

Poetry Series

# **AFFAQ NABI**

## **- poems -**



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# AFFAQ NABI()

Artist, Poet & Philatelist

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# Best Approach Is To Instill Moralty In Your Youth

Ah, when you believe and do the great,  
You may have the gardens of bliss, triumph  
Be ever at your back, can prove a dark horse,  
Or if you grow self-centered, you'll be a chump.  
Make joy and sorrow a part of your routine,  
Dwell saintly, forget not you're a stranger.  
Sing honestly life's melody like a Robin serene,  
Oh, you may, but be not a tough entertainer.  
If you believe, or this rhyme will go in vain.  
The heavenly realm itself tells the same allegory,  
Springs best born flowers repeat same pain,  
Time doesn't allow me to pen complete story.  
True perfume comes from the flower wreath,  
Best approach is to instill morality in your youth.

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# Towards Reflections Of Eternity

They've strived all ways to govern well their state,  
But all have crumbled, none could hold the line.  
The socialism's faults sealed its bitter fate,  
Wealth in capital's hands does fairly shine.  
Weak's are crushed, with justice far from view,  
The voting's been tried, but could not suffice.  
And the Atheist paths led only to sin's due,  
None could bring balance, peace, nor paradise.  
A hundred gods they've called, but none gave aid,  
And the Trinity, too, left them just the same.  
The communists love machines over trade  
Of human worth—they've earned a fleeting fame.  
Seek now in Oneness—God's right path, not race,  
For in His law you may seek your saving grace.

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# Was It She? Mystery's Glee

As dawn's light did chase night's dark shade,  
We chanced to gaze a fairest rustic femme  
Tending her duck flock toward the park lane  
To feed her forlorn family void of men---Amen.  
Her care extends to bread, and daily toil,  
Though still she tends her locks with loving care.  
Can grow even the gold from her silver soil,  
Like flowers, her pink locks bloom, beyond compare.  
Was it she? the tea vendor on the city street  
With handmade bread in the trolley store,  
Gives delicious treat, but was pretty strict.  
In frost she settled her coffee cafe at rocky shore,  
Was it she? the fisherwoman, a quite bold,  
With basket in arm, dark wool wrapping cold.

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# In The Summer's Day

In the summer's day, as setting sun sank deep,  
And grassy earth beneath the heavens lay,  
While zephyr's swept the fields, a lovely sweep  
Over ripened grain, where summer birds did play.  
The stream, a gleaming mirror, by meadows ran,  
Its waters sang over pebbles shining clear,  
And then I enraptured by this tranquil span,  
Gazed upon the scene, so serene, so dear.  
Yet lo, as dusk did stretch her silver veil,  
Between eden and earth, zephyr's grew still,  
Love whispered softly in the solemn dale.  
Two hearts beat as one, with a shared will.  
They walked hand in hand in close harmony  
Toward the nearby village in the rising moon.

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# Allusions Of The Past

All that we held, is now yours in every way,  
At times by kisses by closeness fleeting touch,  
At times by distance, heartless as winter's day,  
Or thru displeases pain that clings so much.  
Your reflections penned on pages white and still,  
Morn's yawning light, or vesper's solemn shade,  
Within mine heart your essence lingers still,  
No distrust, nor bitter thoughts from us displayed.  
Ah! return and see what yet remains in me,  
Reckon, these graves of lovers lost to silent seas,  
Whose vows and promises now dust shall be,  
As the fleeting lies upon the fickle breeze.  
When love, like wizardry fades and slips from sight,  
Its grip is gone, and we yield to endless night.

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# A Plea Of Heart

While you are away, a gloom does descend,  
Or all the world's shimmer does lose its shine.  
My morn makes a plea to you: thus befriend  
My nights, once idyllic, now annoying mine.  
Your breath, like an aura that gives me cheer,  
Your nearness, a sunshine that lights my way.  
Your love, a backbeat that takes away my fear,  
In you, fellow, I do foresee my tranquil day.  
For in this indefinite life, I am like a brief guest,  
Why ought we not entwine our amour in action?  
I may cherish every moment we share and quest,  
In your attraction, my dearie, I regain my passion.  
So turn up loveliness and let us close the gap,  
For without you, all rapture shrinks and sap.

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# Shadows Of Affection

All that mine held is now yours in every way,  
At times by kisses, by closeness, by aroma of,  
At times by distance, heartless as winter's day,  
Or through displeases, pain that clings so much.  
Your reflections penned on pages white and still,  
Morn's yawning light, or vesper's solemn shade,  
Within my heart your uniqueness lingers still,  
No distrust, nor bitter musings from us displayed.  
Ah! return and see what yet remains in me,  
Reckon these graves of lovers lost to silent seas,  
Whose vows and promises now dust shall be,  
As the sweet deceits upon the fickle breeze.  
When love, like wizardry, fades, slips from sight,  
Its grip is gone, and we yield to endless night.

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# When The April's Wind Comes To Kiss The Rose

When the April's wind comes to kiss the rose  
My forgotten days stir my inner musing's hue  
Awhile making them shine like sapphire in shows  
All obscure knots unravel and break through.  
In your darling shadow, I meet a new glare,  
You inherit all of that crescent's fair traits,  
And for me, you are too temperate and fair;  
This orbit of my weary brain, always feels.  
My goodness, witty fairy of the merry lane  
You are grooving without a care or stain  
Forgive me, it's vain if you can't feel one's pain  
All mists and smog got gathered to invade  
My pondside where my skylark is dismayed.  
When the April's wind comes to kiss the rose  
My bosom turns to you with sweet repose.

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# Betrayal Of Trust

O, pity betide you Politicians—so false  
Whose lips promise you golden futures,  
Inwardly in their hearts, selfish interest sways,  
While nepotism's dark shadow scores the runs.  
Their vows mere hollow whispers, lacking truth,  
Echo through the halls of power and might.  
Their faces, masks that cloak their cunning guise  
And you know, favoritism corrupts all in sight.  
Their yes-men flock, with gainful hopes aflame,  
And for their masters' glory, they do partake  
In shameful deeds, that dishonor would claim.  
What they pledge to you, but never make.  
And some die for them, in vain devotion,  
A tragic fate born from the false emotion.

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# The Pain Of Parting

You walked through sorrow's sullen veil,  
The garden faded, flowers lost their might;  
And stream lamented; hazes began to fail,  
You left us dismayed afar in spring's delight.  
May be, spring's return to heart we couldn't trace,  
The world did part us in sorrow's sharp shade,  
And legs lingered to chase triumph's race,  
Longing to relish sunshine more days fairly fade.  
For livelihood, the pain outshines love's plea,  
In hunger's grasp, what worth is love's embrace?  
Our wars for sustenance stole love's glee,  
To heavenward steps're rising with silent pace.  
Some claim that love's above all things; it's true.  
Then why the delay, if it's so, permit entry?

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# Rise Up, Divine Edge, Cut Through The Pain

While in the tempest's roar, a ship took flight  
A shining beacon, in the world gone cold.  
Noah's vessel, a refuge in the dark of night,  
Lord's hand guided it, and waves patrolled.

Rise up, divine edge, cut through the pain  
A sword of truth, to vanquish the stain.  
In the fire and flood, you've been our shield,  
Our hearts, a flame, that your love has revealed.

Abraham's call, a fire that would not cease,  
The Lord's response, a garden of peace.  
Yunus, swallowed by the whale's dark night,  
Ahh, in the depths, a miracle took flight.

Rise up, divine edge, cut through the pain,  
A sword of truth, to vanquish the stain.

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# Where Shall I Find The Balm For Your Unrest?

You long for something else, but I'm for you.  
I confer my heart; no other shall intrude;  
But you ah, with you, I feel myself more new,  
A yearning of long years that I pursued.  
Where shall I find the balm for your unrest?  
To grant your weary bosom the peace it seeks.  
What voice or what song can pierce your breast?  
To melt away the ice that on your spirit clings.  
What scent might heal the sorrow in your soul?  
You dwell within the deepest of my chest,  
These feelings have deep roots beyond control.  
Still now, with your griefs, I am oppressed.  
Where shall I find the wand to break your seal?  
You seek a love that something else conceal.

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# Come, O Glare Of My Heart,

Come O glare of my heart, now in despair,  
In sorrow's dark abyss, I do find mine fate,  
Once your strength took my soul's worthy care,  
And in your love, ah, mine weary heart did wait.

Now, on tranquil nights, memories of you sways,  
And the past longings stir with a deep pain,  
Come, O glare of my heart, I do gaze,  
And rekindle love that flickers still, though vain.

Your absence wearies mine heart, and I lament,  
Your love, my sole support, now lost, I grieve,  
Come, O come glare of my heart's bent,  
Restore fate that once mine heart could retrieve.

Come, O come and ease my endless pain,  
And in your love, mine heart may find rest again.

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# Like A Thunder In Soul

From whence shall I retrieve that heart of mine,  
Which cherishes you, and now do bear the blame?  
Was't mine own fault, or your unkind design?  
I accept the guilt, yet plead, spare me your shame.  
Your rejection struck, like thunder in my soul  
And now my heart, in restless torment lies,  
Inquiring still, what fault I did commit unseen,  
That you dear love, did turn away mine eyes.  
But still, your flashback do haunt my mute mind,  
And I, a wretch, do ask, what did I miss?  
What error did I make? , that you did unwind  
The threads of love that bound our hearts in bliss?  
Ah, tell me, dear lass, what fault did I commit?  
That you did leave me thus, with heart beset.

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# Tread Slowly, Dear One, And Heed This Tale

Tread slowly in your passion, lest you fall,  
In love's snare entraps many go astray  
Look, it's a potent wine that besets us all,  
In its depths, some sink, others seize the day.  
As strangers, we approach the tender dance,  
Where fancy and soul in harmony entwine.  
Each step requires delicate balance,  
Risking heartache or love's sweet, tender design.  
As ticker yields to love's sweet, gentle might,  
It is vital to keep it splendid and secure.  
For many have fallen prey to love's delight,  
And in its wake, sorrow and pain endure.  
Tread slowly, dear one, and heed this tale,  
Lest love's sweet wine assail your wary heart.

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# Fortune's Turning Wheel

Disloyal friend, why do you accuse your fate,  
With angry gazes and steps of vain despair?  
Has Eden's blame become your troubled state?  
Don't you know fortune's wheel do turn there?  
If the Eden, in mercy, sees your psyche sincere,  
It may grant you better than what's lost,  
Thus heed, and accuse not your fate, dear.  
Heaven awaits your call, its firm, steadfast.  
Have you not heard the whispered voice within,  
'Call upon Me, and I shall heed your prayer'?  
Thankless friend, huh, why do you begin  
To doubt heaven's goodness and its loving care?  
Lo, hear Heaven's echo: 'If you are straight  
Forward, your portion shall be ever great.'

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# One Constant Truth Remains

While earthborn life flees, as the fleeting wind,  
And death's murky shadow comes to pursue  
The soul, one truth remains amid life's uncertain end:  
All else is lies, and transitory too. alas you  
Dear rose, ascending scents to heaven's glee,  
Do you shed these tears for your brief bloom?  
Once a lofty fountain leaping up with joy and free,  
Now lost your source diverted, and undone.  
Handsome bird, you sang upon its shore so fair,  
Flew away, leaving nothing but the empty air,  
Your four short days spent in little joy and fear  
Then your song and story silently disappear  
But amidst life's decay, and the mortal fear,  
One constant truth remains, and stands clear.

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# What Can You Gain From Pity Or Console?

Dear domina in tears, you do bewail your fate  
In empire where injustice holds the reigns,  
Where honor's sold to bidders in the state,  
And wisdom's voice is stifled in its chains.

Your shattered windows, doors in disarray,  
Do testify to sorrow's cruel control.

Dear domina, rise up and gather all the fray,  
What can you gain from pity or console?

When riches overrule the wise and just,  
And justice turns to merchandise of gold,  
The voice of right is silenced in the dust,  
As sordid interests all your hopes enfold.

Dear domina, arise and save your bitter tears,  
For in your strength alone lie brighter years.

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# Beyond The Veil Of Time

In love's radiant garden, smiles bloom like flowers,  
Where our hearts weaved in trust forever stay.  
Though poverty's dark shadow may devour  
Our earthly assets, but love's riches never stray.  
For, he who dies for love does truly live,  
And in that sacrifice, his soul takes flight.  
His heart, aflame with passion, does forgive  
The passing—pains of mortal life's plight.  
The bond of love, a solemn tie that binds,  
Transcends the grave, where death's veil divides.  
For in the tears of those who mourn, we find  
A love that prospers, never to subside.  
And when our final summons comes to pass,  
The love's legacy endures, forever to last.

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# Life's Short, Shining Ember

Dearest, why do you wander, void of aim?  
Your soul, a guest within your mortal frame,  
Each fleeting minute, precious to reclaim,  
Needs careful tending, lest it fall to shame.  
Your youth, health, your riches, all do stay  
But briefly, 'fore old age and sickness claim,  
For time, relentless, steals your hours away,  
Like grains of sand, beyond your grasp, the same.  
Avoid the fool who knows not life's true worth,  
And seek the light of wisdom's sacred fire,  
For purpose guides you from your day of birth,  
And leads you 'fore you meet your fate most dire.  
Then cherish well each hour ere death does call,  
And wisely use your gifts, lest you should fall.

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# The Journey Within

Dear my God, I worked all my life for my own will,  
And wandered far to chase each fleeting flame,  
In search of joys—to quell my thirst and fill,  
The fields I tilled—the oil I sold for gain.  
I roamed by dales, my shelter there I found,  
In the sweet vineyards, where I relish sunshine.  
In schools of wisdom sought the truth profound,  
With every soul to match these dreams of mine.  
But far from Thee, my heart knew no release,  
Though every wish and the hope I did attain,  
I wandered still, devoid of inward—peace,  
And I seek at last to ease this endless pain.  
Pardone, dear Lord, for straying far from Thee,  
With Thee alone my soul shall set me free.

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# The Sigh's Of Affection

While the nocturnal reveries beset my mind,  
And absence mocks the dawn's ascending beam,  
In tranquil night, my musings are left behind  
To ponder love, and sorrow's shaded dream.  
Your voice, a melody of lenient delight,  
Echoes within my soul, a tender breeze  
That stirs the embers of desire's light  
And seeks release from longing's dark unease.  
But oh, how bitter is love's lurking core,  
Veiled by affection's fragile, fleeting skin—  
A heart grown weary, sighing evermore,  
Craves your fondle though pain still lies within.  
In longing's depths, I find a restless night,  
Still in your love, a glimpse of lasting light.

