

Anthology of Qurrathul Ain

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

By and for, my dear self.

Acknowledgement

I feel grateful, and I thank the Almighty for blessing me to have a way with words. I have always found solace in writing and reading (language in general). By which, this life was made easier for me to move through. I would also like to thank and appreciate those around me who have encouraged me to keep writing and helped me improve my passion. I appreciate those that have always encouraged me to stay true to myself at all times - which motivated me to write honestly and openly. And finally, I thank those who taught me a lot about this art of writing by reviewing my content and sharing their ideas which made everything better.

About the author

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Just someone who has a lot of interests, one of which is writing. Someone who likes a lot of things, a little bit of many things and everything. Someone who has difficulty choosing. Someone who believes in our core goodness. Someone who loves to float on the clouds more than stay grounded on the land. Someone who expects a lot from the future. Someone who can empathize and relate, even with the worst.

ABOUT THE BOOK:

A bird's eye view of the author's life, including a variety of content, emotions and different and very personal parts of the writer in it. It will be a roller coaster ride reading it, just like life itself.

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CLOUDS

*My heart stops when I look at you,
You look so mesmerizing, dream-like, that it hurts,
I can't tear my eyes away.*

*Looking at you, I feel grateful,
To the unparalleled Creator of such unrivalled beauties.
It looks like you are moving with me,
Just so I can have a good look at you.*

*Looking so vulnerable,
People who didn't know any better
Would see you as a harmless beauty,
as a huge ball of cotton,
but you may look all weak,
but we all know the power you hold,
the power to cherish and perish our lives,
the heart-wrenching sound,
when you clash with your mates,*

*I can understand,
The burden you carry, moving slowly,
yet precisely.
You look sad, I wonder how heavy it is?
Share it with your dear ones,
Are you that 'lone?
Probably you want to bear it all alone,*

*You tell me,
it's necessary to keep moving,
Even when life's heavy,
it's okay to fight, to cry, to be sad.
When you are overwhelmed,
You ask for a hug from your mates,*

*pouring your heart out to us,
Even you have dark times, huh?*

*It's both beautiful and sad, to see you cry,
Silent yet powerful,
Calm yet deadly,
Fair and dark,
Heavy and light,
I can't but admire you with all my might,*

*I stretch my hand out to reach you,
Like the lucky fairies sitting on you,
Talking to the sun,
Picking on the stars,
Watching the moon, among the celestials.*

*It all feels dreamy,
Dreams are better than reality,
Until we make our dream a reality.*

FOR YOU

**It's been 8 years,
the first time I saw you,
I didn't have the slightest hint,
that you would be my life and soul in a few years.
Sticking through thick and thin,
I remember it like it was yesterday,
had a hard time getting along,
polar opposites,
as opposite as fire and ice,
but still managed to co-exist alongside each other,
without hurting each other,
holding each other's back.**

**We had ups and downs,
both in our lives and within ourselves,
we fought,
we cried,
we laughed,
we hugged,
we smiled,
we sailed far far away and explored the depths of love and friendship.**

**I've hurt you,
you've hurt me,
I've made you sad,
you've made me sad,
but there's no denial that,
you're the shining light of my life.**

**It'll be hard to be without you,
I can't fly when you're down,
you light up my night sky,
fire up my passion,**

**push me to keep moving,
ask me to stay happy.**

**It's funny, how I feel so strong and confident,
when you're by my side,
even if the world's against me,
when you're by my side, that's enough.**

**You tell me you know me the best,
and indeed, that's true.
We communicate with a look,
surprised by our telepathic connection.**

**I don't regret any of it,
because the short time I had with you,
is the only time I could truly be myself.
I didn't realize how much you meant to me until you were leaving,
like how we don't miss the sun until it's winter.**

**Friday nights,
walking days,
school times,
all those times we laughed our hearts and cried our eyes out,
memories I hold close to my heart.**

**We were inseparable,
there've been times we couldn't stop talking,
and times we didn't know what to talk about,
the utter silence,
that was simply comfortable,
just finding solace in each other's company.**

**There've been times I felt envious,
feelings that I was ashamed of,
but all those bad days passed away too.**

**And now that you're leaving for real,
a part of me that's selfish wants to beg you to stay,
while a part of me that's stronger,
asks me to pat your back,
push you to chase your dreams.**

**I'm not going to cry,
but I'll, if you do.
I'll be a good friend,
I won't hold you back,
from doing what you've always wanted.**

**I'll only keep rooting for you,
from afar.
I'll console myself,
we're looking up at the same sky at least....
I'll keep dreaming of the day,
when we're both old and grey,
when we can't walk as fast as we can now,
we'll sit side by side,
talking and laughing,
about our good old days.**

**In the end,
I only wished with all my heart,
for you to remain happy,
you deserve it,
live your life to its fullest!
And until next time we meet,
remember, I love you,
I'll hold your back no matter what,
and be there for you.**

NO MORE

*Someone precious to us had suddenly disappeared,
We know they are no more,
Though the world is no different for it,
For us, our entire worlds have changed.
The world has nothing, only good to say about him.
Thus, adjusting to this reality,
will by no means be easy.*

WHERE ARE YOU?

It's so hard to breathe,
Sometimes, it's so bad that I feel like,
I'll drown to death.

I'm tired of waiting,
Unable to hold onto anything,
Darkness engulfing from all sides,
Seems like there is no end to this.

The stillest hour of the night had arrived,
The hour just before the dawn,
When the world seems to hold its breath,
I'm holding my breath as well,
for what, exactly?

For the sun to break through,
and fill me with light and happiness.

Wish you would come sooner,
My hope is dwindling,
but where are you?
I'm searching for you in this boundless world,
like searching for a pearl in the abyssal sea.

