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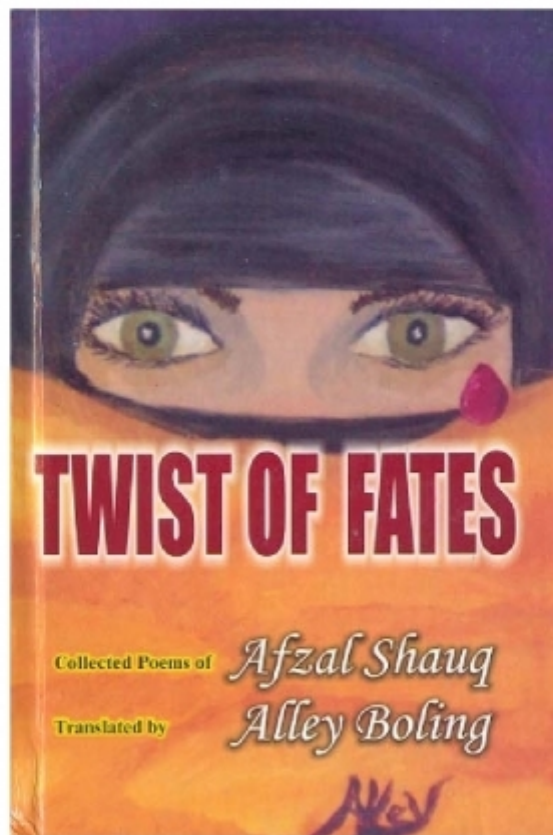
Afzal Shauq

**Twist Of Fates**  
**Afzal Shauq's Poetry**



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**PRESENTS**



# TWIST OF FATES



COLLECTED POEMS OF  
**AFZAL SHAUQ**

TRANSLATED BY  
**ALLEY BOLING**



**Twist of Fates**

Collected poems of Afzal Shauq  
Translation by Alley Boling

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First Edition

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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 Shladelay 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"

**A Review 'Sunday Magazine'**, Daily Urdu Newspaper Mashriq Peshawar, Pakistan, 2004: "Shauq... never exaggerating. But generalizes his sayings with strong arguments and presents the facts"

**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"

**Ermanie 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 serves you well.

She is your muse



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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



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

In all directions.

## 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  
Likened 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 about 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  
Advertisement 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



## 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  
**PASHTO**

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 !

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.

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 heart's window  
The mirror of love  
Refusing to be seen.

POEM 102

## PASHTANI BOL

(Keeping Words)

Being Pashtoon  
I show no weakness  
Which lessens 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

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 holy 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.



For Pashto religion  
Will never accept them  
As a soldier of God  
A true martyr.

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

POEM124

## 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

Who always visited your dreams

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 WOLRD?

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 ...



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 ...



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. SHAKESPEARE

(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 Jihad 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.

POEM 183

## BETWEEN ME & YOU

In matters of love...  
I am moving  
Towards madness  
Leaving behind  
Myself...  
You'r 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  
Its said your song



Calls them to their death  
In the water of the river.  
I alone in the launch  
Hear your sweet songs  
I was unafraid  
The song drew me out  
I did not sink and drown  
Nor was I eaten by the fish  
Reaching the other side  
I realized myself small  
Like a dry leaf  
And one day soon  
The winds of autumn  
Would blow me away.

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 ...

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 holy war  
With hands and mouths  
They feed on blood  
Acting not like human kind  
But the wolves  
Entering the sheep herd

To feed upon them

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  
Situating 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 can't 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 Veressa  
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 to 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 ...  
It's 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 ...  
It's 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  
Emptying 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



(the birth of my sweet daughter Hadeel Breshna Afzal Khan on 29th July 2003)

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



Consuming my heart  
As a great fire  
Does the jungle.

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 ...



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Became a stranger  
To myself.

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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 become 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.

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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 EAST: Afghan, Afzal Shauq, highly respected author of poetry written in the Afghan language of Pashto. The collection of 333 poems expresses the feelings and experiences of the author and the Afghan people.

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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.

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