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# Arrows Of The Tongue

When words, like arrows, from the tongue do fly,  
To their potency, which can heal or harm or slay.  
For Lincy, a young rural gypsy, caught the eye  
Of Macedonian prince with words of sweet display.  
Her flower-like phrases won his heart's throne;  
The poor Prince was defenseless, made her queen.  
Though her words were sweet, her intent was thrown  
To snare his heart with secret, cunning sheen.  
Words, like double-edged swords, can cut both ways,  
Bringing the despair or solace to our days.  
But gentle words like doves, can bring new rays.  
Words of wisdom have no effect on cowards.  
Mine dearest, heed this counsel, and thrive:  
Use words to heal, to bless, and to survive.

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# An Infinite Longing

How shall I prove you're always on my mind?  
When poetry falls short, and words depart,  
Beats are lost where your bright eyes do bind,  
And leave my rhythm faltered from the start.  
No words could kiss the beauty of your face,  
For you, too rare for speech, do silence claim.  
Amongst the fairest, you possess such grace,  
The dame of elegance, beyond all the fame.  
A secret wish, and I dare not to—reveal  
To kiss your eyes, and touch your heart so kind.  
Stay near, and in your presence let me heal,  
For I am lost when you're not close behind.  
O, linger still, and share your time with me,  
My heart is full, even now craves your company.

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# Tears On Withered Petals

When hidden from the world's inquisitive sight,  
Our deepest longings, like dawn's dearest breeze,  
Clasp petals of the heart, in the silent night,  
And weep for wounds that none but we can seize.  
The world, unmoved by sorrow's plaintive cry,  
Leads heart through labyrinths of despair,  
Where life's fervor fades, and the stories die,  
And in its cold, austere embrace, we share.  
Still O, rose, your beauty blooms for others' gaze,  
But withers in the somber space of self,  
Where naught shines radiant but misty haze,  
And time cannot efface the tears we weep and tell.  
You, sweet bird, whose song in spring rains charms,  
Who shall recall you in joy's verdant plains?

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# The Shadows We Chase

Beloved, fall not for false splendor's gleam,  
Life you chase is but the moon's tender beam  
Which fades away, a brief and breifest dream,  
Bound fast to time, it slips away as tender leaf.  
Like seasons tossed by winds fierce and mild,  
Hope and despair, like flowers bloom then fall,  
A joy is born, still teardrops stay beguiled,  
And death's bitter breath answers every call.  
A candle's flame, it drips, wanes each hour,  
Each spark a thought, but vanishes soon,  
Till all the wax is spent, consumed by power,  
See, how it burns, while oil does feed the tune.  
Thus live with care, let splendor light your way,  
Gear up for end, night overtakes the day.

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# The Foothills Of Joy

All praises to Him who bestowed you such beauty  
And to me, the robins' tunes do sweetly dance  
On tombs of nobles along winds of blue sea,  
And play their part in the nature's romance.  
I am a plain wanderer passed in summer  
By this route and found my rest beneath  
Your window-shade, though brief it be, Ooh,  
A treasure of sweet-perfumes you bequeath  
To this soil, all the earthy beings are rejoicing  
In your bloom, the shooting voice from foothills  
Pierce my heart, joy roams freely in floating  
Stream, the innocence on face of the Cowboy  
Forces me to think how wondrous it is to dwell  
In nude-nature, where eyes shine and hearts swell.

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# The Unheard Shepherdess

Take care for her, whose mother heaven took,  
While a child and the love is all she little knew,  
A tender flower, chilled by the winter's look,  
That wilts in the storm and thunder's brew.  
Under pitiless step-parents she grew alone,  
A shepherdess, no teacher's voice she heard;  
Still nature was the guide her soul had known,  
And taught her all through silence, it was a word.  
Her girlishness forbids her mouth to plead,  
She asks for nothing, though she suffers more,  
But gives to those in greater want and need,  
And feeds the hungry that knock at her door.  
She prays at dawn and dusk, her voice so dear  
O, take great care of her, of this be sure.

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# Catch The Star Whose Light Forever Stays

Recover the time, seize the day, it shalln't return,  
For now's the hour to turn your dreams to deed.  
Tomorrow's winds may shift, and fortune spurn,  
Thus haste today, for time may quickly speed.  
Awake to greet the morning's sweet blue hue  
An ornament surpassing the earthly honor.  
The early butterfly drinks full in the golden dew,  
While roses blush beneath sun's tender wonder.  
Recover the time, make your day, for it won't stay;  
The clock shalln't wait, nor pause for any plea.  
Rise up from slumber, cast the night away,  
For the fate is fickle, and not yours to see.  
Recover the time, make haste before it fades,  
And catch the star whose light forever stays.

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# From Grief To Glory

When sorrow's tempests toss you on the shore,  
And grief's dark veil obscures your sight,  
Your restless heart, a maelstrom, ever roars,  
As autumn's leaves wither, and hope takes flight.  
But then, a tender dream, a vision, do implore  
Your spirit to arise, and shake off the night,  
For as the seasons turn, and spring's sweet lore  
Unfurls, so shall joy, like blooms, take light.  
The rainbow's vibrant arc, a promise made,  
Shall span the skies, and guide you on your way,  
As winds of change whisper thru the shade,  
And new beginnings dawn with each new day.  
Then rise, dear heart, and let your grief depart,  
For joy shall settle in, and be your overseeing star.

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# Marriage Vows

When vows are spoken, and the wedding's sealed,  
The zeal that burns must endure through life's storms,  
For in love's journey, falls and rises are revealed,  
As natural as sunshine after hard rain's forms.  
The sun, concealed by clouds, cannot shine well,  
Ah, it waits for skies to clear, and then resumes  
Its radiant beam; therefore, patience, like a bell,  
Guides us through life's turmoil and angry glooms.  
In this affinity, it's better to delay, not give in  
To rage's dark impulse, for in calmness lies  
The strength to navigate love's troubled sea,  
And reach the harbor of a peaceful compromise.  
Think for a while, will heaven rejoice when fate  
Is forced, and the love is created in anguish?

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# Tell Me, My Friend, O What's This Bargain?

Almighty, with me bide, in this age of strife,  
Where disdain deepens, breeding foul deceit;  
No soil is safe, nor precious thing nor life,  
When cities send bad news from every street.  
O Lord, with me remain, You are absolute,  
By luxuria, man's eye is turned to stone,  
Unheeding of the source from whence its root,  
We cherish all that which You have disowned.  
We yield much fruit, yet drench it all in sin;  
With poison, our world's bright hues are gone,  
Tiny creatures fade from where they've been.  
Tell me, my friend, O what's this bargain?  
O bide with me, for who but You can see,  
Gratefully, soothe me in ache and agony.

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# Sing On, Sing, Forever Sing

Restless heart, sing on, your tune repeat,  
Those lyrics writ in blood, your passion's strain,  
Each note a joy, each word a lover's feat,  
That when heard, the world shall entertain.  
Oh, let your song bring lovers' hearts to leap,  
And be the theme of bonds that cannot break,  
With peace and melody, their souls to steep,  
Such a song of love, for all mankind's sake.  
In time's swift course, this tale may fiction turn,  
For hearts in melancholy to find their cheer,  
A song to stir the breasts that deeply yearn,  
And make this world your melody sincere.  
Though we may pass, your tune shall ever ring,  
Oh, restless heart, sing on, sing, forever sing.

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# A Humble Plea

A humble plea, if you'll lend me your tender-ear,  
Whether you love or spurn, it brings no pain,  
For I, in love with you, hold nothing dear.  
If you'll not have us, still don't count us strange,  
To death none can deny, oh see, still we strive  
To dwell, though fortune's winds may change,  
And if it fails, it fails, what purpose is this life?  
No blame I do place—nor fault I bestow,  
But ask you this, with all my heart and mind,  
Look, we melt away, though not in one glow,  
Our candles burn, yet peace we fail to find.  
Whether you love or spurn, we still remain,  
Among your lovers, bound by passion's chain.

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# No Tears To Shed Or Seize

Our love's lucent star remain in endless spin,  
In constant motion, but still not always nearer;  
At times it waned, at times new shores begin,  
In love's own sport where none can see or steer.  
She stepped with honor while I lost ground below,  
Each moment surpass, our fates in constant turn;  
The mishap marked us with its black blow,  
She took our heart, and left us here to yearn.  
The springs of life have waned, yet love remains,  
A sorrow intense within, though all have gone;  
Who stands beside to share in all our pains?  
A life without support, what strength lives on?  
If death descends, let it draw near with ease,  
For naught is left, no tears to shed or seize.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# You Are Now Free From Earthly Woes, My Friend

In long-run from the Eules you've passed away,  
To gardens where the Nachtigall rejoice  
In unbound joy, at happy hour's of new day,  
You soared to skies, where none makes their choice.  
Once more, you claimed innocence of birth,  
Like a babe reborn where mortal wine is fraught  
With tainted drops that ache this weary earth,  
And now you sip the roses' purest draught.  
In that perpetual garden, dew's descend  
To cleanse each hour and bathe the petals, recite  
You are now free from earthly woes, my friend,  
Where once you struggled to see day from night.  
Now rest where veil of delusion breaks and dies,  
Where holy light is seen in heaven's eyes.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Ela Marie

The cold wind whispers thru the valley's door,  
Caravan of clouds rumble from rills to hills  
Daffodils fade; their scents are lost once more,  
Though their space is filled by the razorbills.  
Ela Marie roams to gather the pale leaves;  
To shield her heart from winter's biting cold.  
The ice-bound caves fairly greet the gray seals.  
The night descends, its duskiness taking hold.  
Beneath the wintry-moon, green grass sleeps,  
Pastures bare, upset shepherds homeward tread.  
As chilly winds thru silent meadows sweep,  
And life's soft hum is stilled, its warmth now fled.  
O lieb, your lips grow pale in winter's breath,  
Still, there is hope to make a deal, but not death.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Rise At Dawn To Greet The Cuckoo's Song

When evening's rising tide led Father home,  
From day's tedious toil, he rattled the door.  
His lady came to kiss him; no more to roam,  
He sat where kids warmed by hearth's tender-core.  
Then quizzed them of their day with careful grace,  
Later on rug, he knelt to lead their prayer,  
With wisdom's light, he spoke to them apace:  
'Be patient, live with less, for more's not fair.  
Temptation's lure may cast a verdant spell,  
But guard your soul, let not your heart be swayed.  
For lost honor is but a trip to the gates of hell.'  
And truth denied shall see your soul betrayed.  
Hence, rise at dawn to greet the cuckoo's song,  
And let the breeze's kiss make your heart strong.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com



# Lullaby Of Rain

From Heaven's tears, I fall upon the earth,  
To quench the thirst of all beneath the sky.  
The high seas rise in me, for I give birth  
To streams that sing as through the land they fly.  
I am the laughter of the fruits and flowers,  
And joy within the little buds my kisses bring.  
The mountain breeze does herald my showers,  
Winds and waves in skies do dance and sing.  
Before my steps, the world's folk dream and pine,  
They call me forth to grace their festal days.  
The rainbow, like a promise, does combine  
With hope that I shall come in joyous rays.  
When I descend, all earthy life renews again,  
Joy in joy does dance, goodbye the pain.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# In Memory's Living Light, This Scene Remains

Recall the evening when wedlock first began,  
In summer's bloom, with flowers all around,  
As stars took their seats, and moon did shine,  
Guests beneath the leafy bowers found.  
My heart did race as you came into sight,  
From hall to mother's kiss upon your brow,  
Your brothers' tears fell silent; 'twas '88,  
For losing you, their joy they would allow.  
Hitherto, joy bloomed in our hearts that night,  
For heaven chose a gentle soul for thee,  
His father's sermon blessed the union's spirit,  
The hall was filled with love and memory.  
In memory's living light, this scene remains,  
A cherished night when love did end all pains.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Come With Me!

Behold the neighbor of the heavens high,  
Dearie, where the dreams like mine do climb.  
Ascend with me, for you are meant to fly,  
Together, we shall surpass the heights of time.  
Behold the great Wall of mainland's pride,  
Along the Silk road, let us trace the hiking path.  
Come forth with me, my love, walk by my side,  
For you are mine, and none shall break this hath.  
Behold, the Giza pyramids of ancient days,  
Their glories echo through the sands of time.  
With me, explore the Nile's ups and decays,  
For you're mine, in every clime and clime.  
And see the Taj, where love's lament was laid,  
Come with me, love, our bond shall never fade.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Preserve Your Virtue

Why spend your priceless time on things in vain,  
Those fantasy-filled films that steal away  
Your shamefaced jewel within, where virtue reign?  
Why choose such harm to where your essence lay?  
In this swift era of boundless communication,  
I do fear you might miss your moral core;  
To scenes that charm but hold no firm foundation,  
Mere illusions made to beguile and deceive.  
This race for riches, the green that meets your eyes,  
Gaze, not all is gold that glitters in your sight,  
Thus heed the counsel before you grasp the prize,  
And beware of traps concealed in false light.  
Forget not those who sacrificed for you, ever dear,  
Shaped your inner beauty, it's crystal clear.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# None Are Like Him, The Merciful And Kind

Knutzen did preach: 'live honest, harm ye none,  
And give to each the merit they deserve.'  
But yet from life's trials, he does swiftly run,  
And could not bear the strains that oft unnerve.  
To shun belief in the angels and in the life  
Beyond this mortal coil, 'tis sheer folly.  
For unity in the faith can end much strife,  
The vulgar evils can be cleansed from history.  
Mankind does swing 'twixt impiety and grace,  
With wars 'twixt faith and doubt, a bitter fight.  
Better to see God's presence in this place,  
The absolute, whose love does shine bright.  
None are like Him, the merciful and kind,  
With humble heart, forgiving all mankind.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Beloved, Lie Not

Beloved, lie not, you must to heaven report,  
By the foot you go, with empty hands in tow,  
The palaces, your camels, and grand escort,  
Your fields of barley wine, all behind will show.  
Sow good, and you shall harvest best indeed,  
Sow ill, and behold only ill will come to pass.  
Boyhood was lost in sport, youth slept with speed,  
Old age now weeps as tears in fullest mass.  
All dear ones embarked on journeys, the vast,  
These running days in solitude you spend,  
These old photographic memories that last,  
Like breezes in your fancy, they do bend.  
Yet even they shall die too, as clouds in rain,  
It seems all held was but just a dream in vain.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Don't You Know It's The Age Of Dying Stars

Why is the night without its shining stars?  
Why does the sea lack shore birds in its view?  
Don't you know it's the age of dying stars;  
All things are measured with materialistic-view.  
Why don't the doves sing in the grove of trees?  
Why don't our hymns reach the beloved king?  
We've blocked the path of the ocean breeze,  
And this little poet sees, they are not loved in.  
Why is our surface soil burning day by day?  
The sower sows in haste, without her great name,  
And stagnant water is sold at the high rate.  
While the moon above shrinks in silent shame.  
Don't you know it's the age of dying stars,  
Who listens to the one crying tears afar?