Nevertheless, I can only keep praying for you to come sooner.

THE SUN WENT BEHIND THE CLOUDS

That day felt like a dream come true,
Making me believe in magic and miracles,
When I saw you within my hands' reach,
Oh, how happy I was!
That moment of euphoric bliss.

Neither did I realize how MUCH I've missed you,
Nor how much I was holding back.
The dam was opened,
All the pain and worries of the past months came flooding.

Seeing you set my world in its axis,
Like a bird freed from its cage.

There is this little girl within me,
Who comes out only when you're with me.

Do you even know how it felt?
You would never,
Because I would never let you know.
It was suffocating,
When I think about us,
Every minute feels miserable without you.

I feel the safest in your arms,
It might be because,
You were such an upright person,
Like a strong tree,
That won't bend or break when strong winds blow,
You never took help from anyone,
And tried to bear all the burden alone.

When you're by my side,

I can lift the weight off my shoulders,
I feel the most loved.

What could possibly be greater than the happiness a family gets from staying together?

The world thinks otherwise,
Now, I must face all the strong currents alone, Dad.

The light at the end of the tunnel is gone,
The sun went behind the clouds,
And my life is gloomy, again.

CHANGES

**I dread changes the most,
When my life took a 180-degree turn,
I couldn't face it,
I, who always had a problem facing reality.**

**But found the easiest way to cope,
To not overthink, to ignore and to turn numb,
For ignorance is bliss to humankind.**

**Because if I think,
Then I'll realize all the things that I'm not happy about,
And that won't be easy to digest.**

**Henceforth, there I grew a strong, unbreakable wall around myself,
Like the crab's carapace,
To escape from realities.**

**If I don't hold onto the wall tighter and keep it intact,
Unbearable complication and worries come creeping to me,
I will never want to face the bitter reality,
If I had the choice to stay in sweet delusional dreams.**

Oh, how I wish I could turn time!

ROSES

*I know it's classical,
Traditional to love roses,
But somethings never gets old.*

*The narrow stem shows the rough path,
Moving through all the poisonous thorns,
With all your might and finally,
Blooming in a multitude of colours,
There rests the most beautiful crown atop,
I like you best in pink.*

*White is always beautiful,
Making people fall even harder,
As your crown grew wider,
Unraveling each of the mysteriously layered petals,
Cheeks blushing in pink,
At the sight of the sun.*

*I cannot leave the friend all through this journey unmentioned,
How the leaves turn red hinting at your success,
It's hard to love the ordinary that goes unnoticed.*

*I thank the One high above all,
Who is the best portrayer of colours and beauty.*

HOW FAR?

I agree, I'm stubborn
But how long,
How far should I allow people to step on me?
How far can patience last?
How long should I live just for others?
And what is the point?
No matter how hard I try,
I'll never be appreciated, NEVER,
It'll never be enough,
I'll never be enough.
So let me give up,
Not on myself,
Let me give up trying to please people around me and do as they like.

DIFFICULT TIMES

*Us going through this,
This challenging period is proof that,
We're trying our best to **BLOOM**.*

*So do your best,
For **YOURSELF**, not others,
And help your personal flower **FLOURISH**.*

HER MOON

The night continues,
Stars won't appeal to her,
Until she could watch them alongside the moon.

People usually wait for the sun,
But the girl with eyes full of dreams,
Was waiting for her moon to rise.

GOODBYE

See you, at the end of the fork,
When our paths will meet again,
We don't know what lies ahead,
But really,
When I look back,
The path that we walked together,
Is full of flowers,
Blooming with memories.

A DREAM

Hand in hand,
They rise up to the sky,
Then he made her sit on the moon,
And went to pick the stars,
He placed them on her head,
But she'll soon say,
She doesn't need all those stars,
When she already had two brightest stars looking down at her.

PRINCE CHARMING

*They ask them to hurry,
Always in a worry,
Wondering when her prince charming would come,
He's definitely there,
Searching for her too,
But unlike others,
Whose destiny landed in jets and planes,
Her prince charming is coming,
Coming for her in a golden horse.*

YOUTH

It is the brilliant springtime of life,
But our springtime is not always radiant.

Thus our flowers will bloom,
Embracing our individual wounds and pain,
Our flowers may not be the most fragrant,
Our flowers may not be the most beautiful,
But among all the flowers,
They will be the loveliest.

It's okay for weary buds to rest awhile,
I hope that one day,
Your flowers will bloom too.

HOPE

The rainy season that looks like it would last forever,
Will one day come to an end,
Leaving vestiges of rainbow behind.
Eventually, a new season will greet us,
In contrast to the gloomy past.

THE POEM

Spring flowers and autumn moon in my heart write words for you,
tenderly and carefully.

Let the story start,
You are in my dreams,
Future gets clearer,
When the heart beats,
..1..2..3..4..5..
It trembles,
Rythm of love is composed for you,
Be my companion forever.

I know what heartache feels like,
You are taking forever,
But I will still wait for you.

I will choose you over and over,
The dreams that have accompanied me through the light years,
I will know you with just one look,
Can be sure it's my destination.

Falling and running to the world together,
The poem, I will continue to write,
With you in each line.

EVERYTHING IS BEAUTIFUL

Is only rain beautiful?

There is beauty in the scorching sun.

Is it only the flower that's beautiful?

There is beauty even in a dry, falling leaf.

Are only sunrises beautiful?

No, I find beauty in sunsets too.

But is it only the truths that are beautiful?

There is beauty in lies uttered for a holy sake.

Is it only the white and fair that's beautiful?

There is beauty and comfort in the blindness of the dark.

Are only the hi-tech cities that are beautiful?

There is beauty and peace in the countryside.

Does beauty belong just to the youth?

