimming light
Of heart
A glare
On burning pupils.

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Spring

Nature has lifted its grey veil
Revealing a beauteous smile to full gaze
Rippling song of brooks calms the air
Now softly breathing in a regular beat
Melting snow flows downstream
Steadily rising the levels in seas
Intermittent twitter of birds in boughs
Breaks the silence of midday sloth
Fragrant blossoms on leafy trees
Make the gardens rich in shades
Butterflies flit past the rose buds
Seeking the juicy flowers in bloom
My heart is stirred from winter hiatus
Dancing to the tune of spring
Verses rise from fluttering desires
A poet's fancy floats high in skies.

Nosheen Irfan



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I Thought

I thought I had you
I thought I had real love
I was happy for a while
I was drunk on love's fire
I was lost in you
As the day turned into night
I was found in you
As the night turned into day
I had a bride's blush
And a rush of cupid blood
Because I thought I had you
Between body and soul
I knew it by the way you talked
Of the rain and the smell of wet sand
I knew it by the way your words
Found their way into my soul
How the pages you wrote in black ink
In my mind turned to gold
How your heartbeat sounded like the waves
That crashed against my empty life
I was happy in the delusion
You occupied me
And I thought I occupied you.

Nosheen Irfan

The Changing Picture

The picture faded in a pile of dust
As everything else does after many
suns shine on it and color it rust
till it discolors in the night of mind
How old, how precious
It doesn't matter
It was there and then it left its place
for new things, as the trees broke
into new blossoms of love

You pick up the pieces, your hands recoil
from the dust of a thousand storms
that blew away the fields of love
and left a scatter of memories in wake
How it hurt or made you bleed
It doesn't matter
It was there and then it left its place
for new faces, as the lips broke
into new smiles of coquetry

Nosheen Irfan

Nocturnal Rain

A tapping on the windowpane
In the middle of a nocturnal dream
I heard the night moan and groan
Under a torrent of thriftless tears
The sky roared in a voice bleak
A streak of light pierced the darkness
The trees were bowed from heaviness
Of a sorrow they collected in heaps
The ground drank an ocean of drops
And woke up from a drowsy drought
All night long, it went on and on
The love between the sky and the land
And all night long, I sat up
Thinking of the love we had.

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The Street Children

They stretched on pavement
From weariness of doing nothing
Under a sky, warm and bright
The shops were closed, the lights were out
The imagination took off to the Milky Way
Smoke cleared up the fog in mind
The road was empty save for the crouching shadows
They went higher and higher, with the rising fumes
For ground was not their destiny
They exhaled clouds of smoke
Through which they saw the door
To Heaven, open and unguarded
And they fell asleep on the stony floor
As if it were the bed of rose.

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Since Ages

How old is the suffering
The wind-swept field, robbed
Of ripened grain
How long has it been?
Since the last chorus of birds'twitter
How long have you slept
In a loose hammock
Hung by a life-less tree
How long, how long
Your eyes held the dewdrops
In their rock-like immobility
Since ages, the battle has gone on
Against untamed fury
That ravaged the gardens' bloom
And lashed the burgeoning trees
Since ages, the rocks have stood
Against the rushing waves
And man has borne stoically
The crude plots of fate.

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Cold And Black

The shimmer of the stars has left my eyes
The icy wind has patched my cheeks
Enveloped in the bitterness of the night
Bathed in the cold lunar whiteness
My gloved hands numb beneath the wool
I shiver and cry for you
My heart is in tears
Because your heart is out of love
The flame I ignited is extinguished
The ash is cold and black

This night and the nights like this
Cold and dark and lonely and long
Many gone and many more to come
Every breath sends out cold vapors
Every sound echoes in the distance
I shiver and cry for you
My soul is in mourning
Because your soul is dead
The flame I ignited is extinguished
The ash is cold and black.

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It Was Not Love

It was not love
The spring went and it went too
Like the rose it wilted too soon
It was not love
For it was born from whimsical fire
The stray wind gave it wings
The waning moon gave it light
It was not love
It was like the wine
An elixir for the lips
Poison for the soul
The night went and it went too
Lost in the creases of coverlet
Diminished by the yellow window pane
It was not love.

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There And Not There

There's night, there's day
And there's the emptiness in between
There's an insatiable hunger
That cuts into the soul
Within the hole, lives a part of me
That cries for you, loud and deep
You pretend to not hear
The voice that seeks you
You are there, and not there
As in a dream, I touch you
And you don't feel my hand
So are you and me
Each in their own space
I toil through the day's strain
I suffer through the night's bane
My wounds burst open each day
My dream never sails into the bay
You pretend to not see
The heart that pumps for you
You are there, and not there.

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The Storm

Today the sky wept
With a passionate, fervent plea
Pouring out his pain in floods
Unrestrained, full-throttled gush
Torn from black clouds of silent grief
In a ceaseless stream of tears
Held back long inside the fears

The sky wept and wept long
Unburdening himself of heaps
Of untold miseries he collected
In his bursting bosom over time
The land winced under his wail
The birds unconsciously forgot their wings

Why did he weep?
As if his heart had burst
As if his chains were unshackled
As if his locks were smashed

The land found no answer
She could but little divine
The meaning of this violent rupture
She imagined little
That the sky cried for her
For her barren, shriveled soul.

