PRESENTS

TWIST OF FATES

Collected Poems of Afzal Shauq
Translated by Alley Boling
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Half of all proceeds of this book are going to establish the Farishta Foundation to aid the poor and suffering people of this world

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DEDICATION

I would like to dedicate this work to the loved ones in my life ....
Who have always had faith in me ....
Who supported me in my times of trial ....
Who always loved me in spite of my faults.

Thank you for always standing by me you special people of my life.

Alley Boling
ABOUT THE AUTHOR; AFZAL SHAUQ

Author M. Afzal Shauq was born in the valleys of the Pashtoon region of North West Pakistan. He attended Balochistan University where he received his masters degree in sociology. In 1998 he received a second masters in Demography from the Cairo Demographic Center in Cairo Egypt. From 1983 - 1986 he being professor lectured on sociology at several Universities. Starting in 1986 till the present, he has served as executive officer on Population Welfare. He has work with Radio Pakistan Quetta and different Pakistan Television channels in various positions most notably as a broadcaster, script and lyric writer. He has done a great deal of freelance writing on social issues as well as the author six books. He is known in Pakistan as "The Journey" writer. Afzal Shauq has written three books about his observations of people during his extensive travels. They are Auwa Gama Mazal, Mazal Pe Waura Bandey and De Lmer De Killi Pe Lor. His travels also inspired one of his two books of poetry which are Pe Latoon Sta De Seray, and Shladeley Amail. Afzal recently released his first novel Paroni Makhona, which he dedicated to his inspiration, daughter Hadeel Breshna Afzal Khan. He is also the father of four sons Aziz, Qam, Hikmat, and rising Pashto pop singer Ulus Yarr Kan. Afzal’s works were the subject of the book Afzal ….Afzal Shauq by writer critic Haseena Gul.
AFZAL SHAUQ; PASHTO POET & WRITER

Ayaz Daudzai, a famous Critic and the ex-Chief Controller of Pakistan Broadcasting Corporation: “He’s magnetic & mature…a traveler in peace… Poetry with global touches. A person of hundreds of stories”.

Saad uddin Shpoon, Voice of America (Pashto) Producer USA and a Famous Educationist: “He enriches the Pashto language… With new ideas…. Letting loose the readers imagination”.

Saleem Raz, a prominent Critic, poet and columnist of Pashto and Urdu languages: “Afzal Shauq’s poetry is… Rationalized, impressive, heart-catching, and his poetic approach is philosophical”.

Hakeem Abdur Rehman Betaab, a Broadcaster in Avt Khyber Pashto TV Channel: “Is there a Pashtoon in the world who does not know Afzal Shauq? I would say no… post-modernist and wishes that Pashtoons were there…”

Hashim Babar, a senior & famous Pashto Poet: “His short poems are like the small bullets of a pistol … Having an unforgettable effect…”

Saeed Gohar, a good poet, famous critic and researcher of Pashto and Urdu languages: “He’s wide visionary poet and writer… The cutting edge … Especially for the Pashto”

Dr. Farida Hod Saifi, BBC Broadcaster, Producer in “Azadi Zhagh”, Radio Czech Republic: “Shauq’s…like a sculptor…Creating different images in the reader’s mind and… Not hiding from reality”

Umar Gul Askar, a famous columnist for daily Urdu Newspaper Jung Quetta: “He’s new poetry….. Striking, realistic and creative”

Sohail Jaffar, Station Director Radio Pakistan Loralai Balochistan: “He opens his heart in his poems… Speaks the truth…”

Farooq Sarwar, columnist and author, Daily Newspaper Jung Quetta: “Shauq’s….. A good Pashto poet….. Creative in thoughts… wishing to prepare people to confront the behavior of HATE”

Musawar Qureshi, Columnist Daily Pashto Newspaper ‘Wahdat’ Peshawar, Pakistan: “There are many ‘Story and Journey’ writers in Pashto language but no one can write with the new ideas like Afzal Shauq …”

Haseena Gul, a poet, critic and Literary Broadcaster, Radio Pakistan Peshawar: “Afzal Shauq ….. who writes in Pashto Language but his universal thoughts declare him…poet of the globe”

Andrea Sarcani, An International Journalist & Columnist, Romania: “His themes… sensitive, profound, human and natural. He speaks of love, as an experience, that in spite of all the pain, one shouldn’t miss”

Zareen Anzoor, a famous Pashto Writer, Germany: “A famous innovator….. Worthy for his own modern diction of poetry”

Ernanie I. Pepito, English Professor, Philippines: “His approach is a realistic in deed… pointing out the men… Its behavior and its relations towards who creates them”

Alley Boling, writer, translator and artist: “New images and ideas the world should experience...SHAUQ's a writer of great passion...the world should experience”
PREFACE

I would like to thank Afzal Shauq for allowing me the honor of being the translator of his poetry. For the past two years I have attempted to express his work with the sensitivity and care it deserves. I find his work insightful, passionate and honest. He is a man driven by his dreams. He seeks to find a perfection in life that can only live in dreams, but I respect his endless search for that perfection. When he speaks of his homeland and his people, one can feel the love and pain of this author. He knows the true meaning of devastation and loss. As witness to the suffering of his people, he speaks openly about it in his verse. One merely has to read his words to feel the pain. Though some of his images are quite graphic, it is my belief that it makes the reader more aware of the people’s plight. It is my hope the translations of his work will allow the world to share in the talent of this author.

As the reader finishes this work, may they appreciate how lucky they are in life. I hope they remember there are places in this world where people are suffering and dying. There are places in this world where people may not speak freely. There are people who are longing to find fulfillment; and willing to search the corners of the globe. There are people longing for love’s perfection; yet, walking away empty. My greatest hope for the reader is they will open their eyes, and realize... We may be from different lands... We may speak different languages... We may have different religious beliefs... We may have cultural differences... But when you get to what is basic in all human beings, we are all the same. We all smile, laugh, cry, want, love, lose, hunger, thirst, bleed and die.

In closing, I would like to say Shauq never quit searching, dreaming or writing. The world is a better place with your words in it. Thank you for trusting me with your words, and I would like to leave you with this poem:

“The Muse”

In darkness she comes  
Creeping in your dreams  
Softly she whispers  
Her face a blur...

The sun rises  
She is gone...  
You awake driven  
Uncertain why ...

You grab your pen  
The words flow...  
And from her visit  
The world is blessed

You seek her out  
The one who haunts you  
Always she eludes ...  
Yet she servers you well.

She is your muse
The source of encouragement
Moving you forward
Keeping you searching.

Alley Boling
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HADEEL BRESHNA AFZAL KHAN

DAUGHTER OF AFZAL SHAUQ
POEM 1

A NEW DAWN

In years of cruelty past
There came a new dawn
The bright light burned
Melting frozen hearts.

Come New Dawn...
Break forth a bright new day.
Oh sun come...
Part the long dark hair of night.

The time has come...
The need for a new justice
Freedom from all these
Demi gods of money.

Sun burn away...
Melt these gods
And their ice palaces
Leave nothing behind
But God's judgement.

POEM 2

BROKEN BRANCHES

See ...
The desert heart
Waters its thirst.
Sweat
Blood
Tears...
The Desert demands
And buildings must rise...
Walls to be built.
Blocks formed.
Ill treated
Those sweating hard at labor.

The earth runs red
Beneath the tree of life...
Workers hanging like sheep
In the desert butchers' shop...
Where droplets fall
And blood flows.

And in this endless cycle...
Those that are left behind
With red eyes weeping

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Leave rivers of tears
Mourning those now gone
And the desert ...drinks.

POEM 3

DEAD FOOT STEPS

With forward step...
Fear consumes me
My heart sinks.

Premonition...
Death is calling
Soon I shall be gone.

Vanishing like steps
In the sand
Erased by wind.

POEM 4

FIRE AND WATER

Set not your beauty's blaze
Upon my fragile heart...

Oh friend know you well
The power of such fire.
The trouble is yours.
What will protect you?

There is no water will extinguish
This fire of your making.

POEM 5

WALKING DEAD

Conscience betrayed
Living body
Sleeping
As dead
People of now
Walking
Funeral of the dead...

Those to be mourned
Carried away.
To eternal rest ...
The body merely dust
To be blown
POEM 6

FRIEND OR ENEMY

The question...
Who to avoid
Or whose hand I shake?

I see them
With their angelic looks...
Great deceivers
Sucking life's blood
Doing satanic acts.

I see them
With dusty tattered clothes...
The wandering lost
Miss used by those of wealth
Always looking skyward.

I see them
With sweet flowery speech...
Having granite hearts
And the looks of a snake
Hidden their venomous bite.

I see them
With hundreds of faces...
Flattering their tongues
Lacking humanity
And not worthy of trust.

And again the question...
Who to avoid
Or whose hand I shake?

POEM 7

WIDE OPEN EYES

People of sorrow
Liken to a skeleton
They hunger and thirst.

People stripped Bare
Like branches of a tree
Gone leafless in autumn.

Hearts of the rich
Basking in their luxury
Remain eternally blind.
They refuse to see
The devastation and pain
The plight of the poor

POEM 8

LONELY MOMENTS

Pen in hand...
I place nib
Upon your picture.
There to place
My mark
Upon your face
As I attempt to write ...
Your face vanishes...
And there
I write this verse.

POEM 9

HUNDREDS OF FACES

Two hearts
Mine a mirror
Yours a stone

Your strike
Behind is left
Hundreds of tiny shards.

Each shard
Mirrors your face.

My heart now
The mirrors
Of hundreds of faces...

POEM 10

DEFEATED SOLDIERS

Like the soldier...
With flag in hand
I advanced forth
Seeking victory
Over your heart.

The first strike was yours...
I was frozen...
With one quick sweet glance
Those beautiful eyes
Taking my heart prisoner.

Instead of my planned occupation...

I surrendered...
My dreams and feelings
One by one they fell
Like defeated soldiers.

POEM 11

PRECIOUS PEARLS

Oh sun light...
Cruel your hand
Breaks the string of pearls
Of my night's pleasure.

Oh sweet dreams...
Precious pearls
Scattered orbs
Unable to restring.

POEM 12

HOUSES LIKE SHRINE

Since time gone by...

For heart's desire
Brides of Pashto
With henna red
Their hands they dyed.

Houses of Pashtoons
Like shrines
Are draped in flags
Of red and green.

POEM 13

SENSELESS WALLS

Distance lessens
Between the sky of blue
And the dust of earth.
Each day...

But the distance
Between men's hearts
Lengthens...
They grow fat
Motionless
Like senseless walls.

POEM 14
SLEEPING MOMENTS

Willing was I
To make the dreams of night
True in the light of day.

Dawn breaks forth
Now with my eyes open
Your true picture I see.

In your face
I find before me
A myriad of truths

From sleeping moments
My life is revealed.

POEM 15
PASHTANI HODA

(An Instinctive Behavior)

Wind of autumn!
Hot dusty storm!
Well known you are...

Plucking leaves
Driving clouds...
Sand mountains forming

The air dust filled
The markers topples
Upon the body's grave

Wind of autumn!
Hot dusty storm!
Well known you are...

A child of courage
Born from mother's milk
With patience abides...

I am not water's foam
Nor the desert tent
At your power's mercy...

Wind of autumn!
Hot dusty storm!
Well known you are...

Blowing winds
Can not destroy me
Nor cease my desires...

Nor the candles flame
Will it extinguish
Till that fateful morn...

When in that moment...
Death shall make his call
And I will be no more.

POEM 16
ONLY ONE

Your name with mine
On walls appeared.
Like me and my shadow
Striding together.

When I glance back
Only single tracks
Are tread upon the path
Those of my own making.

POEM 17
THE VOICE

Small voice listen...

My eyes weary
From dreams torment
Plague my sleep no longer
Till the break of dawn.

Small voice speaks ...

Demands of life
Free you from dream's snare
Teach you humanity
Keep you on the path of truth.
POEM 18

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Eyes of the dead
Lashes veiled...

Tongues now silent
Severed into...

People hanging
From branches broke...

House doors now shut
The city is closed...

Yet they are saying
Liberty proclaimed...

POEM 19

IMMOBILIZATION

Are these just veins
Pulsating with blood...
Or feelings

Leaving
The heart's center
Heading toward a world of pain?

Blind the eyes which see
Now comes the time for progress.

But heartless humanity
Stands immobilized in this spot.

POEM 20

CAUSE OF INSPIRATION

How can I
From mind remove
These precious dreams
Of my innocent love.

I keep sweet
Thy beloved name
Together written
In stones through out this world.

It is she...
The cause of my poetry...
The inspiration for my life.

POEM 21

IT WAS YOU

It was you ...
The one...
Through the ages anxiously awaited
Now makes my heart path clear.
You have always known me best
Yet stayed removed from all
Even me...

It was you ...
The one...
Whose name was to me a surprise
Forever in my memory burned.
That possessed my dreams
And haunted my thoughts.

It was you ...
The One...
No one else could it be
Oh the truest of friends
Just as you are
It was you.

POEM 22

HIDDEN SUN

In dreams ...
Eyes Willing
To look upon
The green tattoo
The sun on thy head.

I have named you
With blind faith
My hearts desire.
This sun I seek
Remains hidden
By night's black hair.

Unfortunate my journey ...
Unending dream
Waiting
Longing...
Just a single gust of wind
Come blow thy blacken hair
And show the sun...

Now comes the true sun
And my eyes are open...
And that I greatly desired
One look upon that sun
Will be forever hidden
In the clouds of my dreams.

**POEM 23**

**WHITE HOUSES**

Houses white as snow
Built on labor's sweat,
And orphan's tears.
Their blood sucked dry
By greedy capitalist.

As history has written,
The hot sun will appear
Coming near the earth,
Then these houses
White as snow
Will melt away.

**POEM 24**

**LONG JOURNEY**

Love...
Long exhausting
The journey.
Between us...
Seems the distance
Of two steps.
Our youth now taken...
Finally...
We reach each other
In old age.

**POEM 25**

**HEART**

Broken walls
Can be repaired...
Empty stems
Can grow new leaves...

But my heart
Bitter with pain...
Is like the bird
Trying his wings...
He fails to fly
When the pain comes.

POEM 26

ONE QUESTION

I ask you...
Is survival right?
Who is that child?
Baby of the streets...
Hunger in his eyes
Lips cracked and dry
For him no play.
Each day he toils
Seeking sustenance
On the garbage dumps.