There is beauty in every wrinkled line of the old.

Is only deer beautiful?

There is beauty and strength in the cores of an elephant.

Is it only the extra-ordinary that are beautiful?

There is beauty even in the very ordinary.

Is beauty only the standards set by us, humans?

There is beauty in every creation of God.

All that matters in the end, is our heart.

WHO IS SHE?

She likes white, but she loves black,
An early morning person who loves late nights,
Finds peace alone, but secretly wishes someone to know how lonely she is,
Wants to go out with friends, but also stay at home and talk,
She is the listener, but also wants to speak,
She likes to dream, but wants it to be real,
She fell in love with the hero, but she can't help but love the villain,
At times she is the most emotional, and the other times the most rational with a stone heart,
She wants to be the Belle of her life, but a part of her strives to be Hua Mulan,
She is good to the core, but what about her other side? She is heartless.
She wants to live like a dauntless, but wishes to sing and color her days away with the flowers,
She aimed to be an artist, now wants to be a soldier,
She is like the abnegation, but what about her greed? She wants it all.
She is the mediator but wants to fight for justice and the truth.
She wants to truly be herself, but who is she?

WE WERE ALL GOOD

Our hearts were,
as pure as white,
a slash of grey there,
a slash of brown here.

Days went past us,
As a result of our actions,
Our hearts turned black,
While we commit unforgivable and heartless sins,
If we dig deeper into the disgusting pit,
We'll find our true pious selves,
We'll find our conscience.

Clean off the hearts of the filth,
We'll know what is love,
What is peace,
What is humanity,
What is good and what is bad,
You'll find it buried deep in you,
We were all good,
like the life just entering the world.

BEST OF TOMORROW

No one waits to see the moment of spring blossom,
Till yesterday time wasn't moving,
Around you time isn't enough,
Why do we not say anything today?

I wonder what this is,
The night didn't dawn,
Even if it did, the day didn't end.

Not the past, not the future,
Just the present with you.

No roots grown, no seeds sown,
yet his garden is blooming.

No swords, no wars,
yet he has won her heart.

The hesitation that's all over the heart,
Where will it take us?
Where do we find the answer to this?
If you do, let me know.

What is this connection that we have?
Even when we don't understand,
Even when he doesn't know who she is,
Without a question, she is following his footsteps.

Even after the path ends, the journey continues,
Even after the bird disappears across the sky,
The leaves continue to dance with the wind.

SILENT WARRIORS

4 years, 5 years, 10 years,
Since you gave up on life,
They blamed you, for not being the 'right' girl,
Blamed you for uttering non-sense,
Blamed you for speaking the truth without proof,
Blamed you for every right thing you did.
Is it wrong to raise and shield the wronged?
Is it a crime to fight for justice?

When the candlelight flickered and stopped,
People lost hope in goodness.
Maybe the evil and the cunning will triumph at the end, after all?
Maybe we can't survive if we are good?

Time passed, you were forgotten,
The candle was ignited,
Burning all the brighter,
The hidden treasures of your discovery,
From the underworld slowly,
For the glorious truths to be seen so clearly,
Priceless efforts of the silent warriors,
And they were biting their nails,
Remorseful for making you leave.

Oh, but it's too late now.

SPRING BLOSSOM

Springtime is here,
When the frogs wake from their hibernation,
Poking their heads from the frozen soil in anticipation.

Under the beaming sun,
Splendid flowers have begun to blossom,
Filling the air with their sweet scent.
The fluttering wings of the butterflies' usher in the new spring.

We giddy from all these,
Are unaware that this warmth,
Does not reach equally to all.

THAT KIND OF LIFE

A very small house on top of a tree,
Just with the necessities,
In the countryside with the flowers and rivers.

Morning starts with windows opening to sunrises,
Singing birds and talking animals,
A music to the ears.

Neighbours like family,
Lively feast together,
Making just enough money to live and give,
Back home before twilight.

Evenings spent over chit-chats, tea and books,
That melodious laughter of ours,
Echoing through the forest to the heavens.

Watching the moon rise,
With hands entwined,
Counting the stars together.

Top it all off with a kiss on the tiny little foreheads,
Send them off safely to their dreamland,
Head laid on his shoulder,
Until we fall asleep early.

'Bless them happiness',
Said the angels smiling down upon them.

THE BEE AND THE FLOWER

For years the bee was searching,
For the right flower,
Beelined for her,
Believed he would know for sure,
When he came across her,
The other flowers do not appeal to him.

On the other side, she was waiting,
Swaying slightly in the gentle breeze,
All of them went past her like a river,
Blooming with her heart full of expectations,
Only to fall with disappointment,
Watching her fellow flowers join with their fate-d.

REVERIES

Why do we have minds,
So creative and talented?
To break the shackles of the present,
Travel back and forth in time.

Oh, how pleasant it is,
To see a garden in a classroom,
The ocean in the bedroom,
To be the princess of our ballroom,
Aren't imaginary people better?

The sun is smiling at me,
The moon tells me what the sun did for him,
The stars keep nodding to my stories,
See there! The 100 hundred colors of the rainbow.

What a talent it is,
For souls to wander,
In their minds,
With eyes open wide.

When reality makes it harder,
Let your mind wander,
And conquer your reveries.

BIRDS UNLIKE US

Look at the host of sparrows,
Of different castes, yet in peace,
A murder of crows,
Terrifying but in complete hold of their life,
A charm of hummingbirds,
What a stunning sight to behold,
A convocation of eagles,
Like a royal march of soldiers,
A parliament of owls,
Wonder what matter of theirs,
Need to be resolved with such preciseness.

A vision of absolute freedom,
The way they unfold their wings,
And take flight towards their destination,
Flying across the globe,
Watching the turmoil created by us below,
Who is holding them from falling,
When they soar across the sky?