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Living In Fear

The charred bones of the houses
Stand against a crimson sky
Stand on their last legs
Waiting to fall to dust
Anytime, with dead souls inside
Some will survive, they reckon
Some will be under the ground
Why hide there
In the lap of death
They have to stay there
Embracing the misery of their existence
For they are condemned
To a life of death
The guns, the shells, the bombs
The only music they hear
Like a nightmare, in the fangs of sleep.

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Disintegration

The whole facade fell apart
A rain of sawdust on all
Nothing remained, no remains

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Alive

I'm suffused with the soft, sunny serenity
of spring
Feeling in my blood the fluorescent freshness
of flowers
I'm at peace with the world
I'm at peace with myself

Looking up, I see the birds in a flight
of rapture
Their wings are spread out to embrace
the world
And I see the soft, blue sky smiling down
on all the mortals alike

It feels good to be alive

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A January Day

From dawn to dusk
I see a timid sun
And overbearing clouds
Playing upon our dreams
The sun wants to give fire
To our extinguishing hopes
But clouds are full of mischief
They overshadow the sun
And our dreams die of cold.

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The Wall

There are no words on the wall
It's painted anew
Erasing all old stories
With a dab of fresh color
Though the past is there
I can hardly read
Words are still there
Behind the new-found flash
That paints away the phantoms
From the book of yesterday

No writing, come and see
The wall is blank and free
Bring your pen and write
Something unwritten before
A line of soulful depth
Hiding a world beneath
Something that would stay
Withstanding the rough day
And the stroke of a brush

I hold the pen
Between my fingers
The wall is inviting
New words arise in me
Waiting to burst out
And splash the clean wall
Once again, as in past
Let's go on and on
Writing away

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A Beautiful Day

The trees are full of a chirpy joy
The air is fragrant with honeysuckle
The sky is calm, hearing intently
The medley music of the earth

The breeze tickles the leaves
That stir and startle the birds
Out of a blissful sedation
To set off a chorus of twitter

The sun gives warmth of love
To the land that reciprocates
With a harvest of the sweetest kind
Born out of the spirit of harmony

There is peace all around
In the wind that whispers
In the leaves that laugh
In the feathers that flutter

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Moonlit Love

A pale luminosity, the moon
Let's gaze at it, unblinking,
Standing hand in hand, in bliss
Till it wanes, till our bones ache
What a sight!
A silvery fullness of love
Risen above the land of lust
Brighter than the stars of luck
Let's surrender our hearts
Under its watchful eye
Its beauty reflected in us
Its tenderness caught in our gaze
What a delight!
To feel its warmth within our hearts
To let its light surround our thoughts
It's so perfect, so complete
You, me and the moon.

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Give Me...

Give me the thunder of your passion
The touch of your breath
The fire of your gaze
The salt of your tears

I want to have you in your entirety
Not just the pieces of you
Give me the key to your soul
Unlock the doors of your mystery

Give me the sunlight of your existence
The shade of your affection
The shelter of your promises
The spring of your loyalty

I want to have you as a certainty
As a hard concrete wall
Unchanged tomorrow, firmly rooted
Into the land under my feet

If nothing else
Give me the pain that consumes you
On lonely nights, on dreary days.

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Words

My words are weird
Blooming in withered soil
Watered by woes

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The Fall

My heart's land is strewn with yellow leaves
Fallen from the heights of dreams
The wind whistles through the emptiness
Biting, stinging the faint flesh

I sink and sink into an autumn abyss
Hearing the moans of the trampled leaves
The feet stamp hard on my heart
And trees are shedding, shedding my dreams

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Coldness

The cold is settled, deep in me
My thoughts are numb, beneath
the heaps of snow
There are no stories in the skeletal trees,
no songs in the frozen lakes
What should I write?
What should I sing?
Everything is buried in a fog,
the past, the present, and the future
I can barely discern, my vision is overcast
No flowers grow from depths of heart,
no birds fly in damp thoughts
I'm lost in a winter haze,
wandering through a misty maze
The earth is cold, the sky is grey
I'm digging,
I'm digging into the ice-land
For words, for songs
For thoughts, for dreams.

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Today

The ache inside needs a voice
But words elude me today

Full and bursting, the heart is crying
But tears deceive me today

You are outside my reality
And dreams also cheat me today

Everything seems to go wrong
And the wrong seems right today

All the yesterdays and tomorrows
Make me forget the today.

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From Pain To Pen

The heart carried pain
The hand carried pen
The heart must pour out
The pen must hold
Slowly, slowly dripping
The pain became the ink
That filled the pen to the brim
Pain translated into words
The heart lost its weight
And the paper was heavy
With the burden of words.