POEM 27

EYES

Eyes open with the sun.
Seek now for the truth.
Lost are the dreams.

How many innocent eyes
In the hot afternoon
With lashes burned are tired...
Sweating ...
Trying to quench
Their endless thirst.

How many beautiful eyes
Walk the night streets
In darkness
Waiting…
Crying...
Trying to last
Till the sunrise.

But eyes still remain closed.
Blind to all the poor...
Each day new faces arrive.

POEM 28

HYPOCRISY

Deceiving couples
Never truly were joined
Like the pieces of chain.

Long the distance
Between their cold hearts
And forever remains.

They like horses racing
Toward the finish line
Neither of them winning.

POEM 29

PEN

With my hands
Well creased
By time
Makes my pen speak...

No floods of tears
Nor rains of thought
Can destroy them...

Questions arises
I see the pen
Clasping between fingers
I write of people fortune.

POEM 30

LOVE HAS NO TONGUE

I wish...
For love to come...

The depths of your beauty
Becomes my retreat.
And going there...
I forget everything...
Frightened
Sweating from this fire
That could burn me to ashes.

I wish...
For love to come....

But in your eyes
Refusal I see.
No feelings of love
Only bitter contempt.
My words become frozen...
And I remain speechless...
Because this love has no tongue
With which to speak.

POEM 31

SPARKS AND ASHES

The sparks of beauty
From your inner fire flies
A shower of falling stars
Floating down to and fro...

But this fire's nature
Will lead you to a place
Where its burning heat
Will turn you to ashes.

POEM 32

IN THE MIRROR OF TOMORROW

Faces of yesterday
Lined trace today...

Beautiful people
Break from your head
The horns of vanity.

Like dry dead leaves
You soon will become
In tomorrow's mirror.

POEM 33

EMPTY SWING

Now Widowed by time
Rejected ...
I remain childless.

Was it your intent..
My heart's love
To present me
With this locket
Inscribed with
Name and love
Which till this day
Hangs bout my neck
Like an empty swing...
A gift of your hate.
POEM 34

NIGHT MARE

I am haunted...
Be it waking
Or in sleep.

I sense a hand of fire
Burning hot coals...
Advancing towards me
This horrible hand...
And when it reaches me

I start to cry...
Tears like rain
Flowing from my eyes...

POEM 35

EXPECTATION

I live in hopes
This is the night
You will stay...

But like my shadow
In the light of day
You stay beside me.

But as the sun sets
And darkness falls
You always leave ...

My sweet friend...
You are the candle
Of another's house.

So I can have
No expectation.

POEM 36

MY WISH

Fate be not the blame
Nor time the aggressor
Which did the beating.
It was me ...
My wish
My heart
That fell in love
With the owner  
Of beautiful eyes  

And she ...  
Unreachable  
Charming  
Encourages the reach  
To empty the whiskey glass  
In search of peace.

**POEM 37**  
**IMPOSSIBLE THE SEPARATION**

I try forgetting...  

Wishing to remove  
Her reflection  
Mirrored in my eyes.  
My heart's strength  
Breaks free the bindings  
Restricting me  
And she comes closer  

But my desire is great  
I can not forget her  
She is like a silk scarf  
Tangled in the thorns bush  
Impossible to remove.

**POEM 38**  
**COURT OF PEACE**

The Heart dreams...  
Soaring  
Like birds in the sky  
Higher and higher...  
Fluttering about  
Like the butterfly..  
Among the fragrant flowers..

The ego demands ...  
There must be control  
And hearts desires  
Stifled...  
Rules must be in place  
Ways to prevent  
Unspeakable acts.

The answer ...  
Court the way to peace
People impose the laws.
Living under their rule
All the while wishing
To be freed from them.

POEM 39

Cry

Mountain children
The time has come
To end the silence

Sound out
Like mountain shepherds
Returning with their flock

You are not animals
That have no sense
You deserve a better life.

Yes It is time..
Sweet language of Pashto
Lay claim to respect with a cry.

POEM 40

In Search Of Shade

I stepped a head
On the path of life
With great hope.
It is my wish
To find sweet rest
Under the tree's cool shadow.
But Cruel the times
Which keeps me treading
Burning under the scorching sun.
There is no tree appearing
Throughout this great expanse
This desert called life.

POEM 41

Advertisement

True Beauty given by God
Symbol of honor and respect
Pride of homes and families
Has been lost in eyes of lust.

Striving for more status
The need for great fame
What man has made
Has become man’s desire.

The covers of books
Keeps her beauty
Advertised and deception
Risks her dishonor.

POEM 42

THE EARTHQUAKE OF TIME

I believe
The Lines of fate
Vary from hand to hand
Each a different destiny

But Why is it
The poor seems
Always the great loser
With the earthquake of time

Could it be the lines of fate...?

For the hands of poor
Have seen hard work
And the lines worn
Till only dashes remain.

POEM 43

GYPSY GIRLS

Heart of a gypsy
So difficult to catch
Moving quickly
Like a gust of air...
Here then gone.

The gypsy girls
Like water ripples
Always in motion
Driven onward.

From dawn till dusk
And beyond…
Endless their search
For flowing water.

This is life.
The way of the gypsy
Their need for water
Keeps them searching.

POEM 44
SHARING THE PARTING

Sleep now
Innocent heart...

Oh fortune...

Beside you I sit
Internal now you sleep
Dead to this world
Wasted was your life.
Cruel this act
Which took you.

POEM 45
TO MY FRIEND

Without you
I am incomplete...
Because of you
Fame now Is ours...

Your beauty like spring
Renews with color
The heart and soul
I vie with others
Who desire you...

Full of life's thick blood
So often pricked by you
My blood has thinned to red ink.
I know your sting's pain
Un healing wounds I carry.
Yet like thorns on the rose
I desire to protect you.

I am scorched by your fire ...
Smoldering like the Kaknus
In the hot summer afternoon
Which burns itself when singing.

I pursue life
Because of you...
I feel myself rushing
Like the passenger
Going towards his destination.
My life is a grave
When you are gone ...
I within myself to hide
My body a lifeless shell
And people come prepared to bury me.

POEM 46

AWAKING FROM THE NIGHT

The stars are nothing...
Mere flashes of light
Like sparks flying from the fire.

The poor are dry wood...
Trying to light the darkness
Till the break of dawn.

This is life deprived...
Where desires becomes hopelessness
Carried upon weary shoulders.

Yet ever vigilant ...
They search for the light to come
And the birth of a new day.

POEM 47

ANTHEM OF… DEPRIVED LOVE

Here ...
Can not see ..
Separation

Here…
Darkness expands
The sunset.

Here …
Lovers wounded …
Heartbreak

Our life
Reconciles
In a single star
Hungering for love.

Here …
Time stops…
Peace ends
Here…
Burning fire…
Destruction

Here …
Life ends…
Death

Here
New homes …
Graves.

Here …
All love…
Lost

Our life
Reconciles
In a single star
Hungering for love.

Here …
Thorn paths…
Impasse

Here …
Life’s pathway…
Deprivation

Here …
Rain desired
Thirst

Our life
Reconciles
In a single star
Hungering for love.

POEM 48

HOUSE FOR DOLLS

In moments past...
Had I broken
That doll house of mud
Formed by
Love’s innocent feelings.

Sweet Young girl
From mountains past …
Perhaps would not now
By those walls
My desires in prison be.

**POEM 49**

**LIVING GRAVE YARD**

This is a city...?
Look round...

A grave yard
Houses ...shops?
Lines of stone graves.

Walking dead
Blinded eyes
No light in sight.

No feelings
Hearts frozen
Humanity's void.

Vultures roost
Death reapers
Barely they live.

Doom's angel
Leading on
Keeps the city.

**POEM 50**

**THOUGHTS TIE**

Oh dream
With open eyes
May I see...
Beloved of my heart..

My ideal...
Hidden from view
My heart's joy
My soul's sweet peace...

Friend...
Lover ...
Since my life began
Only a shadow
Hidden by the night...

Lost
Longing
Life’s brightness tied
Till the day I find
The face of my dreams.

POEM 51

LOVE

Love...
Deafens
Blinding .
Fearless

Love
Melts stone
Frees souls
Expands

Two hearts
Evolving
Committed

And with Love...
Culture.
Location,
Beliefs,
All vanish.
This I believe.

POEM 52

TO A FLOWER

Oh Humanity ...
Majestic flower ...

With great honor
A thorn on your stem
Am I

Counting your petals
With lessons of life
I learn

To value life
For death I've seen.

To value the past
As present flees

To value light
For darkness looms
To value fairness
Injustice seen

To value God
As graves are filled

So Humanity...
Majestic flower...

With many thorns
Devout we be
Well guarded
Your beauty ...

POEM 53

THIS PLAY OF HIDING

There are eyes
I am seeking ...
There are eyes
Searching me out ...
Neither eyes meet ...

Hearts desire ....
Demanding
Searching
Always unanswered ...

This play of hiding
Never ending...

POEM 54

THE IRON AGE

Swords of Yesterday
Metal on metal
Hand to hand

Wheels of time turn
Always in motion
Can't be stop...

Once only an idea
Now reality
Atomic Bomb

Humanity loses
Deadly is deadly
Then and now...
Fear filled are humans
Robotic be made
By the bomb.

POEM 55
I AM NOT ALONE

I am not alone,

Angel of death
Haunts me
Ever following...
Worries consume
Fire flames
Burning in my heart.

I am not alone...

Suspicious life
Shadows
Always are lurking
Trying to avoid
Myself
Running to and fro.

I am not alone...

Person possessed
Seeking
Longing for refuge
Seeking a place
None see
Even death's angel.

So what to do....

In dreams I walk ....
Free as the wind
Circling
Restrictions gone
Released by darkness.

POEM 56
FUTURE

If today
True is the meaning
Of yesterday's dream...

Then the hungry
No joyous future seek  
Mournful the life  
Fighting for survival.

POEM 57

MONEY

Earth revolves...  
From the dawn  
Till setting sun  
On money.

To give or take  
People want  
People need  
Just money.

POEM 58

SELF DESIRE

Outside...  
Yet unseen  
The one  
Great name  
Brave heart

Inside...  
Today seen  
The one  
So cruel  
Nameless

... Myself

POEM 59

ONE SIN

A wish ...  
That this one sin  
This heart's desire  
Finally will drown  
In my tear's flood  
washing away  
As wind and sands  
Destroy mud houses.

For I can not jump  
The width of love's ocean
That fill those eyes
Which keep me
Forever swimming
Perhaps soon to drown
In their beauty..

POEM 60

FAITH OF LOVE

If submission bowing
Like before God
Were allowed

In that same submission
Before that love
I would bow

Though she a temple filled
By heartlessness
Self serving

POEM 61

WHO COULD SING HAPPY SONGS?

Who could sing happy songs…

Children at play
Future their hopes
Merely moments
All illusions

Who could sing happy songs…

Cooks can create
Wonderful dishes
Never to taste
Bitter poison

Who could sing happy songs…

Bride of time past
Beautiful spring
Keeps on crying
Lonely widow

Who could sing happy songs…

The seasons changing
Always moving
Peace prosperity
A question mark

POEM 62

MADNESS

So Far from you...

I am lost...

At the limit
Extreme the fate
I walk in sleep
Yet my eyes
Open they seem

I am lost...

Slave of my dreams
Lost in the depths
Of love's madness
Yet my eyes
Open they seem

POEM 63

BLIND WORLD

In this world
No spark of light
Darkness...

No sun rise
Sunset long gone
Darkness...

Deaths to soon
Two loves buried
Darkness...

World gone blind
Indifference rules
Darkness...

All will enter
None can escape
The grave.

POEM 64

QUESTION MARK
On one hand...
A fountain of torment
The desire of so many
Still thirsting
Just one sip
Out of reach ...
Every mans death...

On the other hand
Fountains over flowing
These water laden bodies
Beyond reach
Refusing desire
These women drown
Lost to our wanting.

POEM 65

BEAUTY PRIDE..

These beautiful people
Lost to beauty’s value
Fearing the night
Prolonging the summer
Crushing hearts
Like the toys..

So cruel are they
In their behavior
While
Stepping themselves too
Rapidly towards the past

POEM 66

HEY GIRL!

Like sweet flowers
Having beauty
My heart
My thoughts
My feelings
Desire you.

Like the stone
Your heart
So heavy
Your thoughts
So weary
Are hidden.
In times passing....
Stone turns to sand
And becomes light
And we then shall
Like particles of dust
Fly on the wind together.

POEM 67

Who is that person?
Daughter ... Sister...lost
Bound by blood
In madness cries
Hopeless...

Red eyed women
Tatter are her clothes
Matted her hair
Walking life's streets
Shoeless…

Not knowing herself
World weary she trod
Moving onward
Foul wind driven aging....

Henna dreams gone
Youth long  faded
Begging people
Seeking answers
Yearning....

Blind people of the world...
Look at her
Who she truly is
Daughter...sister
Pashto.

See the dregs of beauty past.
With her scarfless head
And weathered hands
Left to wonder the streets
Homeless.

Why is this her plight...
Tell me blind people
Why must she live so
This life of deprivation
Homeless.
Family she keeps seeking  
Yet none can be found  
All are lost to her  
Or are they dead alone...

Open your eyes  
Know well this beggar  
The mountains daughter  
Lost beauty a nation's pride  
Pashto.

POEM 68
DISTANCES

One step  
Piercing stone...

Then another  
Pricking thorns...

Journey onward...

The distance  
Always the same..

Are human desires  
Keeping us separated.

POEM 69
ETERNITY

I believe  
The day  
You were born  
I saw your ideal face  
The first time  
Mirrored in my thoughts

At night  
Whenever  
I faced the fear of death  
You come  
Turning on the candle of your love  
In my heart  
And I start to survive
POEM 70

FRIENDS OF LIGHT

You are running
Toward the dark night.

I your shadow
Running beside you.

By nature being different
Are nearer in the sun light
And lost to each other
In the darkness of night.

---

POEM 71

THE THIRST OF DESIRES

My hope like horses
Return thirsty at sunset.

Weary of this search
For my true beloved.

So I quench their thirst
With my eyes salty tears.

With these tears of salt
Greater the thirst I make

Desires I believed
With one love this void would fill

But I was the one
Who must the fountain be.

---

POEM 72

TATTOO OF NAME

You may remove
All my pictures
From your eyes.

You can try
Removing my name
Tattooed on your arm
By the blade....