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Your Tender Image Settled Ever In My Heart

When first time your image in my heart I drew,  
'Twas with new hopes our paths would intertwine,  
In dreams, where'er your steps may go I knew,  
My heart would follow, bound by the divine  
Love, as your eyelids lift, my soul lies in your gaze,  
Your light shall guide me on my journey's way;  
With candles lit, to brighten nights and days,  
My shadow's there, by you it shall ever stay.  
Since that sweet moment you took your place,  
Within my bosom's cherished, sacred space.  
It seems all the universe is in our trace,  
Ah, a festival of joy within, upon face.  
Thanks to that day when love did first impart,  
Your tender image settled ever in my heart.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com



# If You Say Yes!

If you say yes, I'll sing through all my days,  
And play the violin to serenade your ears.  
If you say yes, my life will blaze with rays,  
And light the night with candles, void of fears.  
This eve I'll tell each secret of my open heart,  
And in these flowers, only you shall bloom.  
Your fictions lie within, like a work of art,  
Give me your love, dispel this doom and gloom.  
Bestow on me a haven in your ardent breast,  
As gentle breezes awaken me from sleep.  
To you alone, my soul's desires confessed,  
In dreams of love, our vows I strive to keep.  
So say you yes, and I'll sing life's sweet tune,  
To honor love beneath the silvery moon.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Your Sister's Wedding

Dearie, your sister's wedding has won my heart,  
In modest grace, with high morals imbued.  
Friends, neighbors, kin, each played a part,  
As guests and helpers served, their love renewed.  
No lavish pomp, nor gaudy dance was seen,  
No gilded trimmings, nor a wasteful excess.  
In purest form, the day's true love did glean,  
A simple charm that God himself did bless.  
No music's din, still the harmony prevailed,  
The cheer of guests, like hymns, filled every ear.  
With humble fare, prepared and served unveiled,  
Bright smiles adorned each face, sincere and clear.  
To bride and groom, our heartfelt blessings flow,  
In love's bosom their joy shall ever grow.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Why See The World Thru Eyes Of Mere Desire?

High and low, the cancer of love's frail bond,  
Whilst you do count your red carpets, o fine,  
We lay on earth's bare breast, on yonder frond,  
Whilst you do count your cars, we wait in line.  
Why see the world thru eyes of mere desire?  
Grand castles and proud towers all shall fall,  
Ah, virtues shall ascend through death's cold fire.  
Behold, my faith sees not the high nor low at all.  
From such divisions strife and sorrow spring:  
Fair women, driven mad, in the rivers leap,  
Or choose the flames, or hang by sorrow's string.  
Heaven sends the guide, our hearts to keep.  
In mercy's grace, let the envy's seeds be torn,  
That love and peace may in each soul be born.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Beneath, Lo Maple's Shade

Oh, chum I do recall that long  
forgotten time,  
When we would rest beneath the maple's shade,  
In the vesper evenings, tranquil and sublime,  
Where mountain breezes thru brooks did wade.  
The cooling mountains sent their zephyrs down,  
While valleys warmed beneath the gentle air,  
A tussle between the breezes, dusk's soft crown,  
Till midnight's stillness hung the sky most fair.  
From sweet slumber, you woke me with a call,  
'John, hark the nymphs who sing by fountain's side, '  
Their heartfelt love chorus, in rhythms I did fall,  
With a piece of music that held us 'till first light.  
In summer's eve, unfogged by time's own hand,  
Beneath, lo maple's shade, we dreamt unmanned.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# All Human Beings Worship Side By Side.

Thou art forever mine, of this no doubt,  
Yet one thing makes us mournful and so sad:  
About it a series of sonnets I wrote out.  
This world by darkened powers is run, 'tis bad.  
They pass satanic bills, their ways unjust,  
In senate halls where shadows darkly tread,  
Imposing hardships, breaking common trust,  
And laymen's lives with misery are fed.  
For selfish rulers hold grip with iron hand  
All wealth and power, treasures of the earth.  
In God's true realm, one law for every land,  
No borders, passports, states of varied worth.  
No race, no class high or low, nor the divide,  
Where all human beings worship side by side.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Springvale, Where Dreams Once Brightly Lay

Springvale, where dreams once brightly lay,  
The floods did rush and nature's rage unfurl.  
Remorseful, a beastly tide swept all in its fray;  
Then drowned the streets, fields, mortal's pearl.  
For two long days, the rains did fiercely pour,  
Crushed the crops ere harvest could be reaped.  
The people's cries did pierce the heavens' core,  
As dreams dissolved in tears, the valley weeped.  
One murmured to his mate, 'our sins thus wrought, '  
Next sighed, 'we've plundered nature's store'  
And in concord, I did find this bitter thought.  
As we abuse, instantly she strikes us to the core.  
And lo, when her wrath upon us she bestows,  
'Tis, we who do bear the burden of our woes.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# A Decade's War

A decade's war hath left but barren ground,  
No schools for minds of youth to be made bright,  
No fields of corn to yield the winter's round,  
No healers' hands to soothe the woes of night.  
All's lost, destroyed in dust and shifting sands,  
The fallen left no trace upon the naked land.  
Survivors' eyes with grief as sorrow stands,  
Earth trembled 'neath the war's relentless hand.  
What gain has come from these years of strife?  
But ruins stark and death's grim, ghastly dance.  
If war you love, then with thyself make life,  
A holy war, where ego's cleanse their stance.  
Thus purged of folly, rise from worldly grime,  
To find within a peace that's truly thine.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Bang, Bang, Bang You're Quite Hungry

Bang, bang, bang you are quite hungry---  
Beneath a shady tree, where tender buds  
Drink the showers of light, no mercy;  
Through the ripened fields and so thirsty.  
You chase ruined dreams of the pityful-peasant,  
Hitting the streets where small merchants  
Sell their second hands, before the crescent  
Climbs. you've dropped where resurgence  
Is done, where woes and wounds are healed,  
And infants know not your hits and thrall.  
Bang, bang over the graveyard, you' re pleased  
To decimate where divine light does befall.  
Bang, bang, your care not who walks the road,  
Blind men or cattle all shall share your load.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com



# Death Is Not Life's Final Breath

Dear mine know this, death is not life's final breath,  
It's but a stage to graves where shadows creep.  
And beyond lies an interim, not just a sleep,  
Then resurrection's bells ring loud from depth.  
Prepare yourself well in youthful vernal prime,  
For life's but short-lived blooms that soon decay.  
And each soul must face this transient display.  
Not wealth nor worldly bonds outlasts this time,  
Rejoice not in mere dough, scratch, or fame.  
For love and virtue transcend earthly gain,  
Prepare your innerself for what do e'er remain.  
Beyond this life, where joy is not the same,  
Reflect, ere death, on life's affairs well-trod,  
And thus ensure your soul's prepared for God.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Sometimes You Wear A Smile On Your Cheek

Sometimes you wear a smile on your cheek,  
Like marigold that shines in the early morn.  
And other times, your brow is sorrow's peak,  
Like caged bird weeping, feeling all forlorn.  
At times you toil like wind that clouds steer,  
To gather fruitful labor from the mighty sky.  
And often you tire, like clouds that disappear,  
In slumbers halfway heavens drifting by.  
I praise you still, and no blame to you dearest  
For all these traits are part of nature's way.  
To alter or not they are mostly inherent.  
And shaping fate is not an easy way,  
Unless it bears a blessing from above,  
Ordained before the birth, by heaven's love.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Martin Bird

Imprisoned in your cage, sweet Martin bird,  
With beauteous hues and eyes of mournful tear,  
Saddest, you are a captive to a fate absurd,  
Devoid of liberty, and then devoid of cheer.  
Your gaze do pierce my soul, your silent plea,  
Implores for relief, though I scarce can aid,  
For your rude jailor has no any sympathy,  
Inhuman sport with shackles harshly made.  
Little martin of air streams the wide and vast,  
Where once you soared in boundless air,  
To you it tightest-cage is but a bitter past,  
Pity, a cruel jest, a harsh and unjust snare.  
But grieve you not, for soon shall you be free,  
Drink well and smile, your hope rests firm with me.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# You Flirt So Bonnie, As If Eden Is Mine

You flirt so bonnie, as if Eden is mine,  
When dawn's goddess brings the shine.  
Your yummy notes stir my weary soul,  
Shrunk by day's hassles, I feel fine.  
Once more at noon, join with a new chorus,  
In a fresh style, prevail, never ignore us.  
Living close to flora, your true honor  
Purifies our prayers near the mute graves.  
Over again at eventide, pleasing the Luna  
With your new melodies, O gusty Aura.  
You're angelic, be kind, and come sooner  
With new euphony in misty autumn,  
When the yellow leaves dance in the sky,  
Many songbirds migrate, saying goodbye.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Beneath The Great Morus, Slow Steps Take

Beneath the great Morus, slow steps take,  
Where Robin sings on lavender his soulful song.  
You too move towards those springs, shake  
Your wings and with dear Robin go along.  
The pinkish buds may delight your longing eyes,  
So slowly walk, the heavenward is pretty fair,  
And robin's song fills voidness in clear skies,  
His beloved too listens from the pine up there.  
Pause, pen your thoughts on chaotic scenes,  
Some are lingering and some gorgeous;  
Between robin and morus create new dreams,  
In slow steps, for you and florence.  
So walk, let nature's charms your soul enclose,  
And in every step, may a world of calm repose.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# One-Way Ticket

One-way ticket to the pasture's glow,  
Let's wander now, the night is ripe for dreams.  
Thru memories where vibrant moments flow,  
Muses sing softly, lost in moonlit beams.  
Recall the days when bonds were forged in light,  
Thru storms we stood, our loyalty a shield.  
With lullabies that soothe the silent night,  
Your gentle song, a promise never healed.  
How hard you strive, yet joy is destiny;  
Each deed you carve will shape your legacy.  
Shun all dark musings, let hope take flight,  
In beauty's arms, we find what's pure and free.  
So seize this chance, and let your spirit soar—  
This one-way ticket opens every new-door.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Someone Descend To Fill Your Empty Space

O sleepless heart, stir gently, but slow,  
Clarinets play for one who draws near.  
In cast shadows, her presence does glow,  
In dream's backyard, love sings ah, clear.  
Kisses form when the dreams appear  
In gardens of sleep, where love sings.  
A melody of solemn promise reappears;  
For whom the heart awoke, the dawn brings  
Her visage with hues of vernal grace.  
And for years long, you dwelt apart.  
Someone descend to fill your empty space,  
Hope comes to lips where grief did depart.  
O sleepless heart, stir gently, but slow,  
Clarinets play for one who draws so close.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Go Away, Go, O Bird, Fly O'er, Fly O'er

Go away, go, O bird, fly o'er, fly o'er,  
Spring's star, what do you see within me?  
O deare! why is my heart's orchard sore?  
No bud, no breeze, or petal left to see.  
Pain's dust has blown along the ways,  
Neither could I hold the harp, nor sing,  
Though songs I wrote in bygone days  
Lie cold within my heart's bleak ring.  
Go away, go, O bird, fly o'er, fly o'er,  
What here remains for you, my dear?  
No hope, no the yearning anymore,  
All fade with time, no mirth to linger near.  
Go away, go, O bird, fly o'er, fly o'er,  
Nothing here remains for you to adore.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com



# New Morning From The Sea-Holm

New morning from the sea-holm grants  
Golden dewes and wine to olive plants.  
A teardrop hangs on the leaf of the olive,  
Soon may fall down and lose all its love.  
Shore birds, frightened by the ocean storms,  
Stay here with me, but follow local norms.  
Sweet zephyr, just shake those rainy clouds  
For the sake of rustic school girls in gowns.  
And for the plowman, toiling all day long,  
Caught under the hailing, singing his song.  
O my sweet Aura, linger in the windy tree,  
And behold, there is none in between.  
O my green-love, fan my cheek to cheek,  
It's my inner urge, but let it not be leaked;  
People may accuse me, that with the breezes,  
He was making moans in the windy trees.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# The Snow Is Falling

The snow is falling, and the eagle on the maple top  
Bathes; the stream is floating, and the snow sparrow  
Is dancing; the thunder cloud makes a mock  
'O famous star, where are you? ' and the crow  
Is crowing, the barren fields sleep in blowing snow.  
And the shepherd is resting with his mistress  
In a warm kitchen, counting days, receiving no  
Wages; snow is falling, causing him distress.  
There is joy in the mountains, and murmur  
In the fountains, the paltry sun is over and gone.  
No sign of the moon—she might have returned  
To some warmer islands. and look, the fawn  
Yawns. when shall the spring tide come?  
The snow is falling, and the pasture drinks rum.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# And You' Re Not Alone

A thousand beautiful dreams filled our eyes,  
In the shadows of intoxicating winds.  
Hand in hand, we walked in azure skies,  
And then shrank into each other's binds.  
When first I foresaw you, heart within me stirred,  
I could not bear to part from such a pretty sight.  
Once our sentiments about life are merged,  
I may guard my gaze for you both day and night.  
For you alone, my will and heart are yours,  
A visage dreamt for decades in my sleep.  
You are the same effigy still unsecured,  
Accepting it, in my bosom, your shade lies deep.  
Bethink of me always as your own, my dear,  
Though miles apart, and you are not alone.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Shepherd's Harp

How melodic is the shepherd's harp  
Singing all day the eternity's song.  
By his side, the hoopie and the hark  
They stay in the ring and play along.  
With routine, he never becomes weary.  
In thunders they hide in the mulberry  
In such a tense scene it's so pretty  
Harmony of nearness, they feel lovely.  
Then again, Hark and Hooper return  
To pasture, filling his bosom with merry dance  
On the soft cradle of alpine lady fern,  
And let him rest on the prayer mat.  
Where he finds his eighty one old soul  
With Him, the most affectionate, who beholds all.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# I Cannot Feast 'til I Have Prayed,

At twilight's silence, a guest came to my door,  
Though far my home from where he made his way.  
I offered him fruits and juices, nothing more,  
Oh, he declined, his spirit in dismay.  
He spoke, 'I cannot feast 'til I have prayed,  
Before my God each Eve I bow my head.  
Without His grace, my heart is sore afraid,  
I cannot rest, my soul is filled with dread.'  
'With joy I live, my children strong and fed,  
A hermitage where peace and love do reign.  
His blessings from His throne my path has led,  
This feast is naught if I cannot sustain  
Gracias for breeze cool that soothe my brow,  
As plowing fields, I toil from dawn 'til now.'  
Aaah, his words did stir a river in my soul,  
And with gratitude, my heart did overflow.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Baby Bird

In the morning's glare, the baby bird  
Says to his mother, 'O let me fly away  
With the wind.' Mother replies, 'You are crazy and,  
Let your wings get stronger, and obey.  
In the afternoon sunshine, the baby bird  
Says to his mother, 'O let me fly away in the sky,  
To swing in the ring' 'It may be worse,  
Baby, rest a few more days, and then go by.'  
In the vesper evening, the baby bird  
Says to his mother, 'O let me fly away  
To meet those little stars.' 'It may be worse  
To sail in the air, yet your wings are underway.'  
And if, the mother forgets of taking care  
The baby will fly away in the escaping air.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Fortune Tellers

I seek not the counsel of fortune tellers or seers,  
For how can they foretell my fate's design?  
Only Allah can glimpse beyond the years,  
Where the destiny is woven line by line—  
Ah, stars above, though bright they nightly gleam,  
Cannot unveil as what the future days portend.  
And nor do the lines upon my palm, it seems,  
Reveal the path that Heaven's hands extend.  
In God's own hand, our fortunes are inscribed,  
Each moment charted by His boundless grace.  
No mortal art can alter or prescribe---  
The course decreed by His eternal face.  
Thus, in the divine decree, my trust shall lie,  
For He alone knows what will come and why.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# You've Moved On To Another's Bosom

In love's sweet tale, a cherished favor we find,  
As our hearts part in the twilight's blue hue.  
Once bloomed, now departed, leaving naught behind,  
Could an artist paint the scene so fair and true?