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Silent Love

Quiet as the night sky
He said not a word to the moon
Only hung around the glow
Like a moth, fluttering and dancing
He saw her from a distance
Illuminated in a red fire
That was slowly burning her
From love to emptiness
While her eyes waited
For a brave, reckless hand
He rose and fell like waves
In the waters of confusion
Till his love etched forever
Into an eternity of silence

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Nature And Man

Nature smiled, flowers grew
The trees wore the blanket of leaves
The butterflies flitted with grace
Their colors soothing the air
The birds sang in a voice sweet
It made the earth dance in glee
And the world sparkled like stars
That the man gathered in his lap

Nature raged, storms blew
The trees shook to their very roots
The seas overflowed with rebellion
Their fury lashed the shores
The sky thundered in mad grief
It made the hearts skip a beat
And the world darkened like a hole
In which man became a ghost.

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Survivor

She is a survivor
It took a lot to be that
It took a pouring of tearful rain
And a shaking of sleepy earth
She has had to touch the sun
To be the fire she is today
She kept her eyes on the mountains
And walked with swollen feet
What of sores?
They were like obstinate lovers
At her heels, without permission
At night, in the dark solitude
She heard her voice go up
To touch the pale stars
And wake them to her pain
She saw them blink, no voice came
In the day, she confronted the beast
She recoiled from the hands
That violated her space
She became rage, she became hate
But she held on to love as a savior
And that's what made her
Who she is today

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The Hermit's Heart

He cared not
Of whither we went
Down the even lane
Or up the rocky hill
The way was open
The arms of life spread
In a "welcome" sign
But he closed the door
And shut up inside
Thinking life was a desert
And love a mirage.

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Silent Acquiesce

She must bury inside her
The ugly face of the world
That she has known
Through the years, since she was born
For the world will not bear
The stain upon its name
All her life she has learnt
To hush her voice about things untoward
To gaze not beyond the masks
For men must have their way
They must lay down the rules
For her to bow to and obey
Her voice is but a whimper
Beside the uproar men make
She must muffle her cries
Or sit in front of a mirror
Making up her beaten face
Pout, smile and look pretty
For she was born for this
Only this, she was told
She is but weak and failing
In life's wars and struggles
Never will she emerge winning
Against the might of the men
An object for men's dark passions
A silent acquiesce is her escape.

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On A Cold Night

Putrid, like burnt ice
Stale breath of winter night
Rose from the freezing ground
Spreading up to the trees' heights

The sheet of stars over the velvet sky
Dimmed and fogged by the sighing air
Twinkling with half-hearted shine
Hardly visible to the earthly eye

The rising fumes of cold
Knitted in the white tresses
Of snow-decked trees
Obliterated the distant outlines
Of houses with a warm fire

In the misty light of street lights
He walked with steps wary and shy
With his hands clutching the woolen warmth
Inside the pockets of his new overcoat
A surprise gift from a golden heart
To lessen the suffering of homelessness.

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I Miss Those Days

There was a time....
When rain smelled different
and dreams were not lies
and morning knocked the door
with a coy, curvy smile
With a lustful longing
I miss those days
When you looked at me
and my heart danced with joy
Your touch was the breeze
brushing my hair and face gently
Your voice was the music
sounding in my soul's choir
I was the crooning lark
I was the flying thought
My eyes reached further than
the starry skies and orange horizons
A time of harvest, of yellow crop
When frozen hearts thawed
and rosy smiles bloomed
I miss those days
Because you were there
with your impalpable presence
like the air that fills
my lungs with life.

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The Mighty Pen

Write away, my pen
Write all that's inside my head
Write till my heart is empty
And my mind is squeezed dry
For you cannot stop the flow
Of a river, brimming with rage
So is my mind, full to the brim
Seething with pain, awaiting a voice
My feelings are weak, as long as inside
The pen will give them might, as a right
That's how mighty a pen is
With a single stroke, it finds
Power and depth of a true kind.

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Misfit

He hides in his turtle shell
Afraid to meet the world
To face the gaping eyes
To hear the intruding voice
His tongue refuses to speak
His mind works no more
In the company of empty souls
So he better shut up
In his house of solitude
Rather than act bizarre
And make a fool of himself
In the eyes of the ones
Who gauge you by looks
And pass a judgment on you
By the standard of their pettiness
For them, he is a no-body
Living inside the confines of reserve
Narrow and suffocating to death
Alone and burning in hell
For he cannot think like they do
He cannot flow with the stream
He cannot be them
He is a misfit as they say.

Nosheen Irfan

Let Yourself Go

Let yourself go
Smooth as the touch of petals
Kissed by the morning dew
It's the call of life
Loud as the roar of laughter
Amidst a solemn silence
You cannot run away
Life breathes through every part of you
Feel it moving between your body and soul
Lifting you above the mundane day
Carrying you beyond the familiar way

Let yourself go
Around the wayward paths
Touched by the stormy dust
It's the beat of life
Regular as the morning chirp
Of birds greeting the day
You cannot escape
Life throbs in every nook and corner
Sense it with every part of your being
Inviting you to discover and explore
The wonders hidden from shallow sight.