But the scar will remain
Forever a reminder...
A mirror of our love.

POEM 73

TRAPS

All wish for change...
To escape this life
Or run toward something
Perhaps freedom...

No hiding place
Will they find
Turning every corner
Always trapped ...

Bound by law
Born to custom
Like great walls
Blocking their escape.

Society's restrictions
Makes small hurdles
Like high mountains
Or wide rivers

Every step a trap
Impossible to leap.
Attempts to go on
In the hunt for freedom.

POEM 74

FAIRY

The journey long
With broken heart
I take my rest.

Off in the distance
I suddenly hear
Sweet singing...

It calls to me ....
I possessed am drawn
In its direction

When I arrive
There before my eyes
Is she ...

This vision
More fantasy than real.
With a face
More delicate than a doll

Her hair finer than silk
Blown by the wind
And eyes so green
They would emeralds fade
My eyes must deceive
For she had wings
This vision of beauty
Sitting among the flowers

I reached out
For just one touch
But as my hand neared
She flew away...

Becoming but a dream
That will forever haunt
Leaving just this song
Upon the air...

Fairies come
But never stay
Nor be touched
By human hand
Fairies must go away
To live in fairyland

And since that day
As a dreamer
I search the world
For that sweet fairy.

POEM 75
IN THE NAME OF GOD

Again and again...

The nature of selfishness
And temptations leading to hell
Has made me fond
Of Satan's path ...

But the almighty God
Who is great and magnificent
Forgives my excuses
After repeating my sin
And gives me peace...
POEM 76

MOHAMMAD (P.B.U.H)

When by cruel time beaten
And I feel myself wounded
Each wound like the flower
Blooms in agony ...

I feel a breaking inside
Like a house into rubble
When earthquakes shake
Destroying everything.

Through all these tortures
Before the first tear falls
Streaking my weary cheek
YOU reach out to help

YOU ...
Like the Christ
Healing my wounds
Removing my pain.

POEM 77

THE 8TH COLOR

In sleep's depths
I dreamed ...

Scenes of beauty
I gazed upon ...

Staring...

 Beauties of color appear
I think there are seven...

But to my great surprise
There are eight I see

And the eighth color
Among them was me.

POEM 78

SEEKING LOST BELOVED

How can I seek
My lost beloved ...
Whose mark
And voice
Has left
Scarred
My heart's center.

Never have I found
The prints of her feet
No evidence
Of her trail
Perhaps ...
She is at sea.

POEM 79
UNKNOWN BELOVED

How long the wait
For the beloved
Yet unknown to me

Long has she stayed
At home in my heart
Like God himself.

POEM 80
CREDIT

Reply to me or not
These writings to you
Letters of love...

But as to your feelings
To this point
I am unaware

But to my credit
Receive my letters
And read them...

It matters not
If my words
Your heart softens...

And it is possible ...
You may not even
Recall my name.
POEM 81

MARTYRS OR FREEDOM FIGHTERS

Had I known
At my birth
Or been asked
By God ...
I would have refused
Being born human.

For my life here
Is a grave yard
Of a once proud nation.
Where the way of life
Is humans burying
By hand.

Such injustice ...
Such cruelties....

Titled killers
Law makers
The honor of society
So called martyrs
Or freedom fighters.

POEM 82

JUSTICE DEMAND

(A different view point)

People's mouths
Red with blood
Eating the flesh
Of human kind
Beat the drum of peace

People's lives
Yearning...
Sacrificing
For justice's sake
Now called terrorists

POEM 83

ENTRAPPING

Distributed among hundreds
I try capturing your heart.

"Then Hey Shauq !

Khyber Gateway – http://www.khyber.org  Twist of Fates
Tell me
What will be my place
In your heart?
Will I be the last
Among all the others
You see in your dreams ...."

As she asked,
No reply
Remaining silent ...

Because of her
My desert heart
A true nomad made

Thirst unending ...
Though heavy rain quench
Still remaining parched

Still the girl...
Like the head of caravan
Was entrapping me
In her circle of love

POEM 84
FIRE

When a cold sigh
Of your name I make...

Understand...

Love's hot fire
Still burns in me
Flaming my desire

POEM 85
LOST PASSENGER

Now suffer
Poor lost passenger,
The fault is yours...

"Hey Shauq !
You thought not well though
This time the journey..”

The choice been made
Stray from known paths
You have been led.

Khyber Gateway – http://www.khyber.org
You are now
A passenger lost
Far from your home.

POEM 86

SPEECHLESS

I am wasted...
Devoured by eyes
Stolen by beauty
Charmed by actions
Inspired by sweet words.

Left behind
My empty body
Memories...
Desires...
And thoughts consumed me.

I can not
Place blame upon you
Nor cruelty...
Nor God...

For it was I
That remained speechless...

POEM 87

DESIRE TO MEET

Patience waning
Choking my heart
Its her...

I grow weary
Always waiting
I want...

She plays with me
Promise of soon
Today?...

Still just new friends
The desire always...
To meet.
POEM 88

PHARAOH AS A GOD

Self you proclaim
I am a god.
Vows of the past.

Egyptians blessed
Greatly reaping
From the Pharaoh

For all your claims
You, a dead man
Yet providing
Moments of fame.

POEM 89

DREAM FAIRY

Dream Fairy
My ideal love...

How long
Will I
Seek you ...

Through out
Mountain's
Green vales

How long ...?
Tell me.

POEM 90

HOPE PAIN

Pain's of hope
Keeps me waiting ...
Is time fixed?

Later in coming
Each day it seems...
Pure torture

Is it your wish
To drive me crazy...
My mind lost.

This yearning
Causing tears
Accustom i’ve become...

This separation
Intolerable
Always so much pain ...

Better this pain
In hopes of meeting
Than never to meet.

POEM 91

IDEAL

"Girl of this village!
Have you seen her …?"

"Know you where
She can be found ...?"

Strange the look
The girl gave...

She studied me
In disbelief...

"Man...! You are mad..."

"Whom you seek
Is not of this village ..."

"We know her
To be fairy..."

"And fairies
Never to villages keep..."

"They reside in fairyland."

POEM 92

LOST FREEDOM

The ancestor's sword
Is all you have left
The last sign of your
Freedom and pride...

Now to be sold
For your hunger sake
To buy needed bread
To sustain your life....

And soon your pride...
Your family's honor
Becomes the chains
To enslave you.

**POEM 93**

**REPEATED SIN**

Oh...
How Vicious
This cycle I live...

My dream's love
This ideal face
Again I see
In a stranger ...

Then desires
My heart's longing
Now igniting
And sin prevails.

I...
Heart's captive
Start to sin again.

**POEM 94**

**DREAM CHASING**

I reach out
With weary hands...

She almost
Within my grasp...

With great speed
Flew desert bound.

Her protector
The swirling sand.

Now nothing...
Hidden from view.

Now living
In Dream's Island...
POEM 95

CONFUSION OF LOVE

You love me
There's no doubt
But it's love
That keeps me wondering

For in love
There is no fairness.

So many ...
Are the rules.
So many...
Are the ways.

And always
One keeps questioning.

Is their love
As desired ...
Is their love
As expressed...

Love's problem
No clarity...
Always lost
Amid the confusion.

POEM 96

MEANINGLESS DREAM

Not only in my dreams
But with open eyes
I wish to see you
Standing in this space.

But my misfortune
With great will power
You keep from my reach
And proud that you can.

POEM 97

FLAGS

This Flag of unity
Nation of Pashto
Like an angel
Protected us
Her children
Like a mother
Shading them
Under her scarf
Which has seen
Now tore by these people
That much,
The each piece declared
Itself a flag
Waving against her pride.

POEM 98
SEPARATION

I now have returned
After a long journey.
I am weary...

Stepping in your door
So much crying I hear
I am shocked...

I am at a lost
You are gone from this world.
My sorrow...

POEM 99
HIDING

There's no hiding
Problems arise ...
Worries will plague
For family's sake.

My mind's small voice
Never silent
Reminding me
This is your life.

My heart sinking
The sun hastens
Darkness now comes
Sleepless the nights.

I fear my death
Leaving behind...
All those I love
Places I have seen.

This is to live....
Feeling the pain
Knowing true joy
To be human.

Trying to hide...
Is childish play
My life routine
A foolish waste.

POEM 100

HIDDEN PERSON

This voice...

Name of Satan
Stays beside you
All your life…

You hunger …
You thirst …
You lust …

All staying within
Corruption
Incomplete …

Your desires…
Like a person
Beaten and deprive.

When reacted upon
Detours you
From the right course.

This endless fight
Within yourself
Always continues

Unless ….
Your relent
Making him happy

Otherwise…
This war endures
The adversaries…

You.
POEM 101

HIDDEN FACE

This face
Whiter than milk
Nature's beauty
Like few others

Makes heart's thirsty
And soul's peaceful
Always stays hidden...

Down cast eyes
The hearts window
The mirror of love
Refusing to be seen.

POEM 102

PASHTANI BOL

(Keeping Words)

Being Pashtoon
I show no weakness
Which lessen name and status
Before my children.

On either side
These people stand
Stoning me...

Onward I move
Not stopping
Until my final destination ...

Death is always there
Threatening me
But I move forward ...

Doomed the journey
Trying to reach you
Oh my friend...

POEM 103

LADIES OF THE RED SOIL

(In their own view)

Ladies of the proud nation
Living on the red soil
Closed mouth
Speaking nothing.

Lines in their faces
Express
That left silent.

If they could but speak
Surely
They would ask men....

" If I made of flesh
Like you
Being human

“Answer God
Who then
Made us different ?"

“Man the greater...
Lowly
I have become

Meaningless my life
Avoid
Without a man”

“Also God's creature
Inferior ...
Man's servant”

“You look down at me
So cruel...
Yet I am yours...”

POEM 104

ANTHEM

Oh Great God
Of mountains
And valleys...

Who rules
Over the seas
And deserts...

May our language
Be proudly kept.

The voice of Pashtoons
May dignity, prosperity,
Sword, and faith
Be Blessed

Oh God
Hear my prayer
Bless our language
Till the world ends.

Being Pashtoon,
Filled with courage
I depend not on others
But feed my life alone.

Culture of my nation
In your ways follow
Making me different
As I travel life's path.

Pashtoon do your best!
Use your words
Write for your fate sake
And speak your ways of life

Accept my challenge
Write proudly in Pashto language
For none knows better
Pashtoon's expected dreams.

POEM 105
PASHTOON … NEVER BE DEFEATED

In the flower of youth
With open heart
I stepped forth...

I remain the winner
Over youth's brutality
Though mournful the feelings.

But defeat begins
Gnawing away at me
Tainting my open heart...

From that day onward
Heart's thirst I quench
In my tears for peace...

I can not accept
Nor refuse to see
Pashto ever defeated.
POEM 106

WAY TO SENSE

Think you know me
Maybe ....

But I my friend
Know you well .

You...
Direct me with sense.
Opened my sleeping eyes.
Motivate me forward.
See reality from dreams.

Yes you...
Make sense with
Smiles...
Laughter...
Even tears.

POEM 107

MADNESS

Madness is this love
Which drives me
To sanity's brink.

Lacking Majnoon fame
But being a lover
I search ....

Through out the ages
I have pursued you
Beloved of my dreams

But in my pursuit
I like the Majnoon
Am lonely and deprived

And now...

If before Liela I stood
This love's madness
Would blind her from my eyes

POEM 108

FOREVER IN HIDING
For you ...  
I choose my face  
Stay forever Veiled  
I will always be ....  
Hidden  
From your eyes.

You are  
Near to my heart  
Though the love I feel  
Maybe truly great....  
Veiled...  
I remain.

Your thoughts  
And your fantasies  
Made of me a beauty  
That does not exist...  
Nor...  
Can not be.

POEM 109

ACTS OF CRUELTY

She gives me her hand  
With sweet smiles....  
But hidden beneath  
Her innocent facade  
Acts of cruelty.

For if by accident  
We should touch...  
Her anger rages...  
With clenched teeth she lunges  
Like a lion at fresh flesh.

With fear I repel  
In an act of submission.  
She concentrates  
Scanning me  
From head to toe.

Flashing her deceptive smile  
I see lust in her eyes...  
With the tip of her tongue  
She moistens her lips...  
So I respond and smile
POEM 110

A SYMBOL OF PRIDE

Oh Pisa tower
Through the ages
Miraculously standing
A symbol of pride
Though condemnation threatens
And perhaps one day
You shall kiss the soil.

Majestic tower
Made famous by leaning,
The passage of time
Unbalanced you,
But still you stand
Forever stalwart.
Honor of your country.

POEM 111

PRICELESS TREASURE

Like a priceless antique
Lost in the dust of time
Newly found....

When first her soft lips
Gently touched mine
Honey's sweetness...

Then Her beautiful eyes
Reflected my image
Mirroring love ....

And in her giving heart
My name she engraved
Her Love's locket...

But it all seems accidental
That I should find in her
Priceless treasure.

POEM 112

DREAM OR FATE

Listening to her mourning ...

" Oh my daughter
Long have I waited

Khyber Gateway – http://www.khyber.org  Twist of Fates
For this day
Soon to join your beloved...

"It seems but
A moment ago
That you left home..."

"I reminded you
Don’t be late..."

" Wearing your red dress
So beautiful and young,
Going to meet her love."

"But now your lover ...
The soil of a grave
Newly dug..."

I cry...
Great my sorrow...

I shred my shirt ...
I beat my chest ...
I throw earth upon my head ...

Suddenly
The phone rings
Ending this nightmare.

Covered with sweat
I thanked God,
To hear your sweet voice...

" I have a new red dress
Come Shauq !...
If you want to see..."

POEM 113
THIRST

Stepping out in faith
Through the rough desert
Of your hard heart
Seeking love's drink

What was in my dreams
Now with waking eyes
Becomes nothing
Finding only thirst.
POEM 114

LIGHT AND DARK

Though
There seems
Little difference
Apart from our faces,

Yet there must be...

You ...
Drawn to darkness
Keeping in hiding...

I ...
The light of day
Wishing to disclose.

POEM 115

HOW CAN YOU COMPETE...?

There is
No way to blame
You for choosing
To stay far remove
For your children’s sake

My heart
Looking upon
Shreds for clothes
Your dignity stripped
War induced poverty..

Just think...

You cant hide the rags
They call your clothes
Nor keep your respectability
Even your Pashto language
Seems stripped of pride.