Oh, how I yearn to hold the truth unseen,  
Yet love endures, though time may play its game.  
Swift decline of love, the tale it weaves, between  
A flickering flame, a wisp of smoke's aim.

But now in the depths of our feelings, we find,  
Our love, though dimmed, still shines with might.  
O beloved, recall the bond still etched in mind,  
In shadows past, it glows with sincere light.

Though you've moved on to another's bosom,  
My love for you abides in the time to come.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com



# True Love Is Patient

Love, even love, must know its bounds and stay  
Within the boundary of a gentle heart.  
For if love strays too far, it will betray  
The noble grace with which it did depart.  
When passion rises past the line it should,  
No longer does it bear the name of love,  
But the wantonness that never could  
Be blessed by the stars that shine above.  
True love is patient, kind, and always pure,  
Not seeking more than what is just and right.  
It holds its ground through trials and endures,  
A steady flame that softly lights the night.  
So let our love be true and always free,  
Bound by respect and calm tranquility.

AFFAQ NABI



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# The Path Is Unknown

In the solitude, I tread this path is unknown,  
As all well wishers depart, leaving a barren space.  
No oar to guide us amidst the waters' foam.  
Once vibrant lake, now hushed in gloom's embrace.  
Dorry's absence chills, her presence wanes,  
Sadness veils the lake, in sorrow's wake,  
The shore birds depart, O silence now sustains.  
As the breezes mourn, and melodies forsake.  
From shore to shore, it softly slumbers deep,  
Herders and goats retreat, the silence weeps.  
Time's relentless march, O marrow's plea,  
In a yearning gaze, a hope's faint decree.  
Hope's beacon may gleam, piercing the darkest night,  
The optimism's spark ignites in silent flight.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Beneath The Green Oak

Ah, let's remember those blissful days of yore,  
A while back, we met on Alves' outskirts.  
Stars hastened to adorn the sky's full face,  
Later, the moon presided over nature's vast orbit.  
Though those good days have passed us by,  
Our spirits remain coupled, never to bid goodbye.  
Just call my name, and I shall be by your side,  
Beneath the green oak, where our memories reside.  
In the whispers of evening winds, our tales abide,  
In the arms of nostalgia, we find peace.  
Through the ebb and flow of life's endless tide,  
As the past unfolds, painting skies anew.  
With each step forward, we carry our past,  
In the fabric of time, our old bond will last.  
So let's raise a toast to the days gone by,  
And cherish the moments that made us fly high.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Human Devastation's

Man, in his arrogance, spurns all warning;  
He heeds not the heavens' dire call.  
Yet, the universe, with intricacy forming,  
God wrought, raising mountains tall.  
In the annals of the deserts hot and vast,  
Reason lies in each scorching breath.  
The unseen Creator knows the steadfast,  
Yet man, blind to his might, courts death.  
Interference forbidden, yet man persists,  
Arms raised in defiance, deaf to grace.  
His nature, steeped in vanity, insists,  
Till God's miracles stare him in the face.  
Human wisdom yields to divine might,  
In the wake of nature's fierce display.  
Man's hand, in devastation's blight,  
For he heareth not the Almighty's say.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Sunset Stroll

In the early light of the morning's glory,  
The life's rhythm was fast and bright,  
The kissing waves danced with joyful grace,  
Giving proof of their enduring might.  
A rain Quail's sweet ghazal filled the soft air,  
An old grove Eagle led his team to entertain.  
As I wandered through like an old couch,  
He trained his darling with a hundred rounds.  
My harp's mystic music filled the happy air,  
As I found comfort in a Morus alba shade.  
A young Plowman, in his prime, worked  
The earth in perfect time, then like a vernal  
Butterfly in flight, a fair Maiden came  
Into sight, tray-laden, her silken scarf unfurled,  
Her loyalty and pretty presence lit up the world.  
The plowman's voice rang out straight and clear,  
'Cheri cheri, hold my lunch, my sweet dear.  
In the shady mulberry, let me toil more,  
While you share a sea island tale's royal coil.'  
With a nod and a happy smile, she agreed,  
As he set off to fulfill his need.  
She sat  
Quietly, like a mirroring Moon,  
watching  
Her fields every afternoon, as the  
fatigued  
Sun dipped low, painting skies with hues  
So grand, they walked hand in hand,  
Towards their beloved hermitage—

AFFAQ NABI

# With You My Dear, Forever I Will Stand

Upon your wings, my longing finds its rest,  
With you, my soul feels eternally blessed.  
Yet, doubts arise, stirring within my breast,  
Concerns of lineage put us to the test.  
Lies don't align with the passing of time,  
Desire fades unless it's truly cherished  
Sometimes the heart feels restless, out of line,  
Fragile, it bursts forth, love to be cherished.  
When I look back upon my quiet past,  
The weight of buried sorrows echoes deep.  
I blame not time nor the years gone so fast,  
In your scent, my comfort I will keep.  
I pledge my love, my oath upon your hand,  
With you, my dear, forever I will stand.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Resilience's Anthem

In the depths of grief, fear not, dear heart,  
For within lies the strength to heal and restart.  
Amidst the unknown, where dry leaves may drift,  
Stand tall, defy the winds, swift and swift.  
Like the early bird, sing life's fleeting song,  
Gather wisdom pearls amidst trials prolonged.  
In the race of life, amidst trials and throngs,  
Let your spirit soar with lute's sweet songs.  
Embrace your inner whispers, impulses untold,  
Forge wisdom's mantle, and strength behold.  
From caverns deep, emerge victorious and bold,  
A champion of resilience, in stories yet untold.  
Beyond the stars, and beneath the seas,  
Lie realms uncharted, waiting for thee.  
With purpose profound, lead and embark,  
Stand steadfast, for your journey's spark.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Elysian Dreams

Dear mine, come here in the  
meadows green,  
A dream, you might have never before seen;  
Where the rivers swell in sunbeam's gleam,  
A venue far from the unrest's, intervene.  
An esoteric fervor, only you and I between,  
Where little lamb with soft whispers play,  
A land liberated from the dismay or disarray.  
We will dance beneath the sun's shimmery ray.  
All day hand in hand, in a wonderful way.  
Every step of ours will swell in nature's grace,  
Then our hearts will find their peaceful space.  
We grew up in a universe of envy and hates,  
Whatever you long, the nature's majesty translates.  
Come to the south stream, where gentle winds blow,  
So, we may let our worries ebb and flow.  
Hark, hark, dearest come to rise your dim glow,  
In this eden of delight, love's light shine, you know,  
We bask in these pleasant moments, so divine.  
Oft, you've heard that a wrong road divides,  
The river's rhythm, sings a soothing song,  
Guides us where dreams and hopes belong.  
With each heartbeat, our angelic love will grow,  
In the nature's arms, our inner selves aglow.  
Love dear, unitedly we will journey, hand in hand,  
Through the valleys and plains, across the land.  
Under the cherry blossoms' tender bloom,  
We shall cherish the love, dispelling gloom.

AFFAQ NABI



# Lullaby Of Eternity

In the final watch of the night's embrace,  
I heard the drums, a rhythm's grace,  
Who is this drummer, with beats so sweet?  
Awakening souls from slumber's seat.  
Like the cuckoo's song at dawn's first light,  
Calling forth from depths of the night,  
Now arise, it's the right time to mend,  
The wounds that the time could never end.  
Wake to bask in the eternity's glow,  
To tread the path where the virtues grow,  
Frontline of the faith, where hearts align,  
To fill the voids, once you left behind.  
Ramadan, the mother of time's decree,  
Sings the sweet lullaby of eternity,  
Guiding the souls to salvation's door,  
Filling the voids with love evermore.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Cheerful Bird

Oh, don't leave me alone, my well-known soul.  
This could be a severe setback to my lonely life.  
Why should I live in this sinful world order?  
And how sadful would be my ghastly night.

My fellow traveller, this rosy life now slowly dies.  
Oh, don't leave me alone, my well-known soul.  
Till yesterday, this princely life was wholly mine.  
Within the rotations of time, it has shone full

Just recall there is a word between you and me,  
Which bound us together in the tearful times,  
It was so sweet and too funny. you've wakened me  
I do feel like a fearful child, my cheerful light

Leave not me alone; I request you three or four times.  
There is mist and haze over the main highways.  
You will not see me, nor shall  
I see you.  
In these storm tides, and you call it a twist of fate?

AFFAQ NABI

# Wherever You Live, Be Every Pleasure There

Wherever you live,  
Be every pleasure there.

Wherever you live,  
Be the life there.

These darks are my selections.  
I don't see my shades.

Wherever you live,  
Be the light there.

The moon is dimly lit,  
O, don't worry,  
Be not dark of nights.  
upon night there.

Wherever you live,  
Be every pleasure there,  
In clouds of despair.

We see a rainbow.

We shall surpass.

The suffering nights,

Wherever you live,  
Be the delights there.

Wherever you live,  
Be every pleasure there

AFFAQ NABI

# I Live In The Minority

I live in the minority  
I have a clean tongue  
I can teach, and I can sing.  
I have strong muscle;  
I may perform better at soccer.  
But they drop me:  
For, I live in the minority.

I have mastery in the  
sports like the great Ali,  
But they drop me,  
For, I live in the minority.  
I have an enlightened mind,  
I can better run an art gallery.  
But they drop me,  
For, I live in the minority

I can't raise a question  
as others do?  
If I will ever try so.  
They will put me into detention,  
With these pitfalls  
Mine boat sails low  
And I need to rebuild its engine.....

AFFAQ NABI

## On Lines Of Sofis

Young lady, you are in the prime of your earliest youth.  
Embraced a perfect and refined faith, which  
Helps a great deal in reaching a deeper truth'  
A thing of heaven is conducive and capable.  
To bring up joyous and without any dispute.  
You've pursued a solemn path since your earliest youth.  
Its blues gave your cloying dreams a lively bloom.  
Young lady, in the prime of your earliest youth,  
You had set the base of your house on lines of sofis.  
A tree whose boughs are green and the soil is smooth  
Its belief is that 'through inner purification and introspection  
'Tasawwuf, ' one can become closer to the Almighty.  
You've placed the will of the Lord above all your hobbies.  
Till the closing days, your walk of life remains  
As like the mellowed moon of a cool afternoon.

AFFAQ NABI



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# And I Stayed Calm---

In your love, heart suffered;  
so many sorrows,  
And I stayed calm.  
Sorrow came to raid me, and I  
broke away,  
Yet tears didn't float  
And I stayed calm.  
Upon the boat in your white robe.  
I gave you my heart as a gift  
Where love veiled the love,  
And I told you my tale,  
You've forgotten it,  
Still, tears didn't fall.  
And I stayed calm.  
Sweet heart! from you,  
This gift is granted to me,  
and I suffered the  
sorrows of the world,  
In the course of love,  
A fire broke out in the breast.  
that smoke didn't come out.  
And I stayed calm.  
Heart burned out in such a rhythm  
Neither the heart nor the story remain.  
In this scenario, heart turn wishless  
Still, tears didn't fall.  
drinking every tear.  
And I stayed calm.

Then the storms of grief disappear.  
And the shades of night appear,  
Gaps extend to a great extent.  
Even after meeting,  
Two hearts didn't meet,  
Every raising figure ruins out, Heart's every convey  
has been robbed,  
And tears fell  
drop by drop.  
And I stayed calm.



# No More Rhyme No Chim

O life, O lust, O time!

Decards pass away my star never shines,

In a tumult of desires, my course is complete.

Whatever side the little joy hails, It is forever gone,

No more concrete dreams or aim or a complaint.

Shall I ever again be born? a little pain in my vein

Though that's not mine, it alone still hurts the spine

O life, O lust, O time---

Who can defy the divine oath, No more rhyme, no chim, it's fine.....

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com



# Dreams And Risk

We all have dreams and are mighty in numbers.  
And success mostly depends on one's luck.  
And the sun shines on their luck from the birth.  
Some people while pursuing their dreams become sick.

Mother earth! I too had some but they tumble  
Down, for I didn't apply any clever trick,  
Some are up, as they apply all means in slumber  
To overcome their aims they cross all the limits.  
From Greeks we learnt: 'To pursue your aim take a risk'

Some raise to glory; though born the poorer  
Heaven witness; that their stars never sank.  
From books of history we read their gallants..  
And some people amid us follow their habits.

AFFAQ NABI



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## Anus Of Orange Vale-----

And as like a dying femme, pale and puny,  
Who treads forth covered in a solemn veil.  
Out of her cottage, settled by fallen race,  
She pale rushes forth to field amid autumn gale.  
The sun lies hostage by the rudy clouds,  
And she gathers around little exaruit offshoots.  
With the hands on knees to warm her's room,  
While her daughter Kate; who lives next door.  
Rejoices her youth, her time with her two  
At the pet store in outskirts of west shore,  
It often happens with the old women in our orange vale.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Shalimar City Park

Shalimar City park where we walk with our kids.  
On its stone walls, we do see the images of a hart and a doe.  
And the wild fawns are giving cheers to the visitors.  
These antique animals have dwelled in these bushes.  
through the dim ages.  
It's the fairest place where the oak grows parallel.  
To parallel with the great maples, by travelling  
Eastward, the smoke blows over the high snowy hills.  
And mythmakers invent their own stories, which never  
existed in the past but brings  
a momentary joy  
In the ears of the listeners, they do paint these stories.  
With their lovely colors, Suman loves to cook  
Wild delicious in the open azure sky in the Greek oaks  
By night, they 're refashioned by  
azure lights,  
When the valley breeze hails for long hiking  
With its sweet notes, she smokes before the fire pot  
While drinking wild coffee, she designed the entire route.  
Along with flower pots, she owns a pair of Pashmina goats.  
Eating the leafy twigs of the roses inside the wood,

When sunshine falls on fresh snow, the scene evokes  
In her mind sweet dreams and pleasing hopes.  
From precious wild herbs she prepares the liquors,  
And serve their guests like me.  
And to other  
People like the hikers or the swimmers,  
Whoever appears at her door, she gives away to those who suffer.  
The young woman emerged a true lover.