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Overwrought Mind

Where there was pain
There is only numbness now
You had written pages
But there is only blankness now□
Mind no longer feels the heart's ache
Heart no longer seeks the balm
Among the stars, the moon is lost
The eyes crave its sight no more
What was once a delight
A sore it is now
The clouds cried lavishly
But the earth still gasps from thirst
That's the world you see
Through the imagination overwrought
For the vision of the eyes
Is but an offshoot of the brain
The light cannot touch the pupils
When the mind is a dark cell
Where moss grows on the walls
And fear eats away at the heart.

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One Heck Of A Suffering

I suffered because I loved you
You suffered because I loved you
I left you, you suffered still
I came back, you suffered more
Suffer, suffer, seems we must
Together or apart, that's written
Love's suffering will chase us
Be it my love or your fate
Suffering will go from soul to soul
Distance won't matter, nor proximity
We are bound in suffering, not in love
So let's suffer together, as one soul.

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The Faces Of You

It's too long
The distance between
What you say
And what you mean
Words you say
Seldom meet
The words in your heart
I'm lost
In the crowd of your faces
No way out.

Nosheen Irfan



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Choice

I was free to choose my path
Free to go this way or that
I had this gift since my birth
To make or break what came my way
Sometimes my heart longed to tread
The ground untouched by human feet
To leave my marks on its virgin soil
But fear tugged at my heart
And I stepped on the road that's weary
From the stamp of thousands of feet
I could have made a difference
I could have opened up new vistas
If I had taken a new road
If I hadn't let fear hold me back.

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Blur

Your remembrance is just a blur now
Faded by the wear and tear of life
A lonely picture in unconscious mind
Rotting in the dark cell behind
Where sunlight cannot reach
To make figs sprout on twigs
The rain washes it clean no more
Covered as it is in multi-layered dust
Of feelings that burst forth in light
And went down with the evening sun
Lost and shadowy in the darkness
Of an abyss into which I fell
With passing moments
And untiring steps of Time.

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Write A Poem

Write a poem
Without a fight within
Words wrung out of your guts
Like pearls embedded in the sea
Down into the deepest deep
Of your soul, feelings seek
A language, a pouring out
A healing, an exit
What better time than this starry night
Above, an immense sky
Moon, a fierce white
Its garish light seeping into the skin

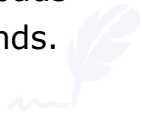
Write a poem
Out of a suffering we share
In the darkness of our souls
Lost in the twilight of pain
Azure sky turning black
Like the shadows of remembrance
Nostalgia, an escape
Withering into dismay
What more you need than this intensity
Of longing that pierces into the somber night
And holds the dawn at bay.

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New Roads

Their bond snapped without a sound
No reproaches broke from their lips
no blames were hurled in the air
It was a mute storm that ripped through
their place of refuge
In no time, everything came down
They didn't mind the rain, nor the thunder
because their souls were thirsty,
their hearts were deadened by drought
They had a feeling that
from the ruins will grow
new things
new paths will emerge
because the journey never stops
So they smiled through their tears
held their hands one last time
before they could start anew
on new roads
to new ends.



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A Bit Of Me

My heart turns to stone
Once in a while
Bereft of pity, a hollow void
And I cannot grieve the dying
Nor celebrate life
I cannot feel for the wretched
Nor sing with the cuckoo
Humans repel me
Machines tire me
There's no help for it
You know as well as I do
When heart forgets to live
Feelings die at its feet
You crave the old me
But that's what's left of me
An unfeeling mass of emptiness
Where you try to plant roses
And I prick on the thorns
A mad girl I must be
To be blind to your light
And not find my way.

Nosheen Irfan

Prayer

Oh Lord! Listen to our hearts
Battered and bruised in life's race
Years passing by, in the blink of an eye
Our hands are now full, now empty
Give us another chance, regrets be past
Let us gather the lilies mistakenly dropped

Oh Lord! Make the rising sun a gentle one
For every soul that has stood the test of time
From moments to years, the tide has turned
The gone is gone, the lost is lost for sure
Tick, tick! No stopping the hands of clock
Let us cruise along, with the flow of song

Fast is the wheel that rolls along
The track is spread, to eyes sharp
Let us go on, weary feet notwithstanding
Time beckons and the engine whistles
Aboard a new ship, shining and bright
A new year ahead, sorrows behind.

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Midnight Stroll

In the silent hours, we talked
When the stars lit the sky
And the lake mirrored the moon
We talked of the things that were
Of the things that would be
Our eyes had the starlight
Visions blazed our minds
Nerves soothed by soft murmurs
Like free spirits we roamed
From imagination to imagination
Measured steps down the pathway
A hand in hand bliss
The seldom brush of a hesitant breeze
An accompaniment to the tenderness
That played inside our hearts
We were together, untainted by doubts
Like travelers on a rough road
Strung tight on a rope
So were we, inseparable
In the breezy calm
Under the darkened sky
Far from the madness of the day
When life pulls you to its turmoil
And you long for the quiet of a midnight stroll.