POEM 116

YOU BELIEVE IT OR NOT...

Like the cat
Are you....
Appearing weak
Yet proud
Always keeping hidden
From light

But just wait
One day ...
The cat within
Escapes ...
Like a hungry tiger,
Hunting...

POEM 117

HEAVENLY PEOPLE OF HELL

Submission in God
Religions they follow
Their actions atheistic...

Sins of the people
Ignoring teaching
Shall lead to hell...

Hypocrisy in prayers
Wishes of their ego
The religion of their hearts.

POEM 118

WAR

Whenever
I chop the head
And kill ...

Another arises
I kill again
Another grows,

War's endless cycle
Causing sorrow
And enduring pain

None can hide
Nor rout it out
On going till time ends

POEM 119

HEAVEN OR DREAM

Everywhere...
Angels...
Is this heaven?

I feel myself in heaven
Beautiful landscapes
Flowing fountains
Majestic mountains.

Everywhere
Beautiful girls
Waving flowers
Strolling around,

Though undeclared
The winner of reward
I, like the butterfly
I am enjoying blooms

POEM 120

WAR FOR THE SAKE OF GOD
(In Context with Afghan civil war)

Willing to quench
Your thirst...

Jehad...
The holly war...

Think you well
Before taking the sword
And call for Jehad

Oh brother...!
Fulfill my last desire...
After killing me
Take my bloody body
To my grave.

May my promised wife
Your sister
Remain unwed
Let no henna
Touch her hand.

And...
Beware these well wishes
Who offered up
This idea of killing
For our common good.
POEM 121

WHEN EVER … YOU HUG ME

Destructive memories...

Endless are these
Attempts to stop
This fire of lust ...

I doomed to lust
The fire burns
Heart's extreme

Meeting again
Your soft hug
Stokes the fire

Thoughts of your name
The fires fuel
Consumes me.

POEM 122

LORD

Am I ...
Strange Lord
Of your heart

There is no question
Your wants
Take control...

Your beauty
Enslaves me...
As I am now.

POEM 123

TRUTH MAY ANGER

I believe
Without doubt
Your vow of love.

But oh my beloved..!
My trust wanes
In words spoke
Lies they became.

Hundreds before
Vowed as you
Yet none are here

POEM 124

HOW TO BELIEVE..?

How ...
Am I to believe
Your love serious ...

I wonder...
Do you feel my pain
As I feel yours ...

Is it real ...
My eyes are open
You are no dream...

Still you hide...
Like I am not known
Merely a stranger

And still...
Its you
Lays claim to love.

POEM 125

FRIEND... LIKE AN ENEMY

If not my friend
Perhaps my enemy...

You entered my heart ...
Playing with my feelings.

This heart in need of healing...
You deepened my wounds.

Like an enemy your salt
Inflicted me with more pain.

Please for my sake
Behave like a friend.
POEM 126

IS IT LOVE..YOU THINK?

Nothing simple
Not with people
Not with love

Consider ...

You my lover
I your lover
One heart.

Seemingly ...

I part you
You part me
One body.

Actually...

You live there
I live here
Separate.

POEM 127

THE MIRROR

Face of my desire
Always eluding me

Haunting my dreams
Appearing in my thoughts

I always see you
This face similar to mine

I feel so alone...
Always so alone...

So here I stand again
Gazing into the mirror.

Seeking some comfort
In the image I can see.

POEM 128

DREAMS
Dreams...
Are what
They are...
Not false
Neither true...
Yet, significant.

Dreams ...
Like many mirrors
Able to show
Every angle...
Revealing
All of life's faces.

Dreams...
No hiding place
All is stripped
From the mind's eye
Allowing
Differences to be seen.

POEM129

DREAMS FULFILLMENT

I saw you
My heart spoke ...

"Hey Shauq..!
This a fraud
Your eyes sight
Effected..."

"The meeting
Was a dream
That face
Couldn't be
The same..."

"Not the one ...
You write of as perfection
That drives you to insanity
For the want of her love..."

No...it was no dream
You truly met,
You should know
Long she's haunted you

The beauty you saw
Not the beauty of a girl
But the fairy
POEM 130
LISTEN OH FRIEND.!

Listen Oh Friend ...

Pride strength and beauty
I will gladly tolerate

Me...
Gifted by God
With a loving heart.

You ...
Cruel in action
Destroys my hopes

Yet ...
Always my love grows
Wishing you will love me.

POEM 131
MADNESS

Madness possessed...

Ever onward
This endless search
Traveling day and night
Like a fairy prince
Unseen to the eye
Tracking after you
Who haunts my mind.

POEM 132
ANIMALS … BUT WITH TWO LEGS

Good fortune..
By God's grace
You walk on two legs
You do not graze
Or appear naked
You seem human...

But upon second look...
You are more animal
Like the brutal men
From days gone by
Who drank blood
Ruthless in action...

Life has evolved
But you changed little
You continue this fighting
No deeds of merit
Yet declaring your humanity
The great well wisher

People of mountains!
See your acts
Where you are left...
One just passing through
This process ...
This revolution ...
This social change...

POEM 133
RIGHT OR WRONG

Soldier's game
Writing names
On bullets
Loading weapons
As you call out
For the rights of humans.

'Today' madness
Killing play
Sacred war
Bullets flying
People dying
This in the name of God

POEM 134
WHO FOUND WHOM

Stranger...
Beloved...

Opening my heart
She revealed her words,
Each page I read
The want of love
And that love was me
Or so it seemed...

So now I wonder
Was it I
Who found you
Or you who sought me.

POEM 135

HOW BIG IS THE WORLD?

I journey onward...
Just a few more steps...
And I will finally reach
This world's end.

Exhausted...
I sit to rest awhile.
Surveying what’s left ahead...
Realization strikes...

Like a snake crawling...
Life's path twists and turns
And the distance ...
Are always expanding.

POEM 136

WHIRL WIND

How it happened..?
I do not know,
When I looked upon myself
I saw...
The tree of youth

You came in my life
Like a whirl wind
Changing everything
And now..
It is all so different

The tree of Youth
Has thrown down its leaves
The ground is covered
And I ...
Left in confusion

For since you came
And in your wake
The damage done
God knows...
What you truly were

My first thought
You were just a girl
Then perhaps a fairy
Could be...
Just the fast winds of time.

POEM 137
FACES, MIRRORS AND QUESTIONS

Once again
Open eyed till morning
I question...
Do I choose to see
These faces within faces?

Will all these faces
Reflecting in the mirror
Of my caring heart
Lead to prosperity ...
Bring about peace...?

No answers are forth coming
I close my eyes to sleep
The mirror reflects faces
Questions spring forth
Once again I awake.

POEM 138
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

That was you ...
Hey Pashtoon!
Keeping the people going
Moving life forward
They followed your steps,

But look at you today
You can not move
Strong legs now useless
You seek aid

Unlike the blind...
You have eyes
Which are healthy
But you will not see

In time to come
The eventuality is
You will go unrecognized
And lose all your dignity
POEM 139

THE FLAME OF FORBIDDEN FIRES

Hair flowing down
Red cheek
Like burning coals...

Igniting eyes
Sparks flew
Grey, green and blue ....

This rain of fire
Burns me
My body melting ... 

Smoldering lust
Spreading
Through the world.

POEM 140

WORDS OF THE MIRROR NOT MINE

The day of Herders
Now has past
Their way of life
Now driven by others

Even their children
Know the candles
Have gone out
And see by a new light ...

The other side of the mirror
Still holds to pride
In the ancestor's sword
Now blunt by time...

Reflecting on one thought
We will be the winner
But we became the loser
And now live like slaves

POEM 141

HOW MUCH … I LOVE YOU?

Oh my friend!
Ask not of me
That question...
Otherwise...
My heart
In my throat
Will stick
Preventing
My reply.

POEM 142
THE BRIDE OF PEACE

This was just a dream
A great ceremony...
An image of the bride
At the marriage of peace
I have within my mind....

The Nashanas sings in English
The music of Mozart..
Gogosh sings in Pashto
Hilton sings in Russian
With Kalsum....
Arab girls danced in Attan
Turks doing Wals
Japanese danced
The rhythm of Belly
To Bolero.

The Poets of the world
Were dancing
Some the Fox Trot
Others the Polka
And even the Flamingo.

In this global ceremony
There was no differences
People were as one
The air filled with love
Everyone truly related.

As with all dreams,
I open my eyes
To a world in turmoil
Where men view other men
As their enemies.

But it was a wonderful dream...

POEM 143
AFGHANI'S SORROW
If you look
Upon Afghani's sorrow
Will you tell...

Does your heart
Feel empathy...
Do tears well
In your eyes ...

The life of the Afghan
Like open wounds
Seeks healing
Will kindness you extend

Oh Big Boss!
You the teacher
Of brutal behavior
Please step aside
For peace and prosperity.

POEM 144

THE NATURE OF HUMANS

If a way can be made
Like rainbows
Expanding from earth to sky
To moon past the sea of stars ...

Then why can't people
Bound by their rigidity
Some how be dispersed...
And not stay as they are

Borders have been drawn
By wealth, race, and religion
These walls of restrictions
Through out all the nations

Like animals on the hunt
Always they induce fear
With brutal acts of behavior
Towards humans unlike them

POEM 145

PAPA'S DREAM

This is not that nation...
According to Papa's dream

Nor is this life ...

Khyber Gateway – http://www.khyber.org

Twist of Fates
According to Papa's dream

Mountains and Men stand
Between the people
Keeping them separated
This was not the dream of Papa..

All this killing by our own hands
Furnished with weapons
By self proclaimed humanitarians

We are the people
Killing our own brothers
Depriving daughters of marriage
And causing mothers laments

We are the people
Hiding in the mountains
Like thieves
With Death's angel in tow.

POEM 146

IN SEARCH OF THAT FACE

Mirror...
Haunting my mind
Dreams possess
Revealing ...
One face.

Every time
Its the same face
Lifetime's face
Reflection
Not mine...

So I touch
Over again
With great love ...
Now mind etched
That face...

Often asked
Relationship
Answerless
Just a thought
That face...

It was fate
That on one day
Mirror drops
And that face
Shattered...

So I search
Seeking that face
Every girl
Here's my heart..
Cup begs.

But these girls
Shards of that face
Maybe the eyes ...
Perhaps a nose...
Soft lips...

But the whole
The one I seek
That one face ...
Will forever
Elude.

POEM 147

DARKEN HOUSES OF PASHTOONS

Yea, I remember very well ...

In that mid-night hour
When I was writing
Life's realities
My eyes
Heavily with tears

All the words
Written in blood ink
Washed away
By the flood
Of falling tears

Nay, except this one stanza...

"Get up Shauq..
Turn on their lights
For darkness has come
To the houses of Pashtoons"

POEM 148

COMPANIONS OF LIGHT

We...

Khyber Gateway – http://www.khyber.org Twist of Fates
Have chalked the walls
With great hate
And the people...
Separate.

We...
In need of love
Being led
Toward extremes
Madness..

We ...
Stepping ahead
Side by side
Strong in hope
Wanting ...

We ...
Though different
Move as one
Like a body
Shadows...

We...
Follow the sun
Light encouraged
Fight the night
Friends...

We ...
Eyes now open
Seeking friends
Put to end
Darkness.

POEM 149
THE SWORD OF KHUSHAL KHAN

(A...)
Honored past...
The great Khushal khan
With dignity
Carried his sword ...

Today,
Crops of green
Runs red with blood
The stench of dead
Taints the air...

This nation.
In the name of sacred war
Cuts off heads
Canals once water
Flows with blood

This nation
Now fed by crops
Nourished with blood
Of slain people...
Where is the dignity?
(B.)
Honored past ...
The great Khushal khan
With dignity
Carried his sword ...

Today,
Bullets fly
Chest explode
Men keep dying
For dignity sake...

Honor is stripped
Fighters now gone
In its wake
Beggars...

Mothers…
Sisters...
Wives …
And
Daughters…
Tattered clothed
Doomed to roam
For bread's morsels
In the name of dignity

(C.)
Honored past...
The great Khushal khan
With dignity
Carried his sword ...

Today,
This nation
By other's will
The men are led
In this blood lust

Proud of their acts ...
Yet small children
Like animals
Dig the waste dumps
Seeking food

Children of pride
Desiring warmth
Burn paper scraps
In the cold nights
And this is dignity...

POEM 150
HEY MASTER OF THIS ZOO.!

Strength of your stick
May think these animals
In appearance tamed
Like human beings...

But master of this zoo..!
Afghans like brutal tigers
Drink humanity's blood
A reality you must accept

And as this zoo's master
You are the one responsible
Who made humans animals
The guilt belongs to you

With your great stick
They are left truly beaten
Wounded and bleeding
So now you come with salt.

POEM 151
WHAT WILL BE THE RESULT?

I took your hand in mine
Revealing my body's heat
Aware of my hearts feelings
Gently shaking your hand

I didn't understand
Your gestures of shyness
Hidden by nibbling your lips
That your heart was made of stone.

POEM 152
CHILD OF DIRT
I think perhaps...

You catch the throat
At the time of birth
Of your beloved son
Than in his early youth
Let him die in battle.

Deceived by false dignity
His cousin now his killer...
Left this bloody funeral.
I carry upon shoulders
My son to his grave.

What think you ...?

Which will be the greater pain...?
Either way as things stand
Your beloved son still becomes
A child of the dirt...

POEM 153

VOICE OF THE FACE

The face
My hearts desire
I have yet to see
With mine eyes
In this world

Yes the face,
Long has been
My heart 's rhythm
And has forever
Ruled over me...

This heart of mine
Beating madness
Caught in a game
Is love unrealized...
Or the fool

Whichever ...
This strange girl
Inflicts wounds
When she speaks
Who are you...?

Introduced by art
The fever of my love
Burns within me
Is this the one....?
I wonder..

I don't know her
She stays removed
Veiled in shyness
She still remains
Just a voice...

POEM 154

EXAMINING LIFE

Amazing life
Every part

And with living
Questions arise...

With answers
More questions...

Always in motion
Always examining.

POEM 155

THE TRUE FACE OF LIFE

When I am near the stage
Of my desired
Completion...
I am worried...

Still all these faces...
Motionless pictures
In this album ...
My memories.

Hundreds of faces...
Different in race
Shades of hair
Color of eyes

In my confusion...
Faces now roads
Leading on
To perfection.