Birds are of different varieties,
But unlike us,
How do they live very much in harmony, peace and love?

ANTICIPATION

That feeling of impatience and restlessness,
How can I be sure that it's you?
That we are meant to be?

Everything about you and yours,
Fits so perfectly with me and mine,
Even the thought of that possible future,
Makes my heart skip in ecstasy.

All signs point to a happy ending,
Just give me a sign,
And now I'm afraid of what might not happen,
As I've already given shape to my dreams with you in it,
How will I be able to accept if you're not the one?

It's all unsure,
But I'm absolutely sure,
Of how devastated I will be,
If what I've anticipated does not happen.

PRAYER

Someone is praying, for someone,
Someone I don't even know,
Have never met,
Have never talked with,
Praying for their wellness, happiness and long-life.

The purest form of love,
Two strangers praying for each other,
From across the horizon.

Don't know if this is right or wrong,
My heart has never been this close to happiness as this,
When I think about the possibility,
It's only a mere possibility,
Please allow me to have it,
I will be the happiest.

My heart feels heavy,
What is the answer to my prayers?

RAILWAY TRACKS

Are we going to be,
Like the parallel railway tracks,
So close, but never converging?
Coming from different directions,
A slight shift will make them collide,
And yet the distance can't be bridged somehow,
Or can it?

ONE STRANGE MEMORY

I remember unnecessary things far too vividly,
I forget very necessary things very very quickly,
But one strange memory,
Of years before,
Is engraved in my heart,
For reasons I can't comprehend.

Me in a yellow school bus,
By the window,
Looking out talking to a friend,
The bus was crossing a bend,
And there came someone in a bicycle,
Crossing the same bend,
Looked at me right when I looked at them,
And it's over.

After many many years,
Now that their 'name' is back in my life,
My insides presented me with this strange memory,
Far too clear than necessary,
For reasons I do not know,
Time will answer, I guess.

WORDS

A shield to protect,
A medicine to heal,
A magic to the humans,
A weapon to strike with,
Can cut deeper than shards of glass,
Straight into your heart,
There's no way back,
No correction for such,
But words can heal,
Wounds caused by words.
Words like technology,
Must be used wisely,
Because there's no pain,
Greater than that caused by words.

FATE

Fate can't be abandoned,
For our destiny has been decided,
We were written 400 years before our birth.

How do we live,
With whom do we live,
What is going to be our livelihood,
If we're good or bad,
No matter how hard we try,
If it's not written for us, then no,
If it is written for us, then definitely yes.

It's all pre-written,
The only power that can break this unbound spell,
Are our prayers,
Directed to the One in the heavens.

MIRACLE OF LOVE

No matter how badly we are hurt,
We are wounded,
By the ones we love,
The moment they smile at us,
Like that was nothing,
The moment we hug,
The moment they are sad,
Or need a shoulder to cry on,
The old bitterness and distasteful events,
Vanish with a poof!
How does that work?
It's so easy to forget,
How badly we were hurt,
As if it doesn't matter,
It's a miracle,
Of love.

RESPECT

Expected by all,
You receive it,
As much as you provide it,
Animals or humans,
Living or other,
All deserve it,
Regardless of any.

But even within humans,
It's not served enough,
Knowledgeable or not,
Good or bad,
It matters,
For giving respect goes a long way,
Causing a tremendous change along the way.

OH MY HEART

Listen to me,
You're being irrational,
If you keep your hopes up,
For something with low chances,
How will you survive,
If it does not work out?

Stop holding so fiercely,
Just because it makes you happy and soothes your essence.
If it's not for you,
How will you breathe again?

Oh, my heart!
You're so very senseless,
You keep building the castle,
What if the person you are building it for,
Does not turn up?
Will you be able to bear it?

Oh, my heart,
Please think,
Don't make me suffer later.

IT'S OKAY

It's okay to be different,
Maybe you are a flower planted with a left hand.
It's okay if you're unable to cry,
But to cry so randomly at night.
It's okay to escape from reality,
Live in your dreams.
It's okay to expect a lot.

It's okay if you're unable to trust,
It's okay if no one appreciates you,
You're good on your own.
It's okay if no one is ready to listen,
Talk to your self.

It's okay if it's getting late,
While they're all settled and happy,
Maybe you wished for a star,
But is destined for the sun.

It's okay to give up sometimes,
Just make sure to be back on track.
It's okay to spend the whole day doing nothing
It's okay to feel useless,
You're the best.

It's okay,
It's normal,
Like the moon with so many scars and flaws,
It's beautiful,
You're beautiful,
Just be you.

WHAT IF?

What if it happens right this second?
What if all my prayers,
For you is heard and answered?
What if it has been you all along?
So, the long wait,
The answer for that and this,
For then and now, was you.
All the pieces of my life,
Will find their places on their own.
Just what if?
My heart and me will find what utmost happiness is.

WHY?

Why among a 3000,
Should you stand in my way?
Should you pray in a line same as me?
Should your path match mine?
Should you be the answer to my questions?
And why in the universe should I find only you?

Maybe after years,
I wish I will say,
'At that time, I did not understand,
Why your eyes were the only one,
That caught mine among the crowd,
But now I do.'

ONE FINE DAY

On one fine day,
When the sun was shining,
Bright enough to keep the dark and cold away,
When the wind was blowing,
Fast enough to caress with comfort and cast away the worries,
There came a dark, heavy cloud,
Overshadowing the life of the beings below,
Snatching away their vibrant laughter and smiles,
Replacing a frown of worry and doubt in their faces,
For they were worried for what was coming for them.