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New Life

Yellow leaves fell
Leaving the old boughs
Tired of clinging
But afraid of letting go
Unresisting to the shift
From warmth to cold
They had no choice
But to swing to Nature's whims.

In their place, new leaves grew
From the soft touch of spring
And gave the tree a new life
And one day man came
And slashed the tree to the ground
Not caring a bit
That new leaves meant new life
For the poor old tree.

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Spring...The Season Of Joy

Birds chirp in trees
Hearts sing in glee
No breath sighs
No voice moans
It's the season of joy
It's the dawn of hope
Bruises have healed
Gratitude has kneeled
Earth is freshly colored
Green is every dream

I see this sight
With a child's eyes
Much longing I had held
In the widening pupils
Of a world in prime
Filled with starry-eyed dreams
And lush-green scenes
A face with rose-pink blush
And smile so pure.

Nosheen Irfan

Love And Rain

Love is like rain
Sometimes a gentle drizzle
Soaking the heart slowly
Sometimes a torrent unabated
Drowning the soul in flood

To some it brings mirth
To some it means ache
It washes off the dirt
At some places
Or washes off the entire fields

Let love enter the heart
Like rain enters the soil
And nourishes it to the depths
To make the flowers grow
From the dead bones.

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The Candle

The candle was melting into wax
Slowly, slowly burning to a new life
The faint flicker trembled
At every gust of wind
And revived again
When the wind dropped down to a whisper

The darkness was dimmed by the tiny flicker
Fighting for its life against the rogue wind
That stole into the sleepy room
In connivance with half-shuttered window

Steady a moment
Wavering the next
The flicker rose and fell
To the beat of the wind

The candle was half its size
When the wind struck with might
The flicker swayed but regained its strength
As the candle collapsed on its side.

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Early Love

Early love was fresh and new
It carried dreams in eyes
And faith in smile
Rosy, smooth and bright
Its face was flawless as a child's
I basked in its gentle sunlight
And swam in its mild streams
Its doors were open wide
Its windows let in the light
Now its bones creak, its knees hobble
It can hardly stand on its feet
Inside it a wilderness has grown
Verdure eaten by undergrowth
Nothing remains but the ruins
Of what was once a temple
Love is no different, a slave of Time
Like all things on this earth
A victim of the Laws Divine
Immortal as the human flesh
Ephemeral as the touch of joy
Blooms and wilts without its will
Often before it has had its fill.

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Little Victims

It was the blackest day there was
Torn flowers scattered all around
Nobody to pick up the petals
For every heart was drowned in woe
What brutality that was
That made innocence a foe
And crushed every smile
Without the least bit of remorse
Though the sun was high
And the sky a soft blue
But it was as black as could be
A blot on the face of humanity
Hard to wash off with tears
A wound that wouldn't heal
A sore to nurse a lifetime
Unimaginable, unheard of
In a history replete with scars
Little angels lying on red floor
Never to rise again
Their wings still on their backs
Never to fly again.

Nosheen Irfan

Winter Blues

The winter's gloom is upon me
The chilled bones crack underneath
The cold nip takes over sultry breath
The touch of air finds the depth

It's only 6 p.m. but silence screams
Sleep is far off but eyes dream
Trees are black skeletons in the falling dusk
Their bare branches shiver from maiden shame

Heart is heavy in its emptiness
A black hole without soul
Melancholy settles on everything
For no reason, life becomes nothing.

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The Words You Write

Your words show me the way
In the blind alleys of despair
When I'm stumbling against closed doors
Straying hither and thither in a rootless,
paper-thin state

Your words flash before me
Like a light expanding and spreading
Beyond the cage of human needs
Diffusing the darkness of desolate forests
Where I'm losing my way again and again

Why do I need your words
So desperately
As if they are a life-giving potion
However bitter, and full of venom
They are my panacea
For they come from your pen
And the fountain of your soul

If it so happened
That you ceased to write
From whence would I get the light
The fire to warm my ice-cold soul?

Nosheen Irfan

Dreams

Dreams are flowers in the heart
That blossom against all the odds
They keep us going on
When the roads are dressed in snow
Give warmth to the shaking hopes
A fire lit inside the soul

Dreams sparkle in dewy eyes
Alive in the curve of mouth
They know their path from hunch
Never led astray by sight of soul
And in the darkness of a haunted heart
Dreams are a lighted lantern.

Nosheen Irfan



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Blankness

I am sitting, cold and numb
under a brimming sky
groping for words
that fly away from my reach
like butterflies playing among flowers
eluding the stealthy hands

Love, life, friendship
joy, pain, death
every word cheated me
so let me catch silence
and give it a voice
and fill the white pages
with blankness tonight.

Nosheen Irfan



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Together

We vowed to stay together
Come what may, forever
Hand in hand, side by side
No matter how long the road
No matter how far the meadows
But in our passion, we forgot
Not every road leads to meadows
Not every step knows the way.