Miles of stone roads...
Ahead a face
Beautiful...
My beloved face...

All of these faces
Helping me on
To reach you
My perfection...

I am still searching
Walking onward...
Direction
Always the same.

Leading to one place...
Your lovely face...
Face of peace ...
Face of my life.

POEM 156

DEFEATED BROTHER!!

To be Whole...
A complete human being
How much greater?

I ponder the question
Walking the rows of stone
Honored graves well kept

And then the answer came
How lucky these dead were
For their faith well represented

In this heaven so beautiful
Walking along the paths
All these graves flower adorned

POEM 157

FRIEND OF HUNDREDS

The one...
Looks at me
Seems you...

The one...
Sweetly smiles
Seems you...

Always
The feeling
Something missing...
The one...
You.

And I say...
This is you...
That is you...
Here is you...
There is you...

And in
This and that
I became
Friend of hundreds

POEM 158
IN THE NAME OF DIGNITY

Small the issue
By God ...

In appearance
Human beings
But by nature
Brutal animals

Not keeping our heads
Like the ancient savages
With enemy's skull cups
We drink their blood

POEM 159
TO W. SHAKE SPEARE

(In front of his statue in Stratford)

In my sin
I will live
For none can deny
Your greatness.

But my work...
Deserving of such
Appreciation
I believe.

Yet my name
Can not be found
Anywhere among
The list of the greats
This country ...  
Statues are erected  
Honoring great works  
Beloved National Monuments

My mouth  
Grows dumb of songs  
For the soul of Khushal  
May deservingly stone my ego...

POEM 160

THE FACES OF VOICE

See the faces  
Lined by mourning  
And past cruelties.  
Oh you death...  
Your damage done

Now forever crying ...  
There was a time  
These were mouths  
Sweetly sang  
And recited poems.

Once these ideal faces  
With sweet voices  
Reaching out to me  
Now are only alive  
In thought's depths

I remember...  
The beautiful faces  
Kabul radio in the air  
And sweet voices calling  
Come to the island of dreams.

POEM 161

WHAT TO NAME?

(A True Afghan story)

My head  
Dirt covered  
Lamenting father  
Grief prostrate

New grave  
My son slain  
Innocent sweet soul  
Wasted life...
A whisper on the wind ...

"oh Papa.. Cry not!
I am no longer
The poor farmer."

"I am now a prince
At home with God
And one day
You shall see."

Old Afghan,
Quite near
Speaking softly
Eulogizing

"This sad day
Now comes,
My son...
Prince of men
Now has gone
At home with God"

Old Afghan continued..
Voice now quaking
Sad his lament.

My mind's eye
Saw not my son
I saw ...Satan,
But as a child
Playing at our home
Gul Kako
My son called
With great love.

No longer
Prince of men
This childhood friend
Could not I see
Only this Satan
Killer of my son

POEM 162

IS THIS LOVE?

Am I correct
Was I placed
In your heart
Secretly
Long ago

I have wondered
This feeling
Is it your heart
Opening
Finally...

You, undefeated
Have control
Your heart closes
Uncertain,
I am left.

POEM 163

WEAKNESS

So great my effort
I am driven
Barriers break
I must always be first

So many friends lost
As I covet ...
Pain inflicted
The blame is mine, alone

So strong my vanity
No lover's line
Will there be
Desire me above all

POEM 164

THE PROMISE OF PHARAOH

Is it possible
Humanity's requirements
Could be fulfilled
And yet the people
Be sent to hell
By God's hand

Impatient
Were these Pharaohs
They could not wait
For Heaven made by God
But in man's vanity
Decided to make their own

They constructed
False paradises  
Self made monuments  
Where women were their angels  
That comforted them  
And riches quenched their thirst

POEM 165

DAUGHTER OF PHARAOH

" Oh Shauq!  
Weak of courage..  
Tell me...  
How will you tolerate  
The extreme burning  
Of my beauty...  
Like Pharaoh's Daughter  
With boiling blood  
Coursing in my veins  
Nourishing me...  
As the Nile does Egypt?"

Thunderous the voice  
Which speaks to me  
And I am set aflame  
With one look at her

Her power is youth  
With a sparkling smile  
Crystal laughter  
And eyes of deep concern

But this girl ...Cleopatra  
Lived in a snake's shadow  
Now lessens the distances  
Between the ages

These eyes now behold  
The angel of Caesar's soul  
Attacked at the heart  
Submitted defeat

By your great beauty  
I am now enslaved  
Demander of love  
Destines history's repeat

POEM 166

AT THE RISK OF BROKEN FEELINGS

It is an admission...
A day of judgement may come

But is it possible ...
The dwellers of Muddy houses
Equal in courage
May spend their life
As human beings.

Or...
Is to great the risk
To Pashto's dignity
In this course.

POEM 167

AT THE DEATH OF AN ADMIRER

The one...
Who made opened
Closed paths of life
For me

The one...
Encouraging
To walk ahead
Bravely

Today...
Bad fortune has come
In mourning
I stand

Sadly..
In tears of prayer
At the grave ...
The one

Heart cries
Feelings of great loss
Seeking peace
But where...

I stand...
Tombstones of the dead
Around me
Alone.

POEM 168

THE VALUE OF LIFE HERE

When gone...
I pride myself
Thinking ...
I would be
Held dear by my people

Whenever...
The broken graves
Sadly...
I gaze at
I feel of little worth

My value ...
Merely pennies
Because...
Those now dead
Valueless to my nation..
That known to be a marshal

**POEM 169**

**THE ACCUSED OF FACTS... GALILEO**

Closed eyes of justice
The church of old
Lacking understanding
Condemned you

That judgement
Would sentence me
Also a criminal

The crimes ....
Enlightenment
I eat ...wear ...
And stay in that light...
Brightened by the sun

And when night falls
Still I stay in that light
Be it by the moon
Or by the lamp.

**POEM 170**

**TO MICHAEL ANGELO**

(In front of his naked statue)

In the deep concern
And love of art
This sculpture
Given to life
By stone and marble
You ...
Maker of angels
A muse of Satan.

And here....
In stone you stand
So alive
Prepared to breath
Attractive
Looked upon
By the ladies
Who salute you

POEM 171
THE HOLLY CITY'S FRAUD LIFE

There...
Fraud is art ...
Its relationships
Lust and love
Where their values
Survive by selfishness

The naughty girls of Rome
Without money
Nor possessions
Knows nothing
But drinking
And hot hugging

POEM 172
EMPTY POCKET

The one quoted
Often by me
Model to others
Lover as I am
Went away...

Why...

Her hand raised
My pocket empty
Spoke words of hate
Turning away
Heading towards the Bazaar.
POEM 173

IN THE RHYTHM OF MOZART

Feel it
These scenes
The singing
Sweet music
In the rhythm of Mozart

For me
So strange
My weaving
In great joy
In the rhythm of Mozart

Am I
Mozart
Incarnate
Writing words
In the rhythm well I know.

POEM 174

MILES STONES

Unaware....
The sweet effects
That her loving
Has had on me.

Sometimes...
Intense the feelings
As I reach out
To find myself.

Something
Always follows ...
I try to escape
Keeping on the move

Looking...
There left behind
Path of foot prints
My mile stones.

POEM 175

AS PER THE FALSE SAY

(Keeping Afghani Jehad in view)

What do you want?
Whom do you fight?

Questioning...
Armed soldiers
Make no reply
Glancing about
With strange eyes.

Everyone questions
No one answers
What is the truth
The cause for fighting

All these brothers
Ready to kill
Each under falsehood's
Sacred saying

"If your mother
Childless make
Soldier of honored
He who wins
And should you die
By your brother's hand
A declared martyr
You will be."

POEM 176

TO NATASHA

You did not inspire
Face of flower's beauty ...
Well hidden thorns.
Tore my hearts flesh
Feeling your cuts...
I keep to myself
My heart to protect.
But always you follow...
Like a Shadow.

POEM 177

TODAY'S HUMAN BEING

" As much as
Desire evil for others
Require good for yourself"
These virtues
Now practiced
By human beings
The Iblis became Satan
In place of the angel

POEM 178

THE NIGHT MEMORIES

I've been thinking
There is no other
Throughout this world
That burns with desire
As I do.
Then I notice
They are coming
Sister's of fire
Now burn round me
Each a flame
Now I'm alive
These flames of beauty
With burning coals
Of sweet desire's fire
Searing me.
And now I am ashes
Floating in the wind
Sweet memories
Jane...Christy ...Tina
My past flames.

POEM 179

ONE BODY .. BUT DIFFERENT PARTS

This body...dead
Short your stay
Soldier...
With head of Pashtoon
Arms of Tajik and Uzbek
Legs of Hazara and Darri
The nation of Afghan
With oneness and equity
Would never advance

POEM 180

THE HUMAN OF 21st CENTURY

From...
Wearing leaves
Living in caves
Of the mountains
Or in the jungle.
The desire for more
Were not as we have
The beauty of the life
May be viewed different
Think...
If equally educated
No competition
Nor need for advancement
To have a conscience
Oh but have...
True humanity
An end to blood shed
By the human hands
To have peace in the 21st century.

POEM 181

BUSHES GROW

The time
Different
Yet they chopped off necks
For their head adorned necklaces
Last night
Deal done
And by your good luck
Businessmen have left your head
Night passed
Day came
The sun has appeared
Over the great mountain peaks

The State
Grave yards
Yet new bushes grow
Bringing hope for a new life

POEM 182

THE INCIDENT

(The assassination of Dr. Najeeb)
Never forget...
Heart breaking...!
You neighbors
Like animals
Satisfied
Your Blood lust
By hanging
That white hair old man
A shame to all
Those three days
This keeper of the peace
In the main street hung.

Khyber Gateway – http://www.khyber.org  Twist of Fates
POEM 183

BETWEEN ME & YOU

In matters of love...
I am moving
Towards madness
Leaving behind
Myself...
You're advancing
Slower than a snail
Yet true lover we be

POEM 184

TIGERS LOST

I seem awake...
The streets
Of the village
Are filled
With dogs barking.
Why the dogs ...?
Where have the tigers gone?
I was amazed
Seeing dogs
Blood dripping...
Mouths wounded.
Again ...
I dream
With hopes of seeing
A better future ..
But the dream...
Again dogs barking
Hidden now in skins
Like camels.
Perhaps ...
The skins a disguise
To escape their enemies
And leave undetected
Later ...
Members of my nation
Were burdened with sorrows
Worries and deprivation.
All the poor ...
Belted by the neck…
Like meek sheep,
Being led to slaughter
POEM 185

SIGN OF LOVE

A description of your hate
As you look at me
With the rude eyes
Biting red lips in anger,
But in your movement
I see something
Hidden deep inside
Is this a sign of love

POEM 186

DETACHING FROM YOU

When I look upon
That small green tattoo
Star of your forehead
You should know
Oh my sweet friend..!
I am like a thief
Trying to steal
The taste of love
One by one
The sweet colors
Of your youth
While hiding
From your eyes.

POEM 187

LIFE

If you want to
Seek the meaning of life
In the name of God...
Close the book
And Prepare yourself
To face the storm.
Search the universe
With your eyes ...
Paint yourself
In different colors..
Soon Your soul
Shall begin to thirst
At all you view....
Peaks of mountains
Capped in snow...
Beaches of sand
At ocean's edge...
Rivers flowing
To land yet seen...
Fountains of water
In green isle parks...
Your throat so parched
Your heart sticks.
As if life's beauty
Is the maker of thirst.
You are now the caravan
Thirsty with desires
Always seeking...
Never reaching...

POEM 188
LIFE AND ME
Will
Keeps me
Moving...
Searching on...
Crazed....
Wounded...
Disturbed...
Series of pain...
But
Trying...
Hoping...
Better the life.

POEM 189
LIFE IS NOT LESS THEN HELL
I believe
Unfair is sin...
The commission
Hell bound ...
We tolerate
The hard times ...
Amazingly...
No one knows
The cause of their crime
Making difficult
This passing through life

POEM 190
LIFE ..OR FALSE HEAVEN?
All life's experience
Sources of beauty
Hider of ugliness  
The creator of dreams...  
Each dream holds  
Hundreds of meanings..  
Things we see  
Seem heavenly in nature  
People of paradise  
Always silence  
Never professing  
This is true heaven.  
Heaven of life  
Is held in balance  
By the hells of living.  
Every step taking  
A challenge awaits....

POEM 191

WHITE FLAG

Fading myself  
Into different colors  
Fond of beautiful faces  
Seeking fulfillment  
While gathering  
All of these colors...  
These beauties of life  
To find my inner peace.  
Now Wishing...  
For a white of flag  
For peace and prosperity  
To wave against the darkness.

POEM 192

I ... YOU

I ...  
Human  
Like you..  
Body  
Feels  
Effects...  
Winter  
Summer  
Spring  
And the fall.  
I ...  
Eat  
Breath  
Still...  
Me
You
Different...
You ...
Within
Silent
Still
Eyes
A mirror
I...
Burdened
Feel
Regard
Longs
Drawn
Towards you

POEM 193

THE DEAD BODY WILL FOLLOW

The blood of your brother
Now stains your hands red!
Conscious sleeping ...?
Deadly human being...!
When you took the knife
Did it come to your heart
The one you wish to kill?
Did you dream this someone
Perhaps had a home
Wife ...children...?
Didn’t you feel a life
Flesh of someone’s heart
With a small world of his own?
As you raised your hand
Was your brain was silent...?
Didn’t you realize?
Now do you cry
At your tragic mistake
Or feel pride in killing?
How will you ever be at peace
Or remove from your memory
Such an act of cruelty?
May your conscious
Beat you with stones
As you run to escape.
But I say to you
Remember this well
There will be no hiding place.
You are like the thief
Trying to hide even in shadow
But shall one day be found out.
I am certain of your doom
With each breath you'll be haunted.
Followed by the body of the dead.

POEM 194

**SUBMISSION OF HEAD**

It is your choice..
Consider me yours
Or not...
But
Oh my friend...!
I like a Hindu
In the church
Of your thoughts...
Submitting my head
Again and again.

POEM 195

**YOUR GODLINESS NOT YET REVEALED**

Whenever...
My heart wishes to fly
My hands like wings
Begin to fly...
Like blowing air
Moving them faster
Higher in the sky
Fly ..fly...fly
The last of my will spent
My wings become stiff
Darkness covers my eyes
I am stalled...
Everything before me fades
Deprived of feelings
I become static in space
So I pray ...
Almighty God
Far off this place you live
Away from human existence
In the centuries of journey
The distance between unending
Though the closer I strive
Your Godliness yet revealed.