Sky full of dangerously rumbling clouds rolling,
The wind went on biting harsher day by day,
The heavens kept weighing down heavily,
No sight of light anywhere nearby,
And then suddenly,
Crashed the lightning,
Destroying them completely,
Leaving them in a miserable state.

They kept on living,
With a light within a jar in their hands,
Called hope,
That kept on burning and saying,
'The sun is coming for you,
Wait for it, for it will be there for you in your days,
And the moon is coming for you with his group of stars,
Wait for it, for it will be there for you in your nights,
When they are here, you'll learn to love the black clouds and the rain.'

Every time it flickered as if to die,
They got worried,
And shielded and reignited it.

WHAT IS LIFE

'What is life,
If not lived with you?',
Asks the deepest chamber of my heart.

'What is wind,
If it does not talk with the flower?',
Asks the garden full of flowers.

You must have been placed on the land,
Surely to let me bloom...?

You were born just before me,
So that you could hold me after I'm born...?

INFERIORITY COMPLEX

They must like someone as lively as her, not me,
People like someone as fair as white, not someone like me,
I can't make it, I'm not as good as her,
My hair is not as dark as hers,
Our accomplishments are the same,
But why do they prefer her over me?

I'm lagging somewhere, there must be something not enough in me,
The idea of showing my other side to the world is haunting me.

Maybe it's just your imagination,
Can't you see how beautiful,
A true uniqueness can be?

Every night,
Millions of eyes,
Admire the moon for its beauty,
The stars - a standing audience to its radiance,
The sun's unsaid love for the moon.

But the moon feels inadequate,
For who will love her,
If she showed her other side full of imperfections?
Who will say she still shines,
Once they get close to her?

So, she always hides a part of her,
Not knowing if she did,
There are some who will still adore her as much as they do now,
Unconditionally and forever.

But those who loved her for,
How she looked from afar,

Will leave her,
Once she gets the courage to be herself.

BEFORE IT'S ALL OVER

Before it's all over,
Let's treat each other with kindness.

Before it's all over,
Look back and feel sorry,
And try to make amendments.

Before it's all over,
Help the fallen,
Speak for justice,
Stand for the right.

Before it's too late,
Show more of your love,
Yes, everyone is capable of that.

Before it's too late,
Treat the nature for what it truly deserves.

Before it's all over,
Be good to yourself.

Before it's all over,
Smile, and give them a hug.

Do what your heart wants,
Seek what your core yearns,
Before it's all over.

TWILIGHT AND SUNSETS

It's twilight now,
The sky - absolutely pretty,
The waves and the wind together,
Make a heavenly symphony,
The sea and the sand,
A match made in heavens,
How I could've stayed there forever!

The sunset broke the empyrean,
Into a multitude of colors.
The blue and white azure,
Were tinted coral,
Like the scene was viewed,
With an orange and pink filter,
Once the sun dipped down lower and lower,
Lilac clouds blushed harder,
Turning it a pink carnation,
Then the majestic blue carpet was rolled out,
For the welcoming of the moon and her group.

All praise is to the great Creator and Painter,
For there could be no performance as spectacular as this.

THE RAIN TODAY

Not the time for the sky to cry now,
The sky turned grey somehow.

They both looked at each other,
Secretly knowing what they should do,
Formed a query and placed it over their hearts,
For the vault of heavens to see.

The rain did come down briskly!
And stopped all too swiftly,
Like it came just for confirming in the yes,
And the two weirdos were all too thrilled.

THE WORLD

Even when the world was enormous,
To her it shrunk,
To include those orbs,
That were sincere, cared,
Really cared.

PAST

Past for many,
Passes them by,
Like a river,
Every water they touch,
Is different at different times,
They don't dwell on what has passed.

Or, like a fast-moving conveyance,
They don't look back,
Faces facing forward,
Eager to know what is ahead.

While my past comes back to me,
Like the ripples of the ocean,
Even when I try to push them away,
Like the rocks on the shore,
Leaving froths around.

So, I willingly walk forward,
And fall into the sea,
Letting myself get carried away by the waves.

Always facing backward,
In the fast-moving life,
Feels good to travel in the opposite direction,
Confusing left and right, forward and reverse,
Like life itself.

WEIRD ENCOUNTERS

People you come across,
Are like things that flow past a river,
You latch on to,
Those that intrigue you.

But isn't it weird,
That you cross paths with certain people,
For whom you seem to harbor,
An intense, innate, intricated emotions,
Be it abhorrence or fondness or compassion,
Without having ever met them before once?

All beings as now,
Have mingled and lived,
As bare souls before this life,
Might be true after all.

YOUR SMILE

I know not you,
But your smile.

When my eyes swept across the hall,
I thought,
I must've seen you somewhere,
Tried hard to search where,
Maybe we met in our previous life?

The moment you smiled,
The switch clicked,
My heart knew your smile,
And I knew you.

RISE AND FALL

Like a bird in the sky,
Soaring high and high,
Looking down,
Growing more and more anxious,
Wondering how bad it would be if I tumble.

Unable to enjoy from there,
Anticipating the drop anytime now,
Because everything that rises must fall.

Like the sun rising to set,
Like an apple growing on the highest branch of a tree,
Must fall answering the pull of gravity.

Once we have reached,
The highest altitude of a mountain,
There's no other way,
Than to pitch down.

Like a child afraid of falling,
From a ride waiting to dive from top,
I am afraid of what is waiting for me,
After this episode of soulful bliss.

TWENTY-ONE

Dear old me,
I've grown to be more confident,
Insecurities have gone invisible,
Are you proud of me?

Dear old me,
I've started to prefer land and sky,
To people, for company.

Why do I like pink more?
Why do I prefer pure white over beautiful black?
Why do I want long hair instead of short now?
Why do I love myself more?