AFFAQ NABI

# The Prophet 'sw'

When the Prophet s.w appeared upon the earth  
The entire Arabian desert turn into an orchard with mirth.  
First time in history of mankind the slave received an honor.  
The sun shined it's full on the grand harbour,  
Sombre nights fade away by the moon light.  
The life of a baby girl started to grow bright,  
Long age of tyranny pass away,  
The candles of joy began to  
kindle  
And all gathered in his one flag,  
Throu his beloved voice, the first adhan  
'call to prayer' was given  
in house of God  
By a young black and the mount  
Sawda received it's sunshine.

Traditionally with nicest things a rich reaction yeilds.  
He lived to guide the vicious;  
you can too  
Live with esteem like the flowers in their routines.  
When you'll refine you spirit with elysian wine.  
The Prophet s.w fetched a tenet from the heaven's throne,  
That none can do and  
which is unique within its merits....

AFFAQ NABI

# Pearl Of Heaven

Sweet is the breeze that blows before my face,  
Will blow further and further beneath the heavens  
Over hills by the rural miles; then it would return  
To my place along with its luxuriance with change  
In season sweet is the breath of the blue dawn flower,  
My beloved, the melodies of multi-hued birds pleases  
The garden and makes me overexcited.  
After long prayer the dove goes down  
To reputed mustard lawn that's yet muted,  
Solemn sun, O pearl of the heavens,  
Hold that promise that we' ve thrown out and now  
We are at an utter loss, in the Christmas dying a tree  
Can't free us from past karmas, within us lives the tempter  
And we're not the candidates for his forgiveness.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Sweet Breeze

The sweet breeze of the brook  
Slow go, slow go  
Low, low, but go  
Over the Everest clouds go.  
Then return from the tallest peak,  
With a new song that I seek.  
I wait anxiously at the florist street

Blow again her perfume twice before my cheek---  
Sweet breeze of the brook  
Slow go, slow go---  
Low low, but go---  
Beneath the alpine trees

And bring some tiding of golden ages of long ago.  
Sweet breeze of the brook;  
Slow go, slow go---  
Round the plum thicket

And never break like us your peace treaties,  
Go go, greatfully then come within me---

AFFAQ NABI

# Worthy Lamb

Still, Eid ul-Adha is days away, its  
the perfect  
Time for cleaning and sewing and offering  
Ovas! brought a young lamb in first of May.  
For the festival of sacrifice that's soon occurring.  
His lamb of the God is quite handsome and worthy.  
With pride and joy they all call him 'the Caesar.'  
Aha, it's so lovely, his younger brother Qasam.  
Will take him to picnic on a green pasture.  
His sister, Annie! been giving him butter and eggs,  
Cookies and chocolate to eat in morn and Eve,  
And green maple leaves, she also cleans his hair.  
When he is playing alone, she laughs at him in her sleeve.  
This is amazing, what Caesar has learned.  
To live with humans and leaps up all the time.  
Aww, the main motive behind this attachment  
Is divine, it will remain there until the day of Eid.  
When all the kids will walk behind him to the altar.  
And then Caesar will be slaughtered, to perform  
The Sunnah of prophet Abraham and Sarah  
Who entered in vow with God, that they will  
Sacrifice their beloved son for his favor and reward.

AFFAQ NABI

## Acacia & Linden

I have Acacia and Linden in lap of my window,  
When I get up early in the morning,  
I see a festival of Abejas,  
A to and fro of sea billow,  
Which prepares the wet corn. Sweet lord!  
May I know what is the cause?  
of gathering Abejas,  
In dimly lamps of the morning star,  
In my own opinion; it's the right time,  
As still the drowsy eyed purple  
Martin is yawning in his earie....

AFFAQ NABI



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# The Time Calls

The clock passes, and the time calls, the past is buried,  
And future calls, lilacs come long black-eyed Susan  
With your pink blossoms, all the mist has away gone.

A throng of abeilles hung upon these; how fairly  
They do perform their duties.

the clock passes.

As time calls, glare has spread in  
corn fields

After the squalls, a band of hunter birds is racing  
Above, in rough winds, I am beholding three little  
Girls are moving on a narrow path, talking in their  
Latin words, after rain showers

they might be

Going to dig the gucchis, the clock passes.

The time calls; no field is safer the crow calls  
To crow, walk carefully through hills or by the  
Plains, then call upon all your friends when you  
Hunt out some cookies, but be  
aware of wood

Pigeons are stealing our bush peas, the clock passes

The time calls, and no one gives thanks to your  
Great gifts! God of sparks, a lonely old lady

She recites a holy verse in her broken lamps; it's an age  
of 'push the button to call up quick snacks.'

Whether it's made of marble chips or chalk

That doesn't matter; the clock passes, the time calls,

I see a migratory springbok tied to stone walls.

From his mouth I heard a divine call:

'Man is becoming more rude; his cry gave me a severe shock.'

Joy may kiss us all. when we're men of good deeds  
the clock passes and the time calls.

AFFAQ NABI

# Dwelling!

A vinery, among the flames of marvel,  
Now dwelling in it has become harsher.  
A meadow of deer,  
A monastery of monks,  
A movement of merchants,  
A wilderness of wanderlust  
I accept only the religion of love.  
Wherever the caravan of love turns,  
That's the belief; that's the faith.  
That's the path I do keep.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Don't Migrate myna

When the white doves migrate to the warm valleys  
Then the snow sparrow sings a wintry song.  
And Malley! sits on her spinning wheel, her skin freezing.  
But she still sings her favourite fairy song.

And Tom invites the gypsies on  
Thanksgiving meal,  
And the Quail does not lay the bright eggs for very long.  
And when the wind gets bored, it blows over the trembling trees  
to please God with their melodies.

Then Sveta! sorts out in chilly hours, fun sundress  
On her balcony where the wet wind rattles  
And rattle round the window as alternate of summer breeze.  
Alyana! is laying in bed behind curtains.  
Gives chips and cheese to Myna while singing  
'Don't migrate O Myna in the mist and the fog.  
Stay on the sunny dome, your loving eyes.  
Are giving rise to my old girlish dream  
I invite you to travel with me to herbal stream  
For, I'm alone here in the Percy street'

AFFAQ NABI

# You Religious Elite

Love is above caste, creed, cult, and belief.  
It is a matter of the heart and a very tender thing.  
Cast aside all shades of your inflexible belief.  
And let not your dogma become a hindering  
Between lovers, let me remember you, religious elite!  
Oh, when I see a tear in that dear girl's eye  
It's a tear of love; don't harass her but greet.  
Thus, stop being so religious; this right is conferred by  
God and law, so you can't seize her liberty.  
Not try to split up two hearts succumbing to love.  
True love does not require a lover's nativity, and  
Listen! with racism, relate not the love, its a deep  
Interest and woundrous joy in something, or a  
Feeling of warmth and personal closeness.

AFFAQ NABI



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# I Paid A Heavy Levy

My saviour after you, I've no other locus to dwell in,  
For you alone, I live; when I leave, but will leave.  
Who, without you, can nurse me? when I've got stress in,  
In our prisons, there is nothing called the amnesty  
Is it not a matter of shame for all of humanity?  
I once drew nearer to the tempter to achieve the sublime.  
Then I paid a heavy levy, and myself hardly free.  
You've assigned me a deed, and I went a bit ahead.  
To preach to the people, they're unready, pursuing  
Their own muslings that're quite dreamy dreamy,  
In addition, under the name of 'swift progression, '  
The regime we live in is abusing the little people.  
Its aims and designs are extremely greedy.  
Doing all forms of evil to the grieving people.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Oh, Reina De Las Flores

Melody queen, your pretty smile did turn into a tragedy  
Neither the heart lie in discipline.  
Nor I did lay in discipline,  
The meeting of eager eyes turn  
into a tragedy,  
How wondrous' re your smacking lips,  
Ah, these two leaves look as like the pink petals.  
They sing pretty nice, the romantic sonnets,  
These speaks of love from your tender lips,  
Turn into a tragedy for me,  
Oh, these droppings and  
raising of your  
Eye lashes turn into a tragedy, ah the heart  
Intends to rest in these cool shades for hours,  
Your accent reveals you might be an alim of the Urdu academy.  
Which esoteric tool do you apply between vowels?  
Melody queen, your pretty smile did turn into a tragedy  
My destiny may take a smart shape with your counsels.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Until You Love

Until you have a certificate of learning  
You can't claim a job as a teacher.  
Until you have hooks and netz  
You would not reach the fish.  
In rivelut.  
Until you have oxygen and kerosene  
You can't land in the country of the moon.  
Until you've relish of lust  
You can't be in harmony with divinity  
Until you love, you can't dream of a happy family.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Quench Your Thirst!

The spring has set in at length in our garden.  
Long nights of awe and shivering have gone away.  
O, you in the slumber; behold the golden dawn  
Is giving away blessings, so wake up and release  
yourself from the locks and ropes of thralldom.  
Nothing harm will befall you, O true devotee!  
You've got a vision and a strong, well done!  
Don't sell your faith for a cup of red-hot wine.  
Sit down and quench your thirst with beams of sun.  
Spring has hailed; prepare and redesign your dreams.  
Which you've buried over the years in shades of sword  
And spear, how long will you serve the nasty king?  
Swains suffered; they could not lead their herds.  
And the ringing stream strongly feels this pain.

Raise! from slumber, or they will swallow you.  
Keep your hands away and abstain from their alms.  
That smells hostile, Eri, you don't lack the instruments  
In bravery, you have no dearth of clean waters  
Or fruitful fields, vast and free, eager to aid  
You, therefore, awaken all and pull in the present.

AFFAQ NABI



# Adin And Fairy Alice

There was a shepherd grazing the goats on pasture.  
He was a handsome herder and a flutter.  
Singing all day like an Asian quail in blue amber,  
One day he found a lucky number in the summer.

Remember, his name was Adin. while lying in bed,  
In the crimson ceiba tree, a  
maiden came  
And sat around, and then she disrupted  
His sleep with a pine leaf, his face  
Was like a pink rose, and a man  
like him  
She had never found, hastily they fell  
In love with each other, and the fairy said: Adin:  
'I'm all yours now let's walk to my villa of mysteries,  
In the mountains, that will remain yours,  
Till you hold my hand and love, not intrigue'  
Adin was stunned, when he saw the palace,  
With the Persian carpets on its floor.  
Then in the central hall, he saw paintings of Alice,  
The symphonic suite, arts, poems, and more.  
And a circle of pretty slave girls standing behind,  
With hands on their breasts  
so cute and kind.  
Adin, hearing the sweet voices of women,  
And her rhymed lines, then they went hidden,  
And later, Alice rang a royal priest and told him:

"Sadiq! wed us, he is Adin  
a kind human,  
'And I am Alice, a winged woman'  
She showed him around, and his whims expanded.  
One day the wife said:

"Look, oh, son of man; if you  
ever make this mystery public,  
You might never see me again, so carry the command  
and break not the faith.  
I pray for you, ever shine in mine (Alice's) diamond.

I admire you, hold my hand,  
Let's go sing to the pine-island.  
Where no other couple has yet gone,  
We will sail over the black shale,  
on royal falcon ere dawn'

AFFAQ NABI

# Power Of Words

Words coming from the mouth or pen have energy.  
To humiliate, to harm, to hurt, to heal, and to help  
The power of words enchanted the prince of Dane,  
An expensive man with plenty of riches and fame.  
Lincy, a rural gypsy, aimed at him with a butterfly stroke.  
And then the star came down to earth.  
Lincy! was very firm until the prince said to her, 'Yes' and gave her a word  
'That I'm going to make you my pair.'  
Love is not calm, 'It alters like the 'winds of change'  
And the prince of Dane later in public proclaims.  
The power of words becomes the rise and fall of kingdoms.  
It is like an arrow, and only the best archer is capable.  
Of carrying his day, the power of words raised  
Shepherds to high palaces with its 'magnate and magic'  
the wilderness turns into waterfalls.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Good Bye Soul

Body!

The heart is passing through intense pain.  
And possibly it will never come again.  
About the fifty years you have dwelt in me,  
And kept me healthy like a leafy tree.  
O! you have prevented me from falling into sin.  
Rabin! though on some matters we had disputes in.  
The tidings that you brought from time to time  
Trembled my arms, hands, legs, and skin.

Soul!

Grace's corpo, you give me asylum in your barn,  
We' ve had a secret union; that has gone adjourn.  
Inherently, I was with you,  
O beloved, on a lease.  
Restore calm my reflection is removed from your palm,  
You will be buried in ash and sand.  
And I shall return to some endless shore; as I understand.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# I Sing On Rose

I am a nightingale, and I sing on the roses.  
I went to the garden of Brahma and saw the Buddha.  
Beneath an old oak counting the sorrows.  
Of the world, I m a nightingale; I sing on the roses.  
I went to the landscape of Mathura and saw shakthi  
And then I heard the love song echoed by Shiva.  
Along with your aunt and her kin, all the happy.  
And then I was lost in a young sea of loveliness.  
I am a nightingale, and I sing on the roses.  
I flew over the top of Sinai and saw the palm tree.  
Where the Lord called on Moses, 'Stay, I bestow  
You the book and the stick, ashanti; you've got me.'  
I am a nightingale, and I sing on the roses.  
I fly by sea to Nazareth, where the star rose.  
And glowed that landscape and he founded  
His reign far to the east, where son of Madina  
Took the lead on the different routes and led his  
Caravan of oneness of God beyond the Caucasus  
I am a nightingale, and I sing on the roses.  
I am a child yet, and believe to become more courageous.