POEM 196

**MISGUIDED PASSENGER**

Oh friend of mine...!
When I sit back
The horse of thoughts
Gallops onward
Towards the fountain
But You are not there
Wiping sweat from brow
I speak to him
My friend
With words quaking...
"My eyes
Have yet to see
The girl who laughs
And speaks to me
On the phone"
As I uttered
These words
He smiles
With a wry look
Speaks these words
"Mr. Shauq...!
You are a poet
The passenger
Who runs after mirages
In the desert of life"

POEM 197

PEOPLE WITH CUT HEADS

I remember....
Yesterday
Heads were attached
I remember also...
How they moved
Talk and laugh...
It happened suddenly
Everyone found
Carrying their head.
Blood dripped down
All seeming to say
What is the cause...?
No one aware
These heads are dead
Their mouths sewn shut
Void of speech
Their eyes closed,
Still they are walking
The dead keeps moving
Human beings shoulders hanging
Unable to restore life to the head
POEM 198

IN SECRET

Tell me friend...
If the people in your life
Consider me your friend
Remove my name
From your heart,
But if they don’t...
Then my name will
Stay written with yours
As it is on the walls,

Fulfill love’s demands
And let the world
Be against us
Saying whatever they wish.

POEM 199

VERSES OF POEMS

I feel spiritual unrest
You are the queen
Who holds state over my heart
Each night brings dreams
The delegation of sweet feelings
Like the presentation of red lei
When morning comes,
The dreams inspire my writing
In these verses of poems

POEM 200

DOUBT IN FAITH IS SIN

Neither
I am a Hindu
Nor you stone statue
Can preach...
Though I have yet
Demanded from you
The things which prove faith
Like the praying virtue
Of puja pat and ashnan...

Doubting in your love
I am considered
By many blinded
Faithless sinner
Like an atheist.
I rub my forehead
Day and night
And submit to God
But people will doubt
My faith be true.

POEM 201

DEPART FROM ADVANCEMENT

As I remove
The dust
From the face of peace,
Wiping clear the creases...
I see bloody faces
Seeming to be human
But having the teeth of beasts.

POEM 202

AMAZING ADDRESS

In the name of whom
I truly dedicating my poetry...
Today...
Her voice recites my verse
She asked me
The meaning of my verse
Not recognizing it was her address
Amazingly ...

POEM 203

STRANGE GLOBALIZATION

The people who title
The world as a village
Mentioned...

" All the countries
On this globe are
Like houses
In one village
And should have
Their streets open"
In truth,
Enormous walls
Surround their cities
Not allowing others to enter
Claiming its for protection sake
POEM 204

THIEF FEELINGS

So many times
I caught your eyes
Stealing glances...
I witness the green tattoo
On your chin
But oh my friend...!
I remained silent like thief
Though I had this longing
To reveal these feelings of your love.

POEM 205

HUMAN DISTANCE

Distance decreasing
The world is squeezed
Like a village
Over populated
People choose
Whom they know
And those they visit
And avoid the rest.
This rough soil village
And hard mountains
Rained soaked
Binds them.
Like Venice
With rivers for streets
Houses appearing so close
Yet so hard to reach.

POEM 206

FAIRY OF LORELAI ROCK

Someone said ...
I don't wish to die
I need more time
Some are afraid
Of the angel of death
Will someday come
Some wish to escape
Your sweet songs...
Covering their ears
You are known to them
Legendary is your fame
Singing in river Rien
It's said your song
POEM 207

TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

For you the world not flat
You stepped out
To prove it around
I too try to see past lore
The difference
You traveled freely
Like an eagle
But oh my master...
This traveler trapped
Hundreds of borders
Blocking my way
This is forbidden,
These the restrictions
Keeps me from following
Like travelers of yesterday
It would be my wish
To go to the world's corners
The white flag of peace
The banner I'd carry
Removing all the borders.
And have human kind
Could join together
Like centuries before.

POEM 208

MURDER

I thought
Hurry ...get up
The murderer
Is coming ...

Khyber Gateway – http://www.khyber.org  Twist of Fates
Driven..
I wish to attack.
Eyes of anger
Day turns black
I arose...
Fearing death
Nervously...
Taking the knife
Yes...
I could attack
The chest exposed
I have my chance.
Suddenly...
I lunge
A noise
The mirror shatters.

POEM 209

BEGGING HEART

From the fountains
To the river edge
To the sea's beaches
I present
This begging heart
For love's sake
Uncertain the thirst
Like a dry desert
This heart yearns.
And comes to the water
Again and again...

POEM 210

GLOBAL SIGN

(Dedicated to Dr. Ouahiba Sakani Afzal)
All were welcome
Not only
Phlorita,
Eqood,
Rana
And Madiha
Even Munuela,
Besnic,
Buba
Luo Mai
Along with
Sofis
And Po Samnang
All came
To join in the rhythm
Of hearts uniting
Great singers
Like Khalid,
Nawal,
And Pascal
Singing sweet songs
Also,
Khudeja,
Manal,
Mona
And Khatona
Singing
Traditional Arabic songs
The beating Thumbel
Bidding ...
Daughter of Pharaoh
Queen of Egypt
For love's sake
Places her crown
At the feet
Of a Pashtoon Caesar

POEM 211

DESIRE OF A HUMAN

Apart from
Life's worries
I have in my heart
The wish for peace.
I am held down
By the teeth of time
Which bites at me
I live with this desire
Unending want
Desiring fulfillment.

POEM 212

SILENT LOVE

It is my heart's wish
To open every secret
Lesson the burden
All to you ...
I am without courage
In silence I keep love
Fearing you might
Declare me selfish.
POEM 213  
A COMPLAINT... BUT TO WHOM...?

To whom  
Do I complain  
Is it here...?  
People living round me  
Whom my heart reaches  
Trying to beat as one  
Run from me  
I present songs of love  
Played on my heart's violin  
But they would rather  
Dance for money.

POEM 214  
TEETH IN THE HEART

I take care of you  
Being a lover  
Tolerating your sweet  
But cruel actions  
But when you smile  
I feel brutal teeth  
Have grown in your heart  
Ready to gnaw me.

POEM 215  
LIKE WOLVES

Amazing...  
Is it not?  
Human beings  
Reaching the moon  
And beyond...  
Strange...  
People of dignity  
Prosperity  
Sword and faith  
Now against joining  
The brightness  
Of the 21st century  
Proudly...  
In the name of holly war  
With hands and mouths  
They feed on blood  
Acting not like human kind  
But the wolves  
Entering the sheep herd
POEM 216

CRIMINAL

I long to see...
Yet...
Everywhere ...
Walls ...
Blocking our way
Rivers that can't be cross
Mountains to high to climb
Worries harp at me
We are encircled
In this dance
Of confinement.
With all these restrictions
We, free human beings
Are treated like a criminals
Imprisoned for crimes
Not of our commission
Stealing our freedom.

POEM 217

MARSHAL PASHTOON

When somebody
Proudly mentions
Their heritage
I become sadden
My tongue tied
Unable to speak
With the realization
" Except for sentences of history
Nothing else is left behind...
Of my forefathers
Proving me
As a marshal Pashtoon"

POEM 218

AS YOU WISH

If you are not a thief,
Then...
Hiding out
In the night..
Avoiding days
Giving yourself
A ghostly face
POEM 219

WHEN TO END THE JOURNEY?

We seek ways
To each other
The journey
Grows longer
The distance
Never shortens.
While its true
Both of us
Keep a love
In our hearts
From long ago

POEM 220

A GREAT WONDER

What is human kind ?
What is its value ?
What is its purpose ?
The answers...
Often considered weak
Human kind
In acts of kindness
Reveals God's greatness

POEM 221

NOT ACCUSED

You wish
To see yourself
In the heart of others
Like the flower
Kept in the hair
I believe
You are not at fault
You tend to your beauty
With care and concern

POEM 222

MONA LISA

Unknown...
The nature of
Your sweet smile.
I left thinking
You the girl
I meet in dreams
I ... Leonardo
After centuries
Again came to you
Unfortunately...
Doomed circumstance
Forbids my claim.
Several times
I've been reborn
Different of face
While you
Forever remain
The same face.

POEM 223

LOVE ENDS DIFFERENCES

Its me and you
Who seek to quench
This thirst of hungry hearts
Seeming the same in thoughts
Respecting each other
Beloved ....
Struggling like a man
When you look at me
I want to fight
For women rights
Though I am a man

POEM 224

LOVE AND BLOOD

"The one
Who laughs at you
Is your well wisher
But the one who cries
For your damn condition
Is your enemy."
This your twisted
Criteria of justice
Oh my dear brother...!
By love and blood bound
How can I prove
Being so caught up
Crying for your terrible life
Makes it impossible
For you to hear
The cries of Pashto.
POEM 225

UNspoken Truth

Our father
For your sake
We should be called
Illegitimate,
We your people
Members of this nation
Have been burnt
By deceptive smiles
Of False angels
Our culture
Dignity
And virtue
In ashes.

POEM 226

Isn't It Strange...?

In daylight we hurry
Towards the night
Hiding who we truly are
From everyone
Even ourselves
People of the night
Walking in nightmares
Hiding from nothing
Awake to the day
With open eyes

POEM 227

Listen My Friend...!

I have noticed,
With thin fingers
You scratch at your hand
Staring that blank stare
As if writing something
Or wanting to remove
The lines of your luck
Why...?
I do not understand...
Secrets you keep hidden
In the depths of your heart
But time is passing...
And still you keep silent
As if I have spoke out to the air
All of my life.
POEM 228

WORRIES

I made my way to her heart
Fixed on her eyes
I stepped beside her
Trying to get closer.
I saw her true face
Terror struck me
I began to sweat
My body quaking.
Broke into pieces
I could not run
My legs stiffened
Not knowing what to do?
Fear held me motionless
The Yupa before me
Eyes like burning coals
Shot flames from her nose
Like a dragon

POEM 229

DUTCH SOCIAL WORK

"Whenever someone
Comes to my door step,
I don't leave him
Empty handed...
I quench his thirst
Feed his hunger
With my talents
Called love...
I am a woman...
This is my task"
So she said,
To a thirsty man
Stepping towards her
Dry mouth open
Begging...
She hugged him
And took him
Behind the curtain
With sweet smiles
Working...

POEM 230

THERE IS NO TREE
I am keen
To take rest
Under a tree...
Oh the cruelty,
This desert life
There is no tree
Appearing.

POEM 231
SLEEPING NATION

Few the men
For the sake
Of the nation
Went to sleep
Forever...
Opened eyed Mother
Lamented the loss
The nation's people
Time passing
Vast numbers
Still sleeping

POEM 232
MOURNFUL SONG

( To the soul of Bacha khan)
The grave of Papa
Surrounded ...
The Pashtoon girls
Eyes blood red
Tossing the grave's soil
Upon their heads
Speaking in sobs
The streets of life
Now empty without you.
Houses like graves ...
Life presents nothing
Just cruel gifts
Oh great Papa..!
We are at patient's end
The eyes of Pashtoon women
Searching you out
The streets of life
Now empty without you.
Mournful the cries
After your death
Nothing but soil left ...
Pashtoons homes in ruins
We come to beseech
Oh great Papa..!
Please arise...
See the world's people
As they clap and laugh
At your children
The streets of life
Now empty without you.
Your proud sons
Still bound by ropes
The bracelets of adornment
Are now broken
We shall never
Wear them again
Unless our men
Wake up
Come great Papa...!
The streets of life
Now empty without you.

POEM 233

LOVE AND CHOICE

Our homes
Situated such
That I see you
And you see me
Looks we give
Never to touch
Living silently
On separate islands
Water of asphalt
Between us
Life choices
Keeping us apart,
As we are
The dweller of Venice

POEM 234

HAIKOS

The cause will fulfill
Pashtoons humane
Homeland finding peace.

I know you too well
You cant express
But keep me in thought.

Like the flesh and knife
Benefit some
Innocent Pashtoons.

Scarcely in this life
Happy feelings
Keep staying in huts.

I offer my heart
Wish you to stay
Take it as a hut.

We know each other
Since life on earth
Like kindred spirits.

How can I catch you
Truly a fairy
Keeps flying always.

POEM 235
AFGHAN WOUNDED

Afghan wounded
Seeking treatment
You medicate...
But you must know
This is a wound
Never to heal
Oh doctor...!
Pain now
Their nature ...
And nature
Never changes.

POEM 236
HIDDEN THIEF

People running
From one another
By choice
Happy they seems
Selfishness ..
The nature of the thief
Which separates them.

POEM 237
YET TO BE FOUND

Possibilities of color
Yet to be found...
Taste undiscovered
Yet to be relished...
Heart's of love
Still awaits...
Tongues sweet words
Yet to be spoken...

POEM 238
SPANISH EYES

Amazing eyes
Were they...
Like glasses
Poison filled,
Eyebrows like
The scorpion.
Snakes surely
Hidden within ...
Whenever
A glance
She cast
Arrows I release
With my eyes....
The Young Spanish girl
Presented a sweet smile
And said...
"Don't look upon us
As you do ...
Otherwise,
The sweet effects
Of our beauty
Will send you walking
In the footsteps
Of a Picasso."

POEM 239
WORDS FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER

Once in my heart
An idea came
I would jump
From The Eiffel Tower
Freezing in mid air
And shout to God...
Add more time to those lives
Who seek world peace
Struggling for prosperity
Risking their life ...
But my idea changed
Hearing the request
Of this Eiffel...
" Don't do this act
Oh young man...!
I shall never rest
From the blame
Of those people
Who took their life
From my heights."

POEM 240

**HUMA**

Blessed by beauty
Proud young girl
Wings have grown
Like the Huma...
Follow your fear
Do not shadow me
Or your heart be taken
When I become your king

POEM 241

**POET TRAVELER**

Unsure....
Your true face
Sometimes
Jane
Yupa
Sara
Natasha
Or Venessa
Kaiko
Choi
Azra
Mohesh Wori
Chang
And Joana ...
But not the one...
Still traveling
Tiring the journey
Each new island
Adds to my madness.
This picture...You
The face of dreams...
Haunting my thoughts
I will seek you
In all the world
Traveling all my life.