Nosheen Irfan



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Endless Wait

We wait with stars in our eyes
With a silent yearning palpating within
Rising from the depths
Riding on a lover's wings
The desires become a palpable truth
Like a scar from today's wound
Wavering feet on rocky paths
Stings and blows and windy slaps
A long walk down the lane
A rattling motion along the track
And still we wait and wait long
How long is this going to last?
Thousand nights and days have seen this ache grow
In the pallor of the waning hopes
Then one day we wake to grey hair
A lined face and dreamless eyes
And still we wait and wait long
For an end to the waiting
The endless hours of all those cravings
That made homes in our body
Furnished it with expensive dreams
So the wait goes on and on
And life seems an empty tale
Despite all the gains and pains.

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Memory

I still hold you
In the clutter
That my heart has become
My mind is at war,
Fighting you off
But my heart wins
Littered with pieces of you
That refuse to leave
Its reluctant confines
You are perched there
Often visible
And hidden at times
No matter how many walls
I build
To keep you apart
From the mesh of thoughts
My heart,
Always digs you out.

Nosheen Irfan



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I Write

I write to calm the roar
That inside the heart soars
The words I write melt the snow
That covers the storm below
Like a bird I fly
With every word I write
Freedom tastes sweet
That comes from unburdening self
Of the screaming grief
I feel cleansed
As though a new born
With no sins
Born from Nature's womb
Bathed in a sacred stream
I must write
Or my heart would burst
For writing is to me
What flow is to the sea.

Nosheen Irfan



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Wildfire

With your fire
My heart is alight
I implore you
Let it burn
Till the end of time
For it has taught me
To love, to feel
To rejoice, to heal
Its hot tingle is no pain
Its leaping flames are a balm
Melting my heart softly
Turning it to gold
Like the sun's glorious hue
A fireball, untamed till it lasts
So is my heart
Raging uninhibited
Unheeded to the wind's whispers
But I'm afraid
Unreasonably, perhaps morbidly
That it's burning itself to black soot
For what if you don't care
No more, to keep it going
As it grows
Beyond the wildfire of your imagination
What if you say
From fire to ashes
It will be, some day
If not today.

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Hope

Scarce a leaf hung on the tree
That awhile ago was astir
From the chatter of mirthful birds
And the breathings of mellow breeze
Its leaves huddled together
In frantic excitement
Of friends sharing secrets
Now bare and ugly
It stood alone
Holding together the little it had
In the misty breath of autumn
Facing bravely
The harshness of the cold nights
And the jibes of North wind
For it was certain
That spring stood awaiting
Round the corner
To breathe life
Into the frozen soul of things.

Nosheen Irfan

Time's Flight

Together we felt the caresses of the breeze
Together we heard the song of the rain
Drowned in love's ecstasy
We had a vision of the paradise

Hands clasped, hearts entwined
Beauty abundant, love ripe
A pretty picture we made
Crowned in the glory of affection abound

Beauty, delight and love mingled
Petrified us into submission
Trees danced, wind whistled
Above our bowed heads

We lived and lived in the heart of love
Drank from its well, rested in its lap
The air was thick with the spring of life
Blossoms were all around

Moments passed, feelings subsided
A fleeting image it all became
Vanished from the sight and mind both
A victim of time's inscrutable flight.

Nosheen Irfan

Being A Poet

You cannot be a poet all the time
Sometimes, somehow
Words won't come by
You stare at the wall
Trying to capture the hollowness
Behind the flash of new paint
You look out the window
Trying to immortalize the beauty
Of the rose buds and the morning dew
And you close your eyes
Trying to imagine the beloved
With the tinkling laugh and bright eyes
But the poet in you is asleep
Too far gone in midnight dream
To put together words in a stream
That's the worst you can feel
On a day with sunlight
In the air and in your room
After days and days of grey shade
That slowed the pulse of the city
And blurred its gaze
Now it's all light
But perhaps, gloom brings out more
From a poet's mad soul.

Nosheen Irfan

Truth Is...

Truth is

We build relations in the air
Shattered by the sudden gust
On a half-winged flight

Or

We build relations in the sand
Engulfed by the twisting dust
On a desert land

Or

We build relations in the water
Devoured by the hungry waves
On a high-tide night

We cry, we mourn

Our loss itches in our throat
Hard to swallow down or spit out
Till one day, out of nowhere

Pain is gone, we realize

In our heart, a life is born

That is stronger than the loss

We survive, as though a miracle

The gusts and the tides

Nosheen Irfan

Gone For Good

The night wears on
Not a wink of sleep
Smothered by thoughts
I can hardly breathe
It's a still night
Calm as the new moon
But my mind is awake
Raking up the past
Smudging the present
With scars that wouldn't wash off
Although the tide is high
And the waves crash upon
The little store of memories

I crave a word from you
A little note or a call
For the house is asleep
And the stars blink high up
It's your voice
That can put my heart at ease
Like it used to do
When the days were long
And the nights were filled
With whispers and heart-beats
But I know in my heart
My longings are in vain
Your voice is gone
Gone for good.