AFFAQ NABI

# Wandering On The Shore

I have done everything at once to pursue your love.  
Right now, I sit on the shore to recite soundwaves.  
My tale of woe, the love of two turtle doves  
Under antique green olives, it makes me weep,  
Quote me: 'Why is there bargaining in human love? '  
Why you love left me wandering on the shore,  
I've bid everything at all to pursue your love.  
I' had some tears and years that  
couldn't flow,  
And have been concealing these in little heart  
No wonder or ray of hope; I do see not a better morrow,  
I laugh and weep while seeing the little motes  
On the tread of air, a slight life with love sweet,  
Why have you left me wandering on the shore?  
Wherever there, pls, hear at least my pulse beat.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# The Herder

Jamil, the herder when he returns to his Titicaca's home,  
Zoya prepares herself to groom after doing all  
The small works, like filling the honey berries into bottles,  
[The hive bee lies on the chimney shelf].  
Like grazing the ducks in Titicaca rainy lake,  
Like creating her amazing seashell small crafts,  
On sundays, she sells these at the retail show.  
Jamil, often enters his home late in the evening.  
As soon as he knocks on the door with three bells,  
Zoya yells, 'Wait a while, my herder; I am watching  
This pretty flock of seagulls  
might enter  
Our summer cottage, with their divine nectar, understand  
My herder, you have left me to live on sand.  
With waste and needles' and then Zoya weeps.  
On her fate that long ago, her father made.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Stress Trend

O! life you're so unique, you've overflow of longings  
Some are recent, and some are quite antique.  
How nice if you've had the  
beating wings  
You may walk beyond the stars  
you've received  
Thick wounds in your travel walks through thorny thickets.  
By strange sidewalks you've come across  
Traumas, brokenheartedness so closely that reflects  
How rapacious and ruthless this time period is  
O life! Inside you lies a jewel it glowed and may  
Further glow. If you would walk on righteous moral  
You've got to pass by the severe circumstances  
For, you don't favour the unlawful things, be ever  
So colourful, you've read things  
about power,  
Might, fame and entertainment  
so deeply,  
And then fears of their outcome and again  
On other front, those tidings  
of the heaven,  
Which abstains you about walking on that  
Path which could impure your tender soul  
It may be a serious setback to  
that gentle  
Soul which you have hold on rent,  
and one day  
You've got to return it back  
Its an allegiance.

AFFAQ NABI



# Edhe's Daughter!

A halfwit I was made to fall asleep on the hillside.  
When the wind was chilly and the weather was murky.  
In my unconsciousness, my hands have been tied.  
I couldn't give a cry, see, smell, or even heard

And I was made to drink an unsweetened fruit.  
A savage entered my orchard,  
and stole my chameli.  
Then stole the show and my dear keyed flute.  
My mouth was sealed off; I was hesitant to fight back again.

It's such a melancholy that struck me deeply.  
No more smiling; no more time to play with the moon,  
From worries of the world, I'm now completely clean.  
It was a long night's journey, dame silly, eh, chamali.

AFFAQ NABI



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## A Guest: in Snow Blasts Of January

And at last, she was with me in January,  
Its a season, when snow covers the valley entirely.  
She loves the musky zone; the valley was like Miss Eden!  
With house bees, she has some chide.  
That's one reason, why she selected this season.

Amazing apple trees; bathing in snow beguiles  
Her spirit; thus, she penned a dozen poems.  
About all wet things; as like leas, eagle grove, willow oak,  
fobs, rills, rivulets, hilly folk, gravel road, and dunn.

Her pleasure had no end; but I told her  
Choose the snowshoes; there are no rules.  
She stayed more days; till the paltry sun began.  
To heat up the earth, fairly away from odours,  
Merci! she enjoyed the snow blasts of January.

AFFAQ NABI



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# And Enjoy, A Happy Living

The stars are with the moon  
like a large family  
Wherever she sails near orbit, they fairly follow her.  
We must learn from their love and hospitality.  
Or you know this hollow earth  
would swallow us.

Maria! how long will you remain single, lass?  
So start a family! you're close to my heart, livelong,  
This life in which you dwell is like a pane of glass.  
You've had a painful past, and I believe it may surpass.

You've got in your fairy hand a graceful craft.  
So don't go after the unfair demands  
Or fling your tender arm into some witchcraft.  
Better yet, obey the heavenly commands.

Enjoy happy living and stay away from false sublime.  
The Lord brings everything if one withstands.

AFFAQ NABI

## To: Rohingya Sufferers!

The Cox's Bazar has a huge number of refugees.  
Males and females all together into rough weather.  
The people who have seen the worst suffering  
Are Rohingya refugees. every day and night they do become weaker,  
My friend, when will their suffering end?  
Sadful is the story of their immature females,  
Who are sufferers of human trafficking?  
The world clearly fails or ignores to address their fortune,  
Saddest, they live in squalor under the heavy gales.  
They lost their sweet homes and their dreams.  
And now living under a rambling sky, it's a misfortune.  
My friend, when shall their suffering end?  
They become victims of the heavy guns,  
Millions die of severe health reasons.  
How ruthlessly they're kicked out of their  
homes by the barbarians  
My friend, when shall their suffering end?

AFFAQ NABI



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# Smile And Be Thankful!

A little smile is the remedy for many of our maladies.  
Our time is brief that's ruining in these gala days.  
Smile! as like in your garden the Iris young  
Smiles in the break of day close to alum shales.  
Smiling appends years to your life, and sends  
Response to your face, and rightly adds  
Your eyelids a shine of the gems.  
(The thing, that we call peace) starts with smile.  
Almighty! gave you this sign, and expect the mighty acts from  
you.  
Smile is also like, offering the alms,  
Thusly, smile, and be always thankful.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# A Studio Tour!

The fair looking faces, but they can't breath.  
They cannot talk, laugh, or feel your eye.  
But giving a sensational touch in depth,  
Of something unique, which is no more.  
The king is out of thrones; all is lie.  
Can one convince us about these twin suns?  
There is no mourning; by his side is the princess.  
Of the Isle of Man, they say so, Is she really the same?  
Nobody is keen on or worried about her roots.  
They focus on her sleek costume and thin chest.  
No one cares about the unknown artist,  
But his hidden talent is exhibited with zest.  
Ah, cute paintings, stories, and histories, immageries, and fantasies,  
The bidder must know this rustic waiver,  
Who might have the hardest time?  
Crafting for you, these beauteous scenes of everyday life  
For the penny they are being paid with.  
They are sad, they can't make their day,  
Or keep their family at least happy.

AFFAQ NABI

# On Destiny

When a man enters the life of a woman, like a beam  
Of sun into the shade of a tree,  
When a man enters the life of a woman like pollen in a flower  
Then graceful fruit, Its relish is sweet, It's the stars  
That shake destiny, but seldom  
The pair lives in perfect ecstasy.....

AFFAQ NABI



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# Long Slumber!

Long slumber, the hope and the horror,  
Short summer and the false lover  
It was a torture, my dear-----  
Green garden, which the king offered  
What a sweet torture, O! shorebird  
Bring forward your brief work.  
Long slumber, no more want or regret or relish  
Even with this small number.

The mortal fame and floral scent,  
All just away went -----  
Long slumber; you've been aired about right and wrong,  
By one mighty and strong,  
to enlighten your thoughts.  
The trip is over-----

Long slumber, the hope and the horror,  
No more pangs or ankle pain or wax and wane.  
Everything was just a dream.  
Nor more than a dry stream.  
Long slumber, the hope, and the horror.

AFFAQ NABI



# A Little Naughty Boy

There was a little boy, and he was very naughty.  
Every flower bee flying before the funny boy.  
Would never return safe, though it was his sport;  
But it's very nasty, the working  
bees preferred  
To wander out into the other night  
For, there was a naughty boy teasing the flock of bees?  
Once, his father heard the bee buzzing all night long.  
With Bee noise, he grew very furious by the morning.  
He had kicked out his dog with all the rage.  
And the dog said to himself, 'Why should I not tell him? '  
The true story' after hearing from  
his dog,  
The spiritual father preached to his naughty son.  
About the rewards of birds and bees, and then  
Definition of these three: 'honey, milk, and glucose'  
And requested that you take the oath that you would  
Not hurt any living thing latter the naughty boy  
Became a fan of flower bees and  
dedicated  
Each Sunday a week to please these.

AFFAQ NABI

# True Love Is Vanished

True love is nowhere into human heart's  
What virus strained our kindered spirits  
Think awhile; how it has proven harm.  
And heaven is not for those weaker spirits  
Who have turned the universe into a communal farm.  
It's a grim alarm, what has befallen to deputy  
Of God, this conversation is viral in heavens.  
No longer, in the garden is heard solemn melody,  
The fruit and flower is too affected by this viral infection.  
What has befallen, to that dove of spring, truly  
She was mine: what myth infected her passion.  
True love is nowhere in human heart's,  
Lovers sing, Upon your head; something eerie is hovering.

AFFAQ NABI



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# A Change In Seasons

When swallows migrate to the warm valleys,  
And then a snow sparrow sings the wintry song.  
Malley! sits about her spinning wheel,  
Skin freezing, nose red, but still sings the fairy song.  
And Tom invites Gypsy's on thanks giving meal.  
And quail, lays not the bright eggs any long,  
And when bored wind blows over the trembling trees.  
To please He, with a merry tune.  
And Sweta, sort's out in chilly hours, the fun sundress  
In her balcony, where the wet wind,  
Ruttles and rattle round the window.  
And young pansy, still into asleep, yawns  
That swallow is coming; running low to her loving home.

AFFAQ NABI



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# O Sweet Alondra

Alondra, Alondra O sweet Alondra,  
Look the golden dew on the  
castle walls and snowy hills  
lull silence in their arms.  
When first light shakes the sky blue lakes and valley doves  
leap in willow shades, the fishermen return with their oars.

Alondra, Alondra O sweet Alondra,  
Fly fly, fly high side by and  
bring the full joyous  
from the rose of heaven.  
How fast you are sailing over the bridges of Eden,  
Wondrous they are in the hundreds I heard One says  
Where none realms and it's made only for his loved ones.  
O love how many friends die  
on hills, some in olive fields,  
Some swallowed by the seas, the eye is in the tears.  
Fly fly, fly high side by and bring full joyous

Then come back with wreaths of splendours,  
Flyy fly and fly again along with the merry winds.  
And carry our echoes of melancholy to the One----  
Who offered you these peary eyes and fairy wings.

AFFAQ NABI

# May God Bless The House

May God bless the house. It's my Eden's garden  
While I am fatigued and have fallen on my feet,  
It's lovely willow; arrange sweet shades for me.  
And shields me from the heavy sandstorms.  
As well as from the evil eyes of the demons. In the  
Pattering sounds of rain the peacock comes  
To make moans in its backyards, it's daisy  
Bush walls are my guards.  
underneath  
Its simple roof, and I do assemble my dreams of  
The future—it's my Eden's garden, may  
God bless the house that greets every new  
Member and then lulls them into its night scenes.  
It safe guard's our rich crops, spring wheat, and  
My pink cheeks—may God bless the house.

AFFAQ NABI



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# O God Thou Art Great!

God is supreme, he sends down the grief  
In the form of plague or raging rain or an awful  
Draught, when he beholds, that injustice  
Is at its peak, and bribery is the order of the day.  
Nepotism is an order of time, and favouritism  
Is their faith, when duls are affiliated with power.  
And men of wisdom' re humiliated,  
Lord, thou art great.

AFFAQ NABI



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# The Holy Mysteries

Tenderly, the Mediterranean Sea awoke at midnight,  
From it's long slumber, and the beach birds,  
Did sail to seawards, to their task at the first light.  
Then, around the coast, far and wide, green buds  
unsealed their eyelids to the balmy fondles of twilight.  
Then I heard an early voice of the rising day,  
That spread over to the horizon; it was flushed bright.  
Beyond that voice was an amazing tale,  
A sound fluorescent and the important one.  
Then, from the mountain side, an uproar rose up,  
Tougher to define in the mortal tongue.  
I have never seen such a number  
Of sylphs,  
Who by morning at the fountain sang,  
The holy mysteries of the kingdom of heaven,  
With their sweet lyrics, the day began, and please listen!  
The appealing things—clay cups,  
or unseen,  
Mysteries that we people claim our own,  
And other relics, objects, beyond our reason,  
Or power are all divine, and man's position,  
Is here merely like a scout in a garden?  
We're all parked and bound with a rope.  
And God is capable of calling our return without any reason. ---

AFFAQ NABI

# Compare Not With Others

My dearest, do not compare yourself with others;  
It can always disrupt the peace of your mind,  
And when you have the kids, empower them young.  
They would be your covering in hoary years.  
Bliss hails from the heavens; through learning,  
Stay away from finding fault with people.  
Make sure, my dear, It is a horrible thing.  
It's also unfair to recall the crude in your prayer,  
My fond! with these last words, I do leave.  
Whatever you have, live with it; but compare  
Not with others, people are people, Miss Eve!  
Further, refrain from trimming your golden hair.  
This sacred advice I hope will suit your nature.

AFFAQ NABI



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# So Glorious

This new evening moon and your magical, teary eyes,  
I hear these sweet voices in favour of that pledge.  
It is foresooth the fruit of your tasteful prayers.  
This smoke began to blow over these chimneys again.  
It reminds us of that pleasant day that bound us.  
This new evening moon and your magical, teary eyes,  
Behold, you will be by my side forever dearest!  
O I see us as like the twin stars, and your shy style,  
Ah, the new evening moon, all this is so glorious.  
Just look with your deep eyes at this flying dust.  
Take it serious there is behind it  
a mysterious  
Force, if you will not focus on it, then it's your declying trust.  
To bring up newness in your faith recite holy sonnets.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Suave Brisa

Better, I am like a zephyr walking by your door in early dawn.  
Bonnie! to wake you from your sound asleep,  
Thus, don't neglect that nicest time when mercy is on.  
I do wander to your wall street without any deceit.  
My pilgrim's journey, methinks is seldom quite long.  
By nature, I am simple, and so is my wisdom.  
I sit and wait to pen my songs in the bright dawn.  
Like it by labor, I struggle to attain divine favour.  
My muses come to me while I am not ready.  
I pass by way of a scuffle between two worlds.  
Greater is my human nature I don't disregard any  
Or scathe, annoy, or betray with the severe words.  
Better, I'm a sojourner Propagating to slow learners the  
book of love and harmony.

AFFAQ NABI



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# O Molley,

Walk wisely upon the unknown ways, the heart  
Which beats for Almighty is always the best  
Among the hearts that beat for the Dunya (world)  
Put yourself to good use, you're like a diamond:  
Precious and rare, not like a stone found everywhere.  
Sing the rhymes of life while going through  
The grassy shores and discover the sweet  
Murmur of water falls, when alone keep up your  
Fancy with happy songs of quails that recall you  
From whence you came forth and avoid the unhappy  
Routes in your course: you are  
a stranger.----- O Molley!

Nature feels your footfalls and loves them highly  
Knowing that you're a coy and cute Romani,  
Dearly, don't undergo any evil that might cause harm  
To you, as your father did at the plant site and  
Then nobody could save him; but only the Lord!  
After hearing his melancholy cry in the last night,  
Walk wisely upon the unknown ways, the melancholic heart  
Which beats up for Almighty is always the best.

AFFAQ NABI

# In The City Of Pearls

In early morning I saw her fairy face in golden  
Dew such beautiful in my life I  
saw, but only

A few, while I gave my hand in her tender hand  
I knew, that I shall be again to Hyderabad.  
Love is as strange as the waning moon with the  
Passage of time changing its mood. through  
My past prime, I do remember.

In the early  
Morning, I saw her fairy face  
In the golden  
dew. If the wheel of fortune turns  
again and  
The golden youth holding us will  
remain one day  
We shall surely meet; in the city  
of pearls again.