Dear old me,
I see the good in everybody,
I don't blame others like you,
Even those who have hurt me.

Dear old me,
I wish to be settled now,
Unlike you, who wished to do so many things.

I have become more silent,
Unlike you.
I yearn for people's trust and respect,
Unlike you, who never cared for all that.

Dear old me,
I have stopped judging people,
I have learned to look at their heart.

Dear old me,

Unlike you, who was a fighter and a rebel,
I have learned to be different and patient,
For that is the only way to get it our way.

I wonder,
What you'll have to say to me,
Now that I'm twenty-one.

THEM

He was not anything prodigious,
Nor the type to be preferred by all,
Doesn't make heads turn,
But he turned her head.

To her, he was everything,
Good to the core,
Every smile as pure as a daisy,
He was the pearl she was searching for,
Never seen anyone as fine and handsome as him.

She was nothing,
Compared to all the beauties out there,
But her heart he found,
The most candescent of all.

To him, she was the most beautiful,
She was everything he ever wished for.

To the sea of world,
Those two were tiny drops of water,
Calm and composed,
In their own bubble.

Like fire and ice,
Like the sun and the moon,
Unknown is their world of love,
Eclipsed to the rest.

MISGUIDING ASSUMPTIONS

I see my path,
Diverging in several directions,
Each road takes me to a different end.

But one path beckoned me in,
What lies ahead is unknown,
But I was confident,
I started to move along the dark tunnel,
And declared it my territory.

This is mine to walk down,
And I ardently believed,
That this is where,
I'll find what I've always wanted.

I gave my all to every step, every stone,
Every flower I planted,
Every being I fed,
Every disturbance I removed.

My imagination so traitorous,
Tricked me to believe this,
To be my dream's reality,
It kept chanting to my heart,
That I'll soon reach my happy ending.

It wasn't long before,
I hit the dead end.

I had to accept that,
This could go no more,
I have to return,
This was all my own misguiding assumptions,

My own imagination tricking me.

But instead,

I kept knocking on the huge rock,
That obscured the tunnel's way out.

With the unreasonable hope,
That it will move to give way,
To reveal my wishes to be true.

ENTIRE COSMOS

He could grow flowers in her roots,
She could give everything for him,
He could star her night sky,
She could color his cloudy life,
He could answer every query of her heart,
She could have united,
His beating heart with hers,
They both could have balm-ed,
Each other's wounds.

But the entire cosmos conspired,
Against his and her union.

But they were the most suitable pieces together.

THE APPLE TREE

The apple sapling was planted,
From the very beginning,
Looked after and cared for,
By the farmers.

The farmers worked for them,
Day and night,
Like they were their own child.

When they should have reaped the fruits,
For every drop of their precious blood, sweat and tears,
The sweet, luscious, red red apple,
Were plucked away,
By the industrialists.

The bad apples were,
Left to the poor farmers,
As a token of utmost gratitude,
So the others would not say,
They were cruel or unfair.

The farmers whatsoever,
Kept working and working,
On and for their fields,
Till they died,
And turned their fields healthier,
Worried to be of some use,
Even then.

UNSAID

The rain does not have a purpose,
Before it reaches the land,
Its service starts,
Only after it touches the ground.

Her world didn't function,
Before she met him,
It all began,
Only after she joined him.

For someone who was not afraid,
Of climbing skies,
And picking up the lightning,
Hands are trembling,
To pick the flower.

God does not talk directly,
The faith does not disappear vainly,
They have never talked,
Nor heard from each other,
But their love,
Does not fade.

MIDNIGHT DARKNESS

Can only shine brighter,
In the real midnight darkness,
As distant, gentle, intense stars,
Sparkling vividly,
At the hours of shade.

Not in the feeble twilight,
Halfway between light and darkness,
Can we ablaze.

SHE WISHED

How she wished,
Her heart would stay firm,
Like a tree,
With deep, strong roots.

But to her dismay,
It would sway,
Like a leaf moving,
In the direction of the wind.

WORRIES

I haven't lost hope yet,
Not now, not ever,
It's like holding a fistful of sand,
My faith falling,
Every passing minute.

But isn't real faithfulness,
When we believe,
When we mustn't?

At times I'm afraid,
Too scared to even share,
About whatever I'm too afraid to bear,
Of what's waiting at the bay.

Terrified of thinking,
If the silent ocean,
Will bring its mighty waves,
Crashing on me.

Or, if the sun will rise from the horizon,
Or will I be left in the darkness forever,
Without a thing to hold onto,
Not a star, nor a moon,
Left alone on one side,
While every other person,
Have crossed over to the other side.

ALL MY LIFE

All my life,
I have always wanted,
I have forever waited,
To find the place,
Where I belong,
Where I can feel home,
Where I can be myself unrestrainedly,
Pouring all the blood in my heart,
In a single cup.

DIAMOND

There is no diamond,
So precious, rare and priceless,
Like the tears spilled in love,
Spilled for you.

NIGHT SKY

I painted the night sky,
Not the midnight kind,
But the one just after the sun has completely gone down,
Leaving a rare blue,
Color of the Lapis,
Half-way between blue and black,
With specks of stars adorning them.

As I look,
The swirling begins,
Pulling me into the galaxy.

I plunge right in, with no resistance,
Letting go of everything for an instant,
The wind is rushing through me,
I am falling among the stars,
I didn't feel the uncomfortable rush of the drop,
Only falling; peacefully, endlessly,
Into the bottomless sky.

I wondered; looking back,
Is that why they say their love goes to the moon and beyond?
Does love go this far, infinitely?
Is this how it feels like to 'fall' in love?

I blinked,
To see a brush in my hand now.

MY CASTLE

I was building up a castle,
Of wishes and dreams,
With a little help,
From the heart and soul,
But little did I know about,
How it would be sealed,
Forever from entry,
Or even sight.