POEM 242

UNFORGETTABLE WINTER OF AUSTRIA

Playing like a child
Hidden in the clouds
White silky snow
The Sun lacking warmth
Cold winds blowing
Making life difficult,
Yet...
These hot girls of Europe
Change winter into summer
Setting men's hearts aflame
Now I too am burning
Caught up in their fire.

POEM 243

HOPE FOR PEACE

You…
The one
So cruel
Tolerance lost
Yet I stay
Holding on
Each storm
So destructive
Yet I know
With the rain
Lands once parched
Becomes prosperous

POEM 244

NEAR COMPLETION

I feel
I am in love...
But with whom...?
Who is she really...?
Queen of my dreams
From the island thoughts
Her face a puzzle...
Near completion.

POEM 245

A STRANGE PEACE
All these men ...  
Claimed  
Answers for the world's ills  
A way to peace  
Each different in behavior  
Saint Frances  
Mussolini  
Churchill  
Hitler  
Their idealism often reborn  
In others...  
Upon their forehead  
I viewed a sign for peace  
A strange peace...  
Appearing,  
In the creases of  
The Europeans forehead  
But  
Based on commercial smiles.

POEM 246

ONE SOLDIER TOLD ME THAT

I will not see to the sun  
My eyes refuse  
I am not blind  
My eyes healthy  
Never the light  
Do I see...  
My life darkness  
Living in shadows  
I, another pack wolf  
Fighting with dogs  
All of us human.

POEM 247

ONE HUNDRED FACES

Eyes desire to see ...  
How will he know  
His heart's desire  
Ninety nine faces  
Has he seen  
The hundredth face  
The one...  
Yet to claim  
In the name of God  
Who seems faceless...  
But to feel.
POEM 248

THE LAST PRAYER

I pray
May God
Sacrifice
One by one ...
All those people
Following Satan.
Those People
Disguised
As bringing peace
Prosperity ...
Brightness...
Distributing their smiles
Through the pain
And suffering of others.

POEM 249

MY NATION'S ASTRAY

Their way ...
Undesired destination
A hungry nation cries
Their mouths open
Like a beggar's cup.
And now...
The caravan passes
The people beg
Condolences
Push us forward
New thinking
Enemies influence
Ways open
For people
To be hell bound.
They are still too weak
A captive community
Not seeing the shadows
Preventing their release
Corrupting their nation.

POEM 250

THE LOST WAYS

Man of dignity
Turban for his crown,
Also has seen
The faces of my past.
The picture of today...
Tearing at his clothes
Dirt his crown
Sorrow the way of life.
Once my guide
Now but a dream
I am lost ...
In search of my past.

POEM 251

PLAY OF THE TIME

Each play
Reaches an end ...
God ...
This play of killing
Between humans...
Will it end ...
When...?
For humanity's sake
These brutal animals
Ferocious in nature...
Will they ever
Be removed ...?
Or ...
Will they fight
Throughout time
Like useless dogs.
Never knowing
The true meaning
Of humanity.

POEM 252

BROKEN HOPES

I move on...
Exhaustion plagues me
Sweet thoughts...
Feelings...
Comes to my heart .
Taking my broken hopes,
Heavy the bundle,
Upon my weak shoulders.
I proceed slowly
Stumbling as I go.
POEM 253  
**INNOCENCE LOST**

Unlike the angels,  
Humans ...  
By God's gift  
Free will ...  
Select their path.  
Hoping ...  
It leads to heaven  
But  
At the second turn of  
Greedy wishes,  
More often they find  
The road towards hell.

POEM 254  
**BLIND JUSTICE**

(The one who grievances first is right)  
Even though...  
They presented to court  
The blood stained Knife  
The tool of slaying  
Leaving the man a corpse.  
With all the evidence  
There is no conviction  
Justice for the dead denied  
Shouts arise pleading...  
Yet the judge remains deaf.

POEM 255  
**BRUTAL NEW AGE**

The tree...  
With shadow cool  
Seems grown  
For this purpose.  
A place to retire  
And rest a while  
Sheltered from  
The scorching sun.  
Where now you know sit.  
Look you ...  
Master of a new era...!  
Destroyer of your city.  
Left neither walls  
Nor roofs standing.  
From this tree's shade
Your resting spot...
Do you see the flames
The ruins you left behind?

POEM 256

THE ROSE

This rose
The memories
Sweetness...
Lovely the effects
Bringing me joy.
The red rose
Growing in my heart.
This beauty.
Many its thorns.
Able to prick and scar.
Yet still I cultivate
In farm of my heart.

POEM 257

THE OTHER MAN

Her eyes like needles
Which pierce
With Critical smile
She is silent.
A man unlike to me
Flashes in her eyes
When I look at her

POEM 258

THE DREAM

The dream...
I saved myself
Driven by fear
Out running
The brutal dogs.
As I looked back...
Things became strange
The dogs became human
Staring in anger
Snarling...
These dogs ...
Who came to my dreams
Wore the faces of mankind
Ready to inflict pain.
POEM 259

HOPING.. GOOD DAYS

Amazing...isn't it?
The poor trapped
Empty handed
As centuries pass.
They work the soil
Growing crops
Never tiring
Heads in submission
Living in hope
The time will come
For their success
Never quitting.
The dusty wind
Moves in circles
Like fairy's rings
That grows in Spring.
Circles of nature
Always returning
The promise of hope
Good days to come.

POEM 260

SUPERSTITIOUS CONFOUNDED

Sometimes
It happens...
Like that
I see my face
Grown up
On the body of some else
But yet...
Ask myself surprisingly
Is it really me ....
This human being
Superstitious confounded
Barks out at me
Like a dog.

POEM 261

JUSTICE

It is a fact
There are no shortages
No lack of anything
For the advantaged.
But for the poor
They wanting ...
Bellies empty.
Oh Almighty God...!
Where is the justice?

POEM 262

GODDESS OF MY LOVE

You...
Face so different
Written upon my heart
This thirst of feelings ...
Catching in my throat
My hopes you kill.
Still demands
Eternal this love
My head I submit...
Before you I come
Again and again
Accepting you as my Goddess.

POEM 263

AGE COUNTS

Girls still look at me
And though they smile...
Their eyes speak
A multitude of words.
Once offering me hearts
No longer I see
My age revealed
By the creases of time
I feel my insides
Breaking into pieces.
The hope of the dream...
Vanishes in a cold sigh.

POEM 264

LIKE ANIMALS

Living in the city ....
Where hearts are hidden
People live in fear
Danger on every corner
So many are there
Not truly human ...
Always threatening
Like animals
To the jungle
They should go
To live with their kind
Removed from the city.

POEM 265

PASHTOON AND ARAB GIRLS

Pashtoon girls
Like the snow
Melt under the sun
Still sitting outside
Each afternoon
Growing older
Remaining silent
Never claimed.
While Arab girls
Like flames of fire
Well protected
Burn their men
Like the fires of the hell
Tormenting them
Offered for
And claimed
Feeling free.

POEM 266

STORY OF A DREAM

Ceremony
Undoubtedly...
But unaware
It was a hunt.
Man of a ridged society
I am caught up...
They came down
Unlike fairies
From the sky.
I, alone looked human
The smiles were sweet
Eyes of beauty
Shooting arrows
Killing glances.
I became wounded
Ever increasing the hits
My heart compromised...
In need of medication.
Oh great the pain
And still this sweetness
Increasing about me....
Intoxicating me.
Who were these hunters
Accurate in aiming
Striking again and again
Where did they originate
I the game of the hunt
Found there a great joy
Spiritual peace
And freedom.

POEM 267
FOR THE SAKE OF AN ANSWER

Whenever
I remember ...
The nation
The honors...
A question arises.
Aren't we a disgrace...?
We, who keep silent
As advancement are made
Which would make
Our nation and Pashto
Hold their head high.

POEM 268
BRUTAL HUMAN BEING

Animals with human skin
Vicious your behavior
So brutal...
Tearing at your fellow man
Like raw meat
Drinking blood
Like it is water.

POEM 269
GENERATIONS

I ...
Now too
Grow older.
Time...
Steps fall
Then vanish
Life...
Loses taste
Sweetness sours.
Death ...
The end
Food for worms

POEM 270
HUMANITARIAN

A True Humanitarian...
Is not sentimental
Proposing love
With useless speeches.
But takes action
Clearing paths over grown
Blocking the good road.
Helping his fellow man.

POEM 271
DEATH OF MY DREAM

Death to my dream
My heart broke
With each of her hugs.
Great my sorrow
Sweet her smiles
Gentle her laughter
All killing me.
And she unaware.
Instead of me
Another walks her side.
Forever my enemy
Killer of my hopes.
Ever my beloved ...
Tracking you through the ages
Haunting my dreams.
Driving me to madness.
This the moment to meet
First in a thousand lifetimes
Cruel is my fate ...
She with another not with me.

POEM 272
OBSERVATIONS OF LOVE

There...
Love enjoyed freely
Like fashion and make up
Always changing
Like the weather
Here...
Love is restricted
Acts of affection hidden
Things remain covered
Doors remain closed.
Yet...
Lover's hearts beat
For love's honor
Ready to sacrifice
All for its sake.

POEM 273

EFFECT OF LOVE

This Love is true
Otherwise Shauq...!
Where are you...?
Lost...
Like a Stone
Among the Pashtoon mountains
Where are the beloved...
With gentle behavior
Like the deer
A culture of humanity
Gone ...
Cut down
Like the huge Forest
That once covered Africa.

POEM 274

IDOL PREACHERS

People of the past
Shouting one God ...
Preachers
Proud to be called …
The followers of holly faith
But now a days
The followers of same faith,
Seem standing before
These small
And money-oriented gods
And never tiring.
But above all
In submission to these idols,
They don't like to be named
Atheists… as they are.
POEM 275

IMAGE OF HATE

Split into...
The one...
Boiling with anger
Hate...
The other...
Cold as ice
Hate...
Looking in the mirror
Two become one
Both are you.

POEM 276

DOOMED TRAVELER

Its good
I have no wings
Otherwise
I would be doomed...
Flying so high
To reach the moon…
My wings scorched
By the radiate sun
Because I
Being human
Like others have
The nature of greed.

POEM 277

MIND'S QUESTION

With the early humans
Began the age of brutality
Living in caves
Life was a struggle
Killing was all they knew
The only way to survive
Savages....
Now...?
Some things never change.
The age of brutality continues...
Still they live in caves
Killing one another
Though there is other ways
There is no sign of humanity.
Savages....
POEM 278
BRIDE OF DEATH

Strange the marriage
The cart of the bribe
Taken by the nephews
Of Negro and Mongol
Along with the Caucasians
The Battle for one bride
Leads them all to the grave
In a global village…
Where the life
Can't be dreamed ever.

POEM 279
REALIZATION OF OLD AGE

Beautiful women
Arouse in me feelings
Bringing a smile to my face ...
Then the realization...

Feelings of being old
Fearing their disdain
If they should view
The creases in my face.

POEM 280
WHISTLE

In my thoughts
I try to compare
The poor rough people
Of Pashtoon soil
With the people of
Red and white skin.
Then instead of speaking...
After a cold sigh
A whistle escapes
To my surprise.

POEM 281
DREAMS ARE NOT LIKE THAT

Everyone joyful
Full of strength
Quenching their thirst
With blood of others
Each man prancing
Looking like a wolf
Barking over the dumped
Bloody organs of human bodies
As I remember ...
The man eaters were glaring
With dangerous eyes
And critical smiles,
I awoke sweating
Before they hunted me
Was this a dream
Or had the war was started...?

POEM 282

LAW

"The one with the power,
Must be the respected"
This was the law.
The way of justice
When humans
Were more like animals.
Still today ...
This is the law
Yet human kind
Considers themselves
Civilized ...
Creatures of God.

POEM 283

DE-GLOBALIZATION

World leaders call out
"Globalization" ...
The world is growing smaller...
Meanwhile...
Life traditions and fear
Cause nations
To wall off.
Borders tighten ...
Travel is blocked
And it seems ...
As the world is reversing...
Distances affect neighbors
Trust nearly gone
The separation seems
Vast not closer...
POEM 284

EXAMINATIONS

As I try
To study her
With my eyes...
She examines me...
As if I'm not human
But something else.
Perhaps she is searching
Within herself ...
And suddenly
She smiled.

POEM 285

AN ANSWER

Is she truly beautiful..?
Yea...
This is the only question.
That has haunted my life.
Long have I pondered...
So much breath have I sighed.
But the answer..
Eludes.....

POEM 286

PROUD LOVE TURN GODDESS

With great feelings for her
The one I wish to make smile
She refuses to accept my love
She is like the stone
Of which idols are made
And beauty veils cruel behaviors
Making her seem like a goddess

POEM 287

TORTURE

Never Yes
Never No...
Always avoiding my question
She sits in silence
As I make my pleas
Cruel silence...
But sweet her actions
Kindness her way
This beloved...
She sets me on fire  
With one of her smiles.  
I begin pleading again.

POEM 288

**BROKEN TIES**

When at my side  
She hugs me  
Like I am her own  
When she is gone  
There she stays...  
And I feel forgotten  
She never looks back  
And if I should call out  
I doubt she would look.

POEM 289

**TRAGEDY OF 21st CENTURY**

Now ...  
The beauty of life  
Fade into dreams ...  
Those ...  
Who for love's sake  
Sang sweet songs  
At our doors...  
Are now  
Gone ....  
And silence  
Fills the air.

POEM 290

**IN A NIGHT**

Yesterday ...  
Before sunset  
The people ...  
Their homes ..  
The ways ...  
Were as always  
Last night...  
Lines were drawn  
Things changed  
What was...  
Is no more.
POEM 291

CHILDREN OF ADAM

Language is no barrier
To understanding ...
Its the eyes that will not see
Pretending to be blind
For pictures speak
In every language
Just look ... The feelings ...
The desires ...
The behaviors
Men acting like animals
Together
We carry the photographs
The expired coupons
Humanity lost...
The mounting dead
Share common ground
Broken ties
Need of mending.

POEM 292

SELFISH TIES

People could be happy ...
Its not heaven's imagination.
If only they look beyond
Their selfish nature.
It seems so odd
So many tied
By a thread
So easily broken.

POEM 293

THE STRUGGLE

Eternal struggle ...
Me and my heart
Always in battle
The issue the same.
I would burn
Into the ashes
For the sake of my love.
My heart ...
With a will of its own
Makes its way
To the heart
Of every beautiful girl
I happen to meet..