Nosheen Irfan

Free As A Bird

Swooping down for a bite
The little sparrow landed on my wall
Picked the tiny crumbs in its beak
And flew away, oblivious to my gaze
Its soft feathery existence
Up into the heights
A dot in the vastness
Scouring the unknown expanse,
Its little wings fluttering against the wind.

For a day, let me borrow your life
I want to be unthinking and free
My feet are exhausted from walking on the earth
My ears are tired of the jabbering tongues
My soul is dead from the shallow chat
Let me borrow your wings
I want to feel the lightness of the air
Entering my heart without a knock
Freeing it from the weight of mankind
Letting it taste unhindered flight
Because I had been a human too long
Let me be free now, free as a bird.

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For Heaven's Sake

Stop the bloodshed, the senseless war
Stop the genocide, the ruthless slaughter
This world is no place for irrational fight
What about love, brotherhood and light
The world needs Humanity to survive
Not this hatred, chaos and divide

There are people killing in the name of Faith
There are people killing for the sake of fun
There are people killing to show their might
There are people killing to get their right

What kind of world do we live in?
Where you hate someone for the color of his skin
And you fight someone for the beliefs he is born with
And you ridicule someone for the way he speaks
And you kill someone for the opinions he holds

For heaven's sake, grow up to be man
Not an animal that kills by instinct
Think of the lives you toy with
Think of the pain you inflict
For heaven's sake, let the world be
Don't spoil Nature's harmony
Don't paint the rainbow black.

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My House

I have built a house
From bits and pieces
Of my broken self
I wander through,
In a dazed stupor,
Through its bleak corridors
Listening to the rusty hinges
Choking on closed doors
Glancing at the faded pictures
Hung obstinately along its unpainted walls

From its roof
I have a view
Of distant lights burning quietly
In their pale glory
My eyes chase them
Strained to the utmost
To catch a gleam or two
In their lusterless void
Only to return to the hole inside
Widening ever so more
Swallowing up all that remains of light

But it's my house
Built from parts of me
Infused with my soul
So I must let it enfold me
In its cold clammy hold.

Nosheen Irfan

I Will Make It

Someday I will make it
Before this time can break me
I am brittle, I am cracked
A mirror that reflects many faces
But I will make it
With light steps I will tread
The stones will turn under my feet
All the way to the impossible dream
Though my heart will be heavy as hell
But I will make it
Make it to the open arms
That will encompass me
Hold me and keep me armored
In a sunny home, serene and bright
Forever and forever
I will stay there
The wonder of it will never cease
The growth of it will never ease
Inside and outside the frame
The picture will smile
With eyes soft as the starlight
And though my head will be spinning webs
But I will make it
Through the shadows and the nights.

Nosheen Irfan

Escape

We fly on the wings of imagination
Outside the compass of laborious days
And unfulfilled nights
We soak in the sweat of desires
Without the fear of drowning
For there is a space
Inside each one of us
Where love finds love
And wishes don't kill
Where disease perishes
And death cannot strike
Where pain doesn't exist
And happiness cannot lie
We escape there
In the middle of a household chore
Or in the bed of a sleepless night
And we linger there
As a lover lingers outside the house
Of his beloved, in the depths of night
In the hope of an un-shuttered window
And a face glancing down
We stay there, shut out
From the smog of time
We stay there, in a sweet oblivion
Till we hear the door's knob
Or catch ourselves talking to ourselves.

Nosheen Irfan

Your Eyes

Your eyes beheld me
Flooded with a deluge of affection
Imprisoning me in depths unmeasured

Your gaze was long and penetrative
It made me flinch and reel
It cut through me like a dagger
I couldn't escape its fire
I couldn't break its chains

Your eyes, deep as ocean
Your eyes, seeing as wisdom
Your eyes, full as love
Your eyes, burning as hell
Your eyes, your eyes
I loved and feared.

Nosheen Irfan



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Goodbye

He looked over his shoulder
And smiled goodbye
I didn't know it at the time
It meant nothing but a smile
I imprisoned it in my mind
Drew from it in low times
For years I held it inside
Like a pretty, precious find
For I believed not
A smile could carry poison
For I dreamed not
A smile could spell doom.

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Musical Experience

Melody filled the air
The notes were struck high
I froze in my seat
While inside me a river flowed
The walls reverberated, the roof trembled
The pulses quickened, the heartbeats soared
My body got wings
Floated over the vales and hills
Above the skies, beyond the shadow of heaven and hell
My spirit broke loose from the trap
Love and hate, pride and shame
That stifled my soul
Visited me no more
I was drowned in music
Rippling streams, gushing springs
Were within my heart
I wished the melody would never cease
Forever and forever, it would live on
In some part of me
In some part of you.