In the early morning I saw her fairy face  
In the golden dew, in the golden dew-----

AFFAQ NABI

# Little Angel

Every individual has on his or her shoulder a little angel,  
And every man or woman is not hateful; the angel  
Sitting on your shoulder is like a bodyguard.  
If you will go to the muddy yard or the holy pond  
The angel is with you, carrying the tidings of the Lord.  
Obeying his master and providing you with support  
And pens down all the things that your destiny meets  
It doesn't matter if you live in a villa or in a tiny hut.  
But the question is he records your each act  
Right or wrong and sends above whether it's weak  
Or, strong, this mystery is between the God  
And his house of angels, praise the Lord.

AFFAQ NABI



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# The Woodpecker

Woodpeckers are amazing birds.  
They dwell in the rainy woods and spend  
Their summer holidays in the valley's  
Like the cute girls, they wear colourful garments  
And dating on the shores of the murmuring streams.  
Their favourite food is goldfish from the duckweed.  
They have a thousand genes.  
and raise their families.  
In the shadow of trees.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Candles Of Love

Your voice is like the nightingale of abiding faith.  
Whose love is none but the rose providing all  
Cups of perfume, pure, perfect, and sweet  
Your intellect is like a valley breeze.  
Which brings forth tidings of eternity  
From the deep seas, your heart is like a tree of peace  
Laden with poetic beauty.  
'Happy Birthday'  
God has sent you on a super duty.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Stay Away From Unholy Light

Stay away from the unholy light, young Damsel!  
Adam and Eve! both fell into the wilderness of sin.  
Eve! played so well, and then soon the tree fell.  
She drained him so deeply that he couldn't help.

And Adam beheld his shame, then yelled to God for help.  
O! wonder woman, hold your wits; you're so bright.  
You did all that the hellion taught to you, and by  
This way, the coach rode away, O fallen man.

Be by her side and follow the smooth path.  
And then you know none can dare to divide you,  
But if you pass on the devil's way, who will amuse you away?  
Young damsel, believe and stay away from the sin.  
With the sin, you've become sick inside and out.  
Adopt the heaven, and grace will come rushing.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Namabian Judy Yung--

Namabian Judy Yung--

You are mine half for ever, and I do swear  
To give you all that you need, therefore, give me  
Judy! your perfumed air and your half smile.  
My heart is so glad, but  
unduly pressured.  
Whatever be the befall, let's bury it apartheid.  
That caused a displeasure on your smiley face,  
Your father swam against the sea tide,  
Nothing great ever occurs without a sacrifice.  
In his later days, he walked with a shuffling gait.  
Then he passed away after leading a harsh fight.  
Right away, I do see a sign of sublime and gracious  
On your raising brow and upon your clean face...

AFFAQ NABI



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# Today I By Your Side!

Today, I by your side, and for the first time we see us  
I do look back on that passion, which united us.  
We are on our way towards a new mission,  
Ah, our long aspirations have borne the fruit.

Today we bid farewell to our past worries,  
And I do see your shade blinded by my shade.  
Today, we pass over those toughest routes.  
Praise for each other; we have been made!

Loana! look at these bouquets of flowers also smile  
Today I by your side and for the first time, we see us.  
View, the candles, bending down their flames to salute us  
Look at the clear sky and the glaring moon shining  
Down the rains of glare to amuse us,  
Today I by your side, and for the first time, we see us.....

AFFAQ NABI



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# A Compassion Arises!

This tall Cedar green of forest;  
O God! so hard,  
This monolith of marble; that nature build,  
This rocky stream, rushing down with methos,  
Not dependent to any one, but to the nature.  
This pleasant bed of daisies and daffadils,  
Aah, florescent red, His majesty made,  
Wearing such a descent dress,  
And a making a moan with winds of change.  
And this evening of falcon, performing on the azure horizon, will soon land down.  
And then, there will be a convoy of pink candles;  
As like us; the pretty girls,  
In the wedding gown's, with  
springly curls,  
Aah, wonder is this harmony; a compassion arises....

AFFAQ NABI



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# Don't Fall To False Splendor

Alyana, you should not fall for false splendor.  
This life is like the moonlight of a few days.  
It's a slave to time; when will this adventure  
Come to an end, we pass through life's acute pains.  
Life is like the seasons of the year, rattle of winds  
Hope and fear, a wave of cheer in  
flower's tear,  
And its end comes as swiftly as the baffling winds  
Then sour breath becomes the cause of our death.  
It's like a candle flame melting down, drop by drop.  
It's each spark that is thought  
provoking.  
At long last, all this seems like a flop as long as  
The oil burns in the candle, and the flame dances.  
Lighting up your holy spirit with splendor, spend  
Your life with fair care, and be always prepared.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Blue Passion Flower!

Ah, woman, who gave you the beauty's name?  
The empathy, mellowed eyes; and the sooty face.  
And with that seated you in the soul of man,  
When the beauty fades away from the face.

Then you are set free from the mortal pain.  
Nay escape; your soul is poured upon soul of man.  
The beauty that you hold is just for your man  
And not to world and O the man, shew honor

And revoke command, for she is a blue passion  
Flower, preferred Lady! rejoice in your internal  
Affairs, from your birth your rights are reserved  
Then again you' re crowned as the earth's beloved.

Aah, both the serving air and ardent fire lies in you,  
Despite all these why are you so unrelieved?

AFFAQ NABI



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# People Are People Ms. Eve

Let me tell you something: we are like the twins.  
May God help you with this gorgeous beauty.  
So in your free time, try to write the holy hymns.  
And when you have kids-----empower them.  
When they're young, and they would be your covering  
When you have hoary hairs. teach them good ethics,  
It helps to stay away from naughty things.  
And don't even look for the faults of people; it's horrible.  
The thing is, if you follow these, you may always live pink.  
My dear! with these last words, I do leave, whatever  
You have, live with it and not compare yourself.  
With others people are people you see Ms. Eve.  
Further, refrain from trimming your golden hair.  
Rather, sit by the ocean near and drink the solemn air.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Flower Of May

And I adore you in these smiling rose flowers.  
These bouquets stand as witnesses at this moment.  
Relax and sit with confidence; it's a holiday.  
Looke, my feelings of eagerness are still potent.  
Life is a gift anyway; accept its real purpose.  
The storm has gone away, and the boat touched  
The shore and these flowers remind us that love binds.  
And while the hate divides, these merry moments  
Would not come again, see the young birds.  
Relaxing from slumber, engaged in own lusts,  
In the shady trees, when summer is on walk again,  
These fading eyes would shine, and God guides  
When will you sit on my throne, at the breath of dawn.  
When the lark rises and the star shines, both sides

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Say Something Why You Have Seals On Lips!

Say something; why do you have seals on your lips?  
Standing quiet and calm like the Luna of the night  
Fatigued by overwork on her vast field trips,  
Say something; why do you have seals on your lips?

You have roots in such pure soil.  
'Nah, huh, no regret, no, please!  
It's melancholic, I behold a shower in your eyes,  
Streaming down by your fair face, so bright  
You've grown up in a landscape of glories,

Say something, why do you have seals on your lips?  
Young lady of excellence, laugh and pour rire  
Not to hide behind, but brush up your inner beauty,  
An hour daily, let me say, we are all on the crossfire,

Say something; why do you have seals on your lips?  
Music is not for sorrow, why do you listen to sad music?  
And so, since sorrow is the sister of joy, they can't be apart,  
Say something; why do you have seals on your lips.

AFFAQ NABI



# Put Aside All Sorrows

For a long time, we have talked about love and life.  
Come away and kiss me, Kate! and put aside.  
All the griefs and sorrows of life that are hostile,  
I am glad and quite curious, with all my heart.  
Aye, come, and let unclothe your heart's door,  
With the passing of time, it may become harder,  
Recall all our vows or cancel this small knot.  
That binds us together with no reason; let us be apart.  
And even if we do not meet in this life, severe heart  
This innocence will itself die; that's more torturous.  
Drink copious, it's not love but hostility that displeases the heaven, with  
persistence you may regain  
Your lost fortunes, praise to him who crafted  
You so daintily and gave your heart an aching pain,  
So you may look at things with a pragmatic view.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Magpie And Robin

I need someone who is able to hear my song.

Ah, may someone hold my hand in hers hand

And is able to understand the flight of my fancy.

I need someone like the sweet Selene shines

So fair all night long on coats of rising sea.

There was a leisurely time when I stood alone.

That was the prime of my youth, lined with stress.

And strain, dance, romance, and a guitar piece.

May someone walk behind me in the glare of dawn.

And ensure peace at my park villa in Barkly East,

I can't get along; give this verse a very thought.

A spark flashed across and away from my heartbeat.

Through very late, forgive us; the time is worse.

I follow the divine office and have never been superstitious.

??

AFFAQ NABI

# A Living Cheer

Nightingale stays long here, for, Rosa is his fellow dear!  
Sweet is his friend; she brings  
him a living cheer.

When Rosa shows the setback of her ornaments  
Of beauty, he becomes moody, and sings not

"I love you truly" restless Nightingale is fond  
Of warmer months as soon as  
Rosa shakes up  
Her roots, he begins to refocus  
On his decorum and,  
His sight and sound to entertain  
Her in her love's garden.

O you love, you too learn from her. although  
You are very hard and with you  
I am too trodden.

The nightingale's ballad comes up through  
Her pollen. Ah, you are still quite  
young; devoted  
And thus stay off of any unfair rebellion.

AFFAQ NABI

# Mortal Garden

Tenderly, the rain shower woke up the ailing sea.  
From its long slumber, and the beach birds  
Of all colours sailed to their task towards Lake Erie.  
And around the coast, far and wide, water lilies  
Geared up their eyelids to entertain balmy kisses.  
Of the twilight glow, together with it, I heard  
An early voice of the rising day, that hastily  
Spread above to kiss the circle of the sun, and  
Beyond that solemn voice was an amazing tale,  
A sound fluorescent, and important one.  
Then, from the mountainside, an uproar rose up.  
Tougher is to define in the mortal tongue.  
The holy mysteries that have indeed woken up  
Every living thing, from the blue heavens to the earth down.  
And now listen! the appealing things conferred  
To the earth, some are out of human reason.  
And power, to them we claim our own.  
They are all divine and, indeed, the human  
Role is like that of a keeper of a fruitful but mortal garden.

AFFAQ NABI

# Between Two Hills

A splendid sight I came across by the break of day,  
And its charm campaign beguiled my eager eye,  
The sight grew more gorgeous; with the May rains,  
Everything was glittering in the clean, vast, and wider sky.  
Tenderly, the zephyr of the blue ridge mountains  
And its music displayed divine might and beauty.  
I leisurely walked forth within these soundings.  
And seated on a wood log for afternoon tea.  
From the east, a white cloud rose extremely high,  
Was assigned by his master for some special care.  
A farm boy appeared before me with rosy cheeks.  
And told me three tales of the heaven, in sight,  
About the shrine: It's Sofi sheikhs and icy peaks,  
We sat for a few moments at the oblique bridge site,  
I was astonished, like it was a midnight dream  
The melting water from the antique glacier.  
Was floating in slow motion towards a nearby stream.  
There is nothing I can compare to its sweet flavor.  
The winds of June mingled with green beauty.  
Gave my spirit fine reliefs, and the summer moon  
Was on its routine duties, though it seemed puny.

A windstorm rose from hiding and covered the dunes.  
My body, which was quite warm, received colly  
Jerks, we are helpless. Nature has its own rules.  
It doesn't care about your wheat and the barley.  
During the rage in its eyes, it brings down stone walls.  
Its firing range was, I guess, a thousand miles  
Just within a few early hours, it treated harshly  
The oldest dwellings, river sides, and crowded aisles  
Then I ran with the natives, like defeated armies  
I could not write more but heard that people's  
Folkways are quite worthy; they gather crystal stones.  
That nature preserves, and with furs, they prepare pillows  
And bows to hunt wild beasts in their ethnic gowns.  
Some are sinners, and you can't dare oppose this episode  
When nearby you there are a few eared owls  
They ramble in these rain forests bare brown.  
In my eventful journey, I was offered a piece

Of fried turkey, by one who guided me  
In trackless way, was a pilgrim from the  
Southeast by name Sarah Brown.

AFFAQ NABI

# Song Sparrow

Good night! Ah, the day was all very bright,  
Together, we walked, toiled, and drunk.  
May every day be like this!  
I start an argue with the night, are you good?  
She convenced me; O poet, yes Good night!  
Silences, love's, and dreams are such things,  
That night lulls in her eyes, the smiles of stars  
Makes it more lovely but it's not so in unjust wars  
Merry moon rest now, your journey is more worthy  
In suffer and in glee be always in touch with,  
----Good Night

AFFAQ NABI



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# All Living Things; God Brings

Harm naught any living spirit that God brings  
Like a deer with feathery bones and golden horns.  
Or a cuckoo, with his abilities, who sings quite early.  
A honey bee that fills comb after comb just for you.  
Or a green lacewing that flies by night; it delights me.  
A velvet worm that holds yellow and green lamps in  
It's tail, a dog's barking night long to safeguard  
You, they're starving, or a cool cat that keeps your sweet  
Home pest-free or beetle with  
sheathed wings  
That tonight my verse ignites, harm not female  
Quail: she lays colourful eggs; or a flamingo  
Who stands and sleeps easy on one leg, it's only  
The God who brings forth all these pleasing  
Things, and from steep rocky hills, the deep rosy buds.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com



# Nothing Is Uncoupled

The springs flow jolly to mingle with the seas,  
All the time along with the melody of the breeze.  
And vapouring clouds are climbing up hastily  
To hug the heavens, then run over the wheat fields

With a sweet motion, how greatly after an interval  
The gold yields, O friend! why do you roam into  
The cold streets? Improve your own deeds  
And unveil over your face the veil of apathy.

Behold, the bold wave of a fast river kissing  
The shale is it fantasy? nay, but the reality  
Without pairing no darling bud of dawn will bloom  
Into bustle when the sun kisses the divine veils,

Who granted you massive bones and cute muscles?  
And through the antique ages who shuffled  
The milky way of stars to make them newable  
All are just for you; therefore nothing is uncoupled.

AFFAQ NABI

# Raise Galah

Raise Galah, raise high to the azure sky and remain stable.  
Convey my salute to the One who will ever remain  
The high, I do love your azure eyes, remain faithful.  
I am going away from the earthy hustle and hue----

O! grey sea Eagle; the great hunter with wakeful eye,  
I saw you on the river shore in early April, regent of blue hill,  
Why have you thrown your dins on the curly maple?  
Farewell, I'm going away from the earthy hustle and hue----

Dark blue purple Martin, with pride shake your head.  
I love your way of fighting with the mighty wind,  
Last time I saw you flittering into the lily pond,  
I love you too---  
I love you too---  
I am going away from the earthy hustle and hue----

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Love Based Learning

The wisdom lies in the nature's cornfield's  
Maria helps her adoptive father in the field, and her Abu  
Teaching her by heart has some direct effect.  
While they sit down to their lunch in shady bamboo.  
The valley breeze strolls day long, out of field they seldom met,  
Rabin sings in the cotton fields, then lays his head on a daisy bush.  
She prefers to learn in nature, and I too welcome it.  
Such awesome things are always ready in shady wood  
What a unique, love-based learning experience?  
That closely shapes life in a mysterious way.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# To- Liberty!