My castle,
That I've been growing,
With much care and love,
Is demolished,
To dust and sand,
And I can see no more for me.

Another story,
Of love and tragedy,
Thrown away to the stars,
Unknown to the land.

ROSES AND THORNS

Standing in a desert,
Alone and desperate,
But with the candle of hope within,
Moving through the harsh terrain,
Day and night,
Round and round,
Could see no end to this.

Oh, wait!
Is it there?
It must be, I can see it,
Hurrying to reach it,
Only to find it as mirage.

The weight of disappointment,
The worry for the next day,
Make me fall and I drop,
Should I just give up?
Should I just stop here?
Wait for the gloom and dread to find me?
Because where can I hide myself in this barren land?

Maybe I was wrong all along,
Maybe this is how it is, how it should be,
The dreams used to take me in its smooth and velvety embrace,
However, reality is so much rough; heartless,
Like a rose and thorn are they.

Life has gotten its hands around my throat,
I take my breaths in tiny gasps.

PINK

Through the years,
I've learned to dislike the color pink,
Pink for me,
Was too flashy,
Bright enough to hurt my eyes,
As I cringe away from it.

But that day,
That day when I was already halfway through,
When I saw pink on you,
My heart warmed up - an odd feeling,
Just the mere sight of you far away,
Pink must have been made for you.

These days,
I smile whenever I come across it,
Pink reminds me of you,
The tone itself makes me feel happy.

I've started to love the color,
Against all odds,
Just as I've started to love you,
Against all reasons and discouragement.

THREAD AND NEEDLE

If everything in this world,
Is falling apart mercilessly,
I will use the thread and needle,
In my bleeding, trembling hands,
Sewing the pieces together for you.

Do not be sad,
We'll watch every sunset and sunrise together,
We'll face the ocean and fall into it together,
Till we cease to exist.

I sigh,
Wondering when the right time will come,
When you will come,
Pulled away from my reverie.

THE MOON NEVER KNEW THE SUN

We see the silver orb adorning the sky,
From the sun's eye,
In his different phases,
Admire his warm radiance,
Who himself denies he shines,
Our love for the jewel of the twilight,
A mere reflection of the giant star's.

He shone through the love,
The sun beamed down on him,
She never asked for him,
To turn and join her,
Or even care to let him know,
About her undying love for him,
Love of a star; untold,
Another mystery that will remain unknown,
Among the galaxies.

She just does what she had to,
For what would happen if they came together?
An eclipse,
A tragedy so disastrous,
Catastrophic enough to swallow her reason to live; shine.

But does the sun know;
The moon never leaves the sky,
Even when the darkness is swallowed up,
Even when it was its time to leave?

A LOVE LIKE KHADIJA AND MUHAMMAD'S

A bond so pure,
Built from faith and trust,
A love so warm; tender,
Extending the shade of peace and comfort.

A love so transparent,
Like pure water,
Giving life to the dead along the way.

The kind of support,
Unbreakable; uplifting in all its essence,
The kind of courage and will,
Like the wind; both silent and powerful.

A love beyond beautiful,
Beyond reality, beyond imagination,
Like the warm light of the sun,
Like the sea and the shore,
Like the moon and the earth,
Like a billion stars in the sky.

A love that's beyond forever,
For here and after,
A love so unforgettable,
Even death seemed unreal.

They were to each other,
Like the soft touch of petals,
Easing away all the pain at once.

When it's us,
Reality seems far away,
A love that nourished him,

For which she lived and died for,
A love like that of Khadija and Muhammad.

STATE OF MISERY

Why is it that every time,
There's something that I look forward to,
Or that gives me happiness,
Is it snatched away from me,
Within moments reach?

We all have emotions,
It's alright for you,
To get angry,
To get excited,
Or to be upset,
And that matters a lot.

While mine doesn't,
It's not alright,
It's not my right,
To feel upset,
To be happy,
Or to cry.

Why?
Why am I treated like a trash all the time?
Why do people take advantage of my kindness?
Don't I deserve anything good?
Everytime they run me over,
Should I stay in the same place?
Am I destined to be miserable, always?

It's ironic,
How the ones,
You love and protect the most,
Tend to hurt you the most.

It's also miraculous,
Funny even,
How such wounds,
Heal in no time,
With no effort.

But I wonder,
I really doubt if it will this time,
As this time,
It went - too far.

I PRAY

I pray that you are written for me,
And I, for you,
I pray that we're the most beautiful part of each other's destiny.

I pray for, you,
And I pray for you,
Whom I know not, yet.

I pray we be to each other,
Like the sea and the shore,
Like the sun for the flower,
Like the moon always 'round the earth,
Like the attire to man.

I pray we could find peace,
Our home in each other.
I pray for us to be the stars and moon,
In each other's darkness.

And finally, I promise,
Once I've caught hold of your hands,
I'll never let go.

I also promise,
Just as I've waited for you here,
I'll be waiting for you in the hereafter,
Near the Gates of Paradise,
For us to walk into the eternity.

SHE SAYS

She says,
Very often,
She too felt like,
Even those people who should,
Know her by heart,
Know her blind like a braille,
Know her before she could utter a word,
Doesn't know her at all,
Doesn't know who she really is.

But she yearns for that,
She needs someone to understand her,
Truly, really, carefully, free of judgement,
Even when she herself,
Can't understand her wholly.

THUNDERING

When our life is thundering,
The black, grey clouds are rumbling,
Hovering over our heads,
There comes a flash of lightning,
For the briefest of a second,
A flash of hope,
A flash of happiness,
Blinding us for a moment,
Making us unafraid of the dark.