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A Woman

You think you can hold me down
Keep me in a servile state
You think you can have your own
Unmindful of my feelings and desires
I'm deemed weak by your mad pride
Vulnerable, at your disposal, in your eyes
You are blind, you are wrong
That you can take me in your stride
Little do you know
What wealth I have inside
And you with all your might
Cannot steal it from me
Try as much as you might
To bend or break me
I am not an autumn leaf
You can trample on as you will
I am the flower that pricks
The hand that plucks it
I am the moon
That stirs the waves
And I am a woman
Who knows her worth.

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Old And New

No pain lasts longer than the rain
No fight lasts longer than the night
Life moves on, leaving behind fragments
Memories of the heart and mind both
Every passing moment heals
Every lost chance reveals
New feelings take birth from shreds
Old voices are buried in the graves

Life grows itself, from tiny splinters
Little pieces of rack and ruin
Nature stands in defiance through ages
Ignoring the calls of doomsday
Every living breath seeks
Every dying flame weeps
New visions carry us far ahead
Old eyes are lost in darkness deep.

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At First Sight

Our eyes met and spoke in a language
We both understood at once
And in the matter of a second
I felt and I knew you felt too
The gush of love, the flame of desire
We stood transfixed in a daze
Rooted in our sudden joy
Unaware of the sun's fire
That had burnt the earth to a molten gold
And I thought to myself, is this love at first sight?

They say love doesn't need words
It communicates in silent ways
At the moment it flashed upon me
It must be the ultimate truth
For without a word love had flowed from me to you
And you to me

The world came to a standstill
And the time paused
As long as our gaze held each other.

Nosheen Irfan

Voice Of Reason

At the edge of devastation
Hope stood in silence
Mortified and beaten
Like a king dethroned

How could it be?
That, rivers forgot to flow
That rooks forgot to crow

How did it get
From laughter to hush
From love to loss
From life to death

Then the voice of reason spoke
What is life if not a test?
Where is learning if not in pain?
What victory means, without defeat?
Where is knowledge if not in change?

Nosheen Irfan

Life Of Illusion

The rose prides itself upon beauty
Unaware of the thorns
The eagle spreads its wings
Unaware of the storm
The tree sprawls its branches
Unaware of the fall
The tiger devours its prey
Unaware of the hunter's aim
Man lives in vice
Unaware of God's wrath
How happy is the heart
Ignorant of its faults
What bliss resides in fields
Ignorant of the drought
How haughty is the youth
That believes in eternal beauty
How foolish is the love
That is born in spring.



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Be There

With you
Somehow it all lights up,
The shadowy corners, the grim crevices
Inside my soul
And you don't have to say a word
For even your silence echoes in my head
Just be there, in your own way,
In a frozen calm
Petrifying me with a chance glance
That's all I ask for
Be somewhere, within my sight,
In a part of the day, at some point.

Nosheen Irfan



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Ode To Full Moon

You are far, far away
But your light lights my way
A serene iridescence
Hung in the distance
Above the mountain rim
At times, hidden behind eaves
Radiance unrivalled in full view
Lighting up the travelers' path

You are creative burst for the poet
A symbol of dread for the superstitious
The temple of a lover's heart
A fruition of cherished dreams
Standing upright among the winking stars
You shine as if there's no end

Human vision cannot see
What worlds of wonder you hold
A silver globe of tender light
With myriads of mysteries inside
You are and will be
A subject for deep reflection
Beauty's first definition
And love's truthful expression.

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Winter Sunshine

You fall from benevolent skies
Gently kiss the plains and peaks

You bring relief to cracked smiles
Gently soothe the frost bites

The streets become alive with your breath
In every corner, your touch heals

Rivers and streams catch your gleam
Soft ripples murmur in glee

Lined with birds, the beam reverberates
With songs that float from beak to beak

A gentle shower of love and pity
You are for everyone equally

A fool I must be to stay indoors
As your warmth carpets the ways

Nosheen Irfan

Ensnared

A few words uttered, barely a smile passed
And I was in love
It took so little, on your part
And already I was a prisoner

My freedom was all I had
It was my joy, my pride, my gain
Without knowing, you took it away
And I offered it, in vain

I want to break free from the bondage,
The snare of love I'm caught in
I long to feel the air on my skin
Of freedom, I long to sing

It's so unfair that the fire
That gives you warmth, makes me burn
Love that builds you up
Tears me apart.

Nosheen Irfan

Loneliness

There are voices in my head
As I lie in the darkness
Louder than the ticking clock
A persistent monotone filling up the space
The room is dense, with the fog
That surrounds me from all sides
Invisible and static
I'm cut off from the flux of time
Darkness descends over the heart
Admitting not a single beam of light
Plunged in ghostly silence
The house groans
Distant and faint, all sounds reach me
I close my eyes
But they won't let me sleep
The moments crawl, the fears assail my heart
And the shadows of the night deepen
In and around the house
Images rise up, from the past I thought
I had buried deep
Future looms large, cloaked in black shroud
They all flash upon my eye
The things I did or didn't do
Through the darkness
I see them for what they are
Pale and dusky, without the sunlight
My heart cries out,
For the loneliness to die
For the dawn to break

Nosheen Irfan