POEM 294

REVOLUTION OF DARKNESS

At last...
As the sun disappeared
Behind the mountains,
The ghosts
With fast winds
And horrible noise
Brought the darkness
To our village.
The candles
Of each house
Blew out ...
Lightening streaked the sky
No one left their home
Nor closed their eyes in sleep.
The whole night
Was a celebration.
The ghosts were joyous...
The revolution of darkness
Had begun...

POEM 295

PRISONER OF THE BODY

I was near ...
About to find
The way out
From this cage
I was willing to sit
On the shoulders of air
Keen to fly high
Towards the sky,
To be free...
Suddenly my wings of thoughts
Were aflame „„
And I like a bomb
Hurling toward earth
A blaze.
Once again
Wounded ...
Feeling trapped
Amid the layers of pain
I was a prisoner of the body
POEM 296

DIFFERENT BY CHOICE

See the sky
Like a roof over
Our the heads
Covering the earth.
The same earth
Under our feet.
Running with water
From which we drink
Empting into the oceans
Touching all the land.
The air we breath ...
The colors of the seasons ...
The crawling insects ...
The animals ...
Even the birds ...
Everywhere the same.
Those lives ruled by nature
Seem truly contented.
Only human beings
Are discontented.
Always fighting with each other
We are the misfit
In natures order.
Choosing the way of brutality
Like animals gone mad.
We are no better than them.
We hunt ...
Killing our fellow man
Forgetting our humanity
Refusing to better ourselves
To live in peace and happiness.
POEM 297

REVOLUTION OF MY HEART

Rumbling in the sky
Lightening flashing
Dark and heavy the clouds.
The rain pores down
Flowing water across
The age parched soil.
The storm of life
Rages with promise
The empty stems
Of my heart
Begins to bud
With flowers of hope
Once deprived.
The thunder roars...
The black clouds
Housed so long
Within my heart
Are now gone.
A beautiful light
Has parted the storm.
Bright the light
Of my sweet daughter
And thus ...
She was named Breshna ...
Bright light before the storm
And Her light
Forever to shine
And remove the days of gloom
For me and Ouahiba.

POEM 298

**OH ALMIGHTY GOD...!**

You appeared
With names
Color,
Light
Taste
You came
With sweet effects,
Rhythm...
Music...
Emotions...
You created thousands of faces
Where your real face
Could vanish
You distribute Yourself
Around the universe.
Until the last day of judgment
Each living creature
Specially human beings
Are busy wondering ...
Reward or punishment
Spending their time
Counting prayers
And in acts of submission
To You....
But Satan is at the steps
And Hell's mouth
Is wide open
Waiting ....
And some smile ...
Their fear removed
Because they following him.

POEM 299

**THE ANCIENT MAN OF MODERN ERA**

When people's behavior
Turn brutal
Against humanity
Everybody
For safety's sake
Grow leery
Or the heart,
Grows barren...
This why people
Look upon strangers
With distrust
And perhaps as an enemy.

POEM 300

THE COMPANION OF SATAN

An angel mentioned...
"Look ... The human beings
Trying to look as I do."
Satan laughed loudly saying ...
"As much as human beings
Look like you...
I am like blood
In their veins,
Twisting their emotions,
Temping them to surrender to me."

POEM 301

HISTORICAL DECISION

"If today... We
Claim ourselves
True human beings
Then the animals of forest
Should be blamed
For the killing."
When this decision was made ...
The wolves gathered in assembly
Quickly sharpening
Their teeth gone blunt.
Preparing their attack on the sheep
Running towards the village.

POEM 302

HUMAN EVOLUTION

Since human's
Left the forest
To live in cities
Calling it civilization,
More vicious and deadly
They have become.
POEM 303

MISINTERPRETATION

While other people
Use ladders
Trying to climb
To the sky
The Pashtoons
With their songs
Of honor and power
Misinterpreted ...
Are still willing
To sharpen blunt swords
Believing in fighting.
And for this reason
The people of this nation
Will eat of the soil
In an unending life
Of nothing.

POEM 304

IDOL BREAKER

I believe that
I am made from soil
And end as soil
Soil recycled....
Materials of buildings
Artists forming pots
Making idols ...
The great Almighty God
Could have sculpted me
From soil of idols made
So I could be there breaker.

POEM 305

OWN SETTLEMENT

I like
The bird
Made tired
My wings from flying.
With the season's change
Like the white crane
Returning
After wintering
Far from home
Wish to return...
But to what homeland ...?
Lost are the ways
Known to me...
And returning ...
Could lead hell.

POEM 306
HER CRITERIA

My hand with love
I have offered
Will she give me hers?
At my pockets
She looks ...
She weighs herself
In money
Not my love for her.

POEM 307
FORGETTING SOMEONE

Easy
The expression of hate ..
But removing someone
From the heart and mind ...
Requires a great deal of time
And is extremely difficult to do.

POEM 308
HOME

It is possible
You may go away ...
We may never meet again.
But oh my beloved..!
Remember ...
I will be living
In your heart
Like you have
Lived in mine.
Each heart a home
Where long we've lived.
And that home ...
Can never be forgotten.

POEM 309
COW BARN

Man's stubborn nature
So like the bull.
Causing trouble ...
Soon finds a rope
About his neck.
Now he is led off
To his confinement
In a place not unlike
A cow barn.

POEM 310
THE POWER OF GOD

It is my belief
No person
Has real power.
For people of God ...
Strong in their faith
Would never
Bow before anyone
But God.

POEM 311
THE TIME OF BONDING

There was a time
I escaped from girls.
Now the beautiful girls
Don't look at me.
They consider me
A man of maturity.
So smiles for love
And hearts bonding
Seems an impossible task.

POEM 312
COMPLETION

I awoke
Sound the sleep ...
The whole world
Was paired off.
Every where couples...
But I was one ...
I stood alone
Only my shadow
Beside me....
Yet the shadow
Gave me hope ...
I am in good company.
POEM 313

LOVE OF PASHTOON GIRLS

She looks at me...
Her face
Changed suddenly
As if I
Had set fire
To her heart...
But she remained silent
As if mute.
She is the true Pashtoon girl
Whose culture forbids
Her to express love
Not even in a few words.

POEM 314

ARMS DEALERS

From the sword of Papa Khushal...
Some made the weapons ...
The arrows
Knives
Bullets
And rockets ....
How do we blame
Illiterate Pashtoons,
Lives made hard by
Mountains and rough valleys.
While we, the poets see
The dealing in arms
And write nothing..
Except
The audacity of deceptive words.

POEM 315

OPENING HEART

Someone opens their heart
To another
Their love hidden ...
Like the flower
Which color stays
Unknown in its bud...
And beautiful color revealed
When opened.
POEM 316
ME AND THE UNIVERSE

I wish
To examine
Everything
But ...
I am a mere particle
In this vast universe.
It would take millions
Like me
To begin the task.

POEM 317
AT THE END

Whenever ...
I feel near
The end ...
I become hungry
I thirst
Once again
I search for sustenance.

POEM 318
GLOBAL STATUS

I don't know ...
What am I ..?
Or
What am I looking for...?
I am the one
Calling
Globalize
My luck being bad
The world too ...
Human behavior
Often mocks
The human species.

POEM 319
AMMANIAN GIRLS

In their name
I would write
I have but one heart
Yet here each young girl
Seems like another flame
POEM 320

SEASONAL DEMANDS

The flavor...
Each taste my own,
Beauty's color
Unique ...
They are but a season
Never eternal...
This heart keeps changing
Like the weather
Changes the seasons.

POEM 321

WEAK PERSON

You ...
The God before me
And the God ...
After I am gone
But Oh my God...!
Who else
Will accept you then.

POEM 322

THE FACE OF GOD

Tell me ....
Is this the face...
Long ago
Distributed
In many faces
Colors
Tastes
And sweet effects.
Oh great faceless God
Appears in every part
Of this huge universe.

POEM 323

INCOMPLETE DESIRE

Let us do ...
What yet been undone.
The one thing ...
None has thought of
With this love
So extreme ...
Which dissolves you and me
Into one.

POEM 324

NATIONAL POETS

To whom this concerns...
Hey Shauq..!
Here everyone
Ready to fight.
Though the poets
Have fastened their knives
And swords to their waists
Like the soldiers
Standing beside
Tombs of dead Mughals
They write the songs of freedom
As if they are children of Khushal khan
While the other Pashtoons
Belong to the enemy King Aurangzeb.

POEM 325

QUESTION MARK

Here ...
The whole
Belongs not to each other
All are prisoners
Why....?
This is the question ...
The answer ....
Still seems a question mark.

POEM 326

MEANINGFUL DREAM

I have yet
To completed the story ....

She looked at me
Eyes fixed on mine..
Her tongue
Caressed her lips....
Sweet her smile
In her shyness
She hid behind her veil...
Speaking ....
"Stop please...
Dreams aren't be ever fact"

POEM 327

THE LIGHT OF DAY

Why are you afraid
In the light of day ...?
Oh companion of darkness..!
Fear you the bright sun
As if on were fire ....?
Worry not ...
No fire will rain down
Upon your village.

POEM 328

JOURNEY ...ERASED

We are leaving ...
Foot steps left behind...
The wind blows ...
The dust erases the steps
Sins of Satan soil gone
He in front
Moves forward ...
What is behind
Now gone ...
As if none
Had traveled the path.

POEM 329

TRAGEDY

At last tiring ...
Time consuming the struggle
The search for the true face
The ideal of my dreams
The face of perfection
My face
Aging
With time.
Is now revealed
A face that
Never will suit
Me at all.
POEM 330

Oh almighty god
I trusted you
With the hope
You would rescue
My innocent heart
Considered where
The holly house
You reside.
Oh All Mighty God!
I realized
My weakness
In front of
The daughter of King Qarun,
Who declares me
A criminal
For not following her blindly
She wished to change me
To hate for hate's sake
Keeping the sin of pride.
I being your true worshipper
Diligently prayed
My forehead upon the earth
A submissive slave
To show the faith
Willing to consider You
The only creator of
Humans and spirits
The big Boss
The life giver
Feeder of life's breath

POEM 331

REVERSE EFFECT

I felt
I subdued her
With my faith
And love,
But soon ...
The girl
Earth Queen
With regal beauty
Looked at me proudly
I surrender
My feelings
Like a slave.
POEM 332

JUST FOR SURVIVAL

(In context with the U-turn of humanity)
The gypsies traveling
Scorching the heat of summer
At journey's end
Stopped their caravan
Opened their tents
Taking their rest.
A convoy of nightmares
Suddenly found their shelter
Fast moving winds
Blew in the darkness
Long before the shadow of night
Fear took hold
They unable to move
Remained frozen
A single lamp
Their only light
The next day arrived…
With the rising sun
The yellow rays
Ending the darkness.
The Caravan,
Underway again
Walked the same roads
As before.

POEM 333

LOSS OF THE IDEAL

I was proud
The lifetime of success
And in celebration
The face of my dreams
Appeared....
Instead of sweet smiles
And gestures of kindness
She stared at me
With angry eyes...
The lady of the face
Jumped over me
As an enemy,
Scratching my face
Brutal her temper.
Forever destroying
The dream
And I...
Became a stranger
To myself.
BIBLIOGRAPHY


The Pashto Poems 1-73 have collected from above book with sequence below:
P-1/73,P-2/p74,P-3/p75,P-4/p76,P-5/p76,P-6/p77,P-7/p78,P-8/p79,P-9/p79,
P-10/p80,P-11/B.titlec-12/p81,P-13/p82,P-14/p83,P-15/p84-85,P-16/p85,
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P-73/p143.

2. Added..
P-74/New Poem (Shaparey)/Recited in Avt Khyber 2005.


The Pashto Poems 75-248 have collected from above book with sequence below;
P-75/p42,P-76/p43,P-77/p44,P-78/p45,P-79/p46,P-80/p47,P-81/p48,P-82/p49,
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8. Recited in different Mushairas of Pashto Tv Channel of AVT Khyber/Ptv & Radio Pakistan.


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NOTE OF THANKS

As a Pashto poet, it has been my dream to address the world with my words. With the assistance of an American, Alley Boling. Once merely a dream has now became a reality. Through her encouragement, inspiration, and diligent commitment to translating my work, it is now available to the English speaking world in the book TWIST OF FATES.

After reviewing her translations, I was surprised and proud of what was written. I thought to myself, "Hey Shauq, do you really have the ability of such great thoughts?" The answer which came to me was this ...." It is Alley Boling.. A true angel FARISHTA who has brought my poetic thoughts to the whole world. Otherwise, I like other poets might have one day been buried along with my work, especially these verses of poetry in some narrow valley of the mountainous region of my nation; and, the world would never have known my work.

In truth, it is difficult to show my appreciation for the great kindness and the extraordinary abilities of her work. There seems no words which will do honor to her. So from my heart I say ... "Thank you very much dear Alley Boling … the Muse."

Afzal Shauq
ABOUT THE TRANSLATION POET AND COVER ARTIST

Alley lives a quite existence in the North Georgia mountains of the United States with her dog. She spends a great deal of time dealing with health issues. She has a liberal arts education. She is graduate of Manchester College with a Bachelor of Science degree. Her main fields of study were political science, communication, religion, and philosophy. The arts have always been her passion. She began reading at a very early age and often joked the Library was her babysitter. She is a true eclectic of the arts. Encourage by her Grandfather she picked up the artist pad at nine years of age. She study music for nineteen years and began writing in her early teens. She enjoys all forms of creativity. She has toured singing and playing in a band, She has acted and directed stage productions. She has been a radio d.j. And read children stories for radio children programming. She has won honors in debate, humorous interpretation, extemporaneous speaking, student congress, and poetry interpretation. She won a Westinghouse award for her work with electricity. She was the winner of the Delta Sigma Rho Tau Kappa Alpha Outstanding Speaker Award. It is only one of four awarded each year for the entire United States.

IN a time when there seems to be an unbridgeable gap between the east and west, two writers have come together to show the world through art bridges are built.


THE WEST: Alley Boling, from the United States, driven by her desire for the English speaking world to understand all people share the same feelings desires and dreams dedicated herself to translating Shauq's poetry.

IT is the writers' hope, though a TWIST OF FATES, may place us on opposite sides of the world, the art of poetry will bridge us together.

Half of all proceeds of this book are going to establish the Farishta foundation to aide the poor and suffering people of this world.