LET GO

I just hope, wish, pray,
And believe with insane calculations,
That, that day should never arrive,
When I will have to let go,
Let go of the dreams,
I hold so close to my heart,
Very close that even if it isn't real,
It feels like one,
Feels like the only way to be,
Feels like the only realm,
Where I can live.

Autumn just made me worry,
It terrifies me to see,
The trees letting go of its long-standing companion,
Because that's how it's supposed to be.

FALL

Everything is answering,
The unavoidable call of gravity,
Everything is falling,
The world looks tired,
Just as I am.

I've fallen for you,
Long before this season,
Like the leaves on fire these days,
Now my heart is burning,
I've been waiting and waiting,
I've been holding on for too long.

It's the unforgivable season,
Coming up next,
My heart will freeze,
A part of me urges to leave,
To leave everything about you,
Just as the leaves go with the wind.

I'm stunned to see,
How effortlessly a thing that seemed so important,
Should turn unvital now,
Blades to the trees,
Petals to the flowers.

But I won't,
Autumn isn't made for me,
It will all pass,
No matter how mesmerizing,
I won't fall,
For anything; but you.

TAHAJJUD UNTIL FAJR

When the entire universe is sleeping,
She falls in Sujood,
Her heads, hands, knees,
All on the floor in prostration.

Her eyes dripping tears,
Of gratitude, asking for forgiveness,
For who could love her more than Her Lord,
Waiting for her in the nearest sky,
Who amidst all that she has done to disappoint,
Is asking her to rely on Him, and Him alone?

Her every tear now asking for the one, that one,
Her prayer made for him in the earnest,
Whispered to the ground,
Heard by The Lord above seven heavens.

In some other part of the world,
A man, with upraised hands,
Turned up towards the sky,
The moon and the stars,
A witness to his crying heart.

Someone, somewhere smiles,
Looking down,
At the destined ones and the Preserved Book.

TODAY

Everything about today,
Reflects myself these days.

The sun that rose,
Did not manage to come out,
Of the thick battalion of clouds.

The temperature is cool,
Feels like everything is getting ready,
The nature is brewing something.

The non-stop drizzling,
The clouds; ever-darkening,
Casting a gloomy shadow over.

The sky looks sad,
Everything looks grey and pale,
The world looks as if it's crying,
Along with me.

ATLAS

The previous night,
I was tracing my fingers,
As if I could search and find people that way,
Over the atlas,
Trying to locate you.

IN THE DEPTHS OF WINTER

Several feet below,
Layers and layers of white cold snow,
Lies my heart,
Beating and thumping faintly,
On the brink of giving up mostly,
A little alive but burdened heavily.

In the depths of winter,
When everything is cold and lifeless,
I have survived on and on,
For I managed to find beauty,
Even in the flakes, the melting purity,
The dead living and my heart that is crying,
Even when it was suffocating.

Several feet below,
Layers and layers of,
Freezing bitter ice,
Is where my heart lies,
Barely alive,
Waiting for a warm heart of thine,
To collide with mine.

BEAUTIFUL PATIENCE

Oh, Lord! *Oh, my Lord!*
The All-Knowing!
The All-Merciful!
All the pain prior to this,
Is nothing,
Nothing compared to now.

How could *he* not know?
He of all people should have *known!*
How could he even *ask* me?

I've no other resort,
Other than You,
Until then I'll work on,
??? ????
Beautiful patience and endurance.

I've realized that,
None can help me,
Except You.

Therefore, I surrender,
I submit my case,
Entirely to You.

THE LAST DAY

There might be certain things,
That you may wish for in this life,
But will not be granted upon.

You may not know,
Why things didn't turn out
The way you wanted,
Not now anyway.

But there will come a day,
The Last Day,
When you will know the answers,
To all the WHYS.

LANGUAGE OF LOVE

Language may differ,
From one to other,
My language, whatsoever,
Remains to be prayer.

DUA - ?????,
Which is what I do,
Every time I'm unable to express,
What I have for you.

The purest, most beautiful language,
A language that poses no barriers.

WILDFLOWER

I don't want to be a rose,
In someone's garden.

I want to be a wildflower,
In someone's flowerless field.

THE SIN OF JEALOUSY

When I believe,
Myself to be a saint,
I imagine a white plain.

Which is when,
Something brilliantly seeps into view,
Flowing in and staining the sheet,
Burning red.

When I believe,
Myself to be truly happy for someone,
Although I see no force of fire nearby,
The blood red sheet catches fire.

It burns slowly,
Licking up the edges first,
Making its way up towards the center.

Which is when I realize,
I should have stopped,
The flow of red earlier.

Because it is,
The centuries' old sin,
The reason why The Devil,
Was disgraced in the first place,
The Sin of Jealousy.

THAT MOMENT

The past one week,
Those seven days,
Are so precious to me.

It's a miracle,
The greatest of the rewards bestowed,
Greatest of the blessings!

When I was so hopeless,
When I thought, believed even,
That maybe I was asking a lot,
This happened.

Memories I hold so close to my heart,
Days that felt like a dream,
And I was soulfully blissful.

I would never ever want to forget,
How much grateful,
How many other things,
I felt at that moment.

SHOOTING STAR

Like a shooting star,
Striking across my dark dark sky,
Blinding my eyes for a moment,
Filling my life with so much light,
Giving a reason to smile.

Unlike a shooting star,
This landed right in front of me,
That's when I decided,
There could be nothing,
Nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing!
Better than this for me after all.

Because you were the one,
I was waiting for all along.

BLESSING BEYOND IMAGINATION

Now that finally,
My days are better,
Compared to my dreams,
I sleep less these days.
I smile thinking about,
How I tried to fit myself,
Among the wrong crowd,
When I actually belong here,
With you,
A blessing beyond imagination.