Liberty! you have dwelled with me and will further dwell,  
Please do not let me leave alone, never ever, in your absence.  
Seldom I have been well, at times  
rotation render  
Me not to any unknown weather, along you the fields.  
Flourish and the rivers swell. let take me to some  
Lush and fruity zone, where I can find my spirit  
Nourish and ever dwell,  
Encourage me, O liberty! In my trip to seven wells,  
So my soul may wake up through their sweet bells.  
I have dreamed forsooth in my comely youth.  
And for my life's gladness, wouldn't you? go with me  
I've got a keenness but lean legs, liberty wherever.  
You walk the God too.

AFFAQ NABI



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# I Could Fell To One's Feet!

I could fall to one's feet  
I have the four seasons, which shape my brief life.  
And every man and woman walks along by these  
Afterwards, I fell upon the earth like a dry leaf.  
In the comely spring, my senses seem quite strong,  
All beauty comes in the form of relish and relief.  
Then the summer comes and fills my boutique.  
With things of beauty, and by the morning I wake  
As an elite, and then autumn comes along dry  
Cough, then I began to lose the heat, struck dumb  
Like an alien fowl who is unable to compete  
Latter the winter appears to fill his oath; I forget to fly.  
Over the blue seas an uncertainty begins inwardly  
That I could fall to one's feet, my brief life's position  
is like a withered leaf, nothing but mere earthy.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Dulce Amor

Love dear, come on here, there is  
a spring pasture,  
Come here and drink some air raised by the supreme master.

Come on here, lamb! this is a deer camp,  
Fly faster, entertain a bit of deer dance.  
Come on here, still I am uncle, more playful.

Come on here, dear heart, nearer the stream shore,  
Wind depart to restart rain, be part of nude nature, little more,

Come on here, sweet dear! there is civil war,  
Since a decade, you do bear, come to river shore,

These ripples and tides 're always richer source  
Of peace, they could end up your fear  
And may bring a blue cheer on your face.

Come on here! dear soul restore your fate  
Aah, spring wind is in motion floating  
Over ripened berries with a fascinating gait.

Love dear, come here in weeping cheery pink shade.

AFFAQ NABI

# Beauty-- A Guest Of Few Days!

My friend! our youthful beauty is a guest of few days.  
I may waste as I found a  
buzzing in my head.....

These hairs you have met are those dyed red.  
This blue gaze of three days, and muscle  
So cute, thus please praise!  
I am here few days.....

Haste and embrace mine lip, ahh it's wine red.  
Go slow and entertain it's savour.  
Oh, I waste all the day, all day upon the way.....

This bonnie name, riches, and the fame,  
And this way of world is a futile storm,  
I waste all day, all the day upon the way in flame.....

Come on, still the breath is warm,  
My friend, can you prevent the arriving storm?  
That's is hovering over the head of this dame.....

The rose had left the garden to open way,  
For the cheerful bird and I waste all day, all the day upon the way.....

AFFAQ NABI

# Sleep Child, Sleep Now!

Merry muses in the moony ray's  
hovered over my wearied head,  
Nighty dreams of the fairy fountains,  
I still remember what Mom said--  
Sunny days in the shrubby trees,  
to and fro of buzzing bees,  
Then spinning wheels around hers.  
And she said, 'Shoot none dead'--

Lovely dreams in the moony rays,  
Haizy waves into the maize fields,  
And a bear sleeps between these  
Sweet child, sleep now; please lay your head---  
Hail hoopie! by the hills or by soaring seas,  
I have lost my house keys.  
and please attain these---

Sweet child, look to the sky  
Are they stars or the pearls?  
Some seem to like the pretty Girl's  
Walking coquettishly with silky curls,  
Do you hear, my dear? ---  
The brave eagle on the steep rocks,  
Lone rider, rouse higher,  
In fierce gales, in drift waves  
He never drops or stops.  
Oh, he knocks on the maple  
tops---

Nighty dreams in the moony beams,  
(I will tell you, this is not a fairy tale.)  
Jonah! was swallowed by a whale,  
In the narrow and rough sea,  
In his belly he grew wan.  
Three days and three nights,  
Then was rendered to the shore.  
Quite lean and quite pale---

Sleep, child; never take the float loans.



It's better to live on less.  
Be mild and follow these lines.  
He owns the stars and the moon's  
Sleep, child, sleep now---  
Merry muses in the moony ray's  
hovered over my weary head.  
With fairy music my eyes are now pretty wet.  
Sleep, child, sleep now---

AFFAQ NABI

# Mother May!

Mother May

I come from the brown fields to graze my sheep.

Into meadows of the westward, while spring wind

Appeared with her pledged word, but there was

No other way for a single woman to mingle

With the men, and I said with a tearful eye

To Mother May, 'Guard my veil with yours for another day.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

## To: Ruby Youth

Dear Soulmate, where did you go so far in which  
Ditch or desert you fell away,  
Together we have built some pretty-looking memorabilia.  
During those early 'redness' days  
and then you  
Have left me in debt, anyway?  
You and I laid life's affair array array, unseal your face  
I have a firm faith that it might be more chaste.  
Dear Joy, let us walk for a day to the native hacienda,  
The heart is anxious to go around and hang beneath.  
After your departure, the wistful moon rays  
Too became lean and then fled.  
Now in tranquility, I do end my days.  
Soulmate! you went to the sea, and I sang myself to sleep. there is  
No flute, no youth, no dove, or that blue daisy, no energy  
To run to seed in spring beauty,  
Banjour,  
Together we dwelt, so tenderly, a mid-century...

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# In Hamlet Of Lampang

Maria!

In the hamlet of Lampang, there lived a little girl.  
[Maria] often by the early morning,  
She orphaned grazing the  
cattle nearby Lampang;  
A single girl, she was never  
dismayed by  
The wild wolves rambling freely in the grassy fields.

Maria! was an eloquent firm shepherd, grazing  
The farm animals, in the hissing weather.  
And was daily singing her melancholic ghazal,  
At the lunch hour in the sweet sunshine.  
When lambs love to leap up  
In flashing beams,  
On the other side, the mowers try to steal their hours.

Maria! was once seated in a riverside shady tree,  
I did see wandering in silent  
marriage joy.  
In her opinion, 'it brings cheer to her curly hair.'  
She acquired pensive eyes and was witty wise.  
When the lambs love to make baby rattle  
On grassy path in clear skies to enjoy infant joy.

Maria interacts her forgotten dreams with  
Her tabby cat, who can understand some Oriya.  
Maria, departs for her home in tearful mode,  
In the evening shades of the olive trees.  
To face severe mental torture by her stepparent,  
That was a harassing  
couple, tossing  
The pebbles day long on their Varrenda.

In hamlet of Lampang there  
lived a little girl.  
Hapless, she had some regrets, rues and laments  
On her vulnerable face and

It is pitiful  
That she never entered any kindergarten.  
Rueful, her liberty was nabbed by that couple.  
Those sentimental fools have sacked her future,  
They were neither the radical nor rational.

Nevertheless, pleased with their genetic ways,  
That doesn't seem so oriental.  
One day she rejoiced in shady tree,  
And her shepherd friends came to greet her  
For, Lord had chosen for her, a nobleman of first conduct  
Thence, an unvoiced and exploited girl  
Maria! met her fate with a man who treated  
Her so well, and he was a learned Priest.

AFFAQ NABI

# Music Of Youth

To whom the springs have teased, that's the music.  
Of youth, to him the time seeks, that's my life.  
My story is as like a singing stream running  
By the shore with a music sweet, whenever  
I make someone my colleague, from the garden

I will bring of buds of flowers and will adorn  
Her skirt with these, from the lamps of stars  
I will furnish that head of ours, then we would  
Likely stroll together like the young buds

In a vineyard we have got to live in this world.  
Beyond our fears. I have been lulled to sleep within  
The bonnie flowers. my life story is different  
From the others, and that's clear in my starry tears,

It's a tradition here that, through fate, we become lovers.  
To whom springs have teased  
that's the music.  
Of youth; to him the time seeks; that's my life.

AFFAQ NABI

# Life's Song!

Ah, singing stream of our meadows green  
Floating with sweet liberty every day and the night,  
Your music is solemn, and your water is clean  
Correspondingly all of it lies in my verse upright.

Go slow over the steep shales by the dipping trees  
And discuss ways of such plains and bowling green.  
Running stream of clean caste, sometimes  
You're giving deep cracks to our glittering scene,

And to noisy streets, Indeed that with your  
Surprise and with the smiles we have on the  
Earth some peace pacts, moreover we drink your  
Wine that's overflowing, verily you do empower.

The farmer it's true, and making  
things of life  
The entire new with bird songs and your hue  
Murmuring blue stream you require us and we require you...

AFFAQ NABI

# A Jailed Fowl!

Each night is for me, a stress and strain,  
And each day is like a tempest, please!  
Write my melancholic story in a poem or prose,  
Or in haiku, but anyway write It's thought  
Provoking, a harmful psycho emotional assault.  
A disdain that over the years  
I do sustain,  
Should I shun my holy faith? to displease  
My Lord, the inventor of unseens, who knows  
All things at my home.  
'Talk in low tune "my hearld there are owls'  
Left to right and very racist, last nigh by hit and kics,  
They have hooked me into a dire fate.  
I don't like to tell you more  
horrific scene,  
That would probably demoralise you,  
My guest, 'I pray may Lord save you from such a disdain.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com



# The Blue Lily!

While spring breeze blows over the barren fields  
Then blue lily comes along her dizzy youth.  
And restless bird on the tree; sings!  
I love you! I love you!  
As long as she is blue, and new in a fume.  
The bird makes a hum-hum sound.  
[There are quite a few like you so I require you]

But when she starts out sneezing, then the bird flies  
Over tops of the tallest trees. as long as  
The beauty is live, there is right of use.....

AFFAQ NABI



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# Sweet Bird Of Peace!

Sweet bird of peace  
Sing no more!  
Know your role and arise  
Man is always  
selfish stingy.

Outward tinted  
and inward quarrel,  
To one faith never  
firm or perpetual since he

Took up the oath,  
of moral,  
So sing No more!  
Know your role and arise.

Your meadow  
is on the sale  
So keep no more hope,  
war wow

Sing no more!  
Gentle bird of peace,  
Did you foresaw how  
this unjust

Also befall to  
your poppies,  
Sing No more!  
Know your role and arise

AFFAQ NABI

# Alpine Green Tree!

May you get around me in the green alpine tree.  
Away from the noises and rumours of our broken city  
Come here, O come here to this floating island dale  
In my view, it offers a sea of tranquility, whisper  
Sweet quail song sitting so pretty good on the  
Windy tree, in our central city, everything is worse off  
Come to this valley fair and square come here  
Oh, come here into this newly glen, I swear.  
O life is only here; fear not the  
rough weather  
Of lonely hills, the spring pushes  
sooner  
To the holly wells, the sun never fades here.  
And the way is made with sublime scenes.  
O fine breeze! I descend here from a city of blind greed,  
Where the crime incidents grew with clock speed.

AFFAQ NABI



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# A Walk In Heaven

There will be sweet rains from the heavens  
On the ground, and doves of  
promised land  
Will soar with the gleeful song's forever.  
Winter-wren and seagulls would dance,

And winds would play the music band,  
And that falcon leading the bird's empire  
With pleasure, and  
pomegranates, figs, and olive trees,  
Healing herbs the red and green.

His treasure is so infinite as to renew pleasure,  
Greene-greene, that human eye has yet not seen.  
Rabin, and Nadine will appear with their teens,  
To walk in Eden's robe on a humid night.

A splendid scene with roses in their hands  
Toward their new home, getting a blue dome.  
May you and I, live in peace with high esteem  
Ahh, but you've got to submit your intentions

And wishes to Him alone, give the slightest  
Heed and indeed, He never laid down to sleep.

AFFAQ NABI

# Don't Look Behind!

Run, run, run  
Where the water runs  
Summer rains came  
After the long wait  
Run, run, run

Aah, glee entered  
into grain fields.  
Don't look behind  
It's my mother,  
She rushes with my  
forgotten lunch  
Run, run, run

Where the water runs  
Don't look behind  
It's our duck  
With her duckings.  
Run, run, run

Don't look behind  
It's someone  
may be a drunken  
fell on the road  
a hundred tonne  
Run, run, run.

AFFAQ NABI

# The Angelic Child!

You're my right hand, comradely, and so kind.  
I wrote your handsome name on the hill and in the sand.  
You're a part of my body, ah, a cute muscle.  
A song of dawn, along with you, I'm going to vineland.  
Oh! the oriental sun, the king of this blue circle.  
Through your being is my sublime and graciousness.  
You're keen and merciful, and your love is unconditional.  
Oh, please always withstand me whenever I decline.

My delight, O! rising wind, and, ah, a poetic mind.  
I admit the loveliness lies in your guiding light.  
In the majestic pines, I've met a blue coral  
Aye, its current has smitten this spirit for tonight.  
At this time, I have to you a swelling pride.  
And so, let it ride, let it ride, and let it ride.  
With your mystic life style, aww, shales melt inside.  
Whoever choose to accompany you will always inspire honor.  
It's your high artistic treat that nests inside me.  
Ah, I run behind your shade, my bright hue,  
By the quickest route, in the flashing light, by swan  
Island to have my opening night with you.  
Through your amazing sofi-orbital flight inside you  
My lonely heart may mature more glories then.  
Again, might be more polite before your angelic  
Knees, thus pour lors, more glourious O! My love, please!

I saw bouquets of bonnie roses, of clean valley's  
In your yard, offer a few to me, vernal breeze.  
I have no beauty or perfume of  
extreme values,  
It may heal the pain, and I will feel valued.  
Among these plum trees, Sir! I do see my dreams.  
One by one of my past that have moved away  
Once these had surrounded me,  
Ah, the sun stream's  
Over the leafy greens and golden dew, glitters  
To the flowers of the early hours, as I walk away  
On the village subways, along with I do see  
Your sweetest shade, that's truly ours,

Giving alms to all those who cry for...

AFFAQ NABI

# If Night Is Peace

Some folks say, 'the night is peace's goddess'  
At dusky eve, she seizes all the charms.  
Whatever lies above the heavens and down  
On the earth and between these any few  
Is God sent? He is more than a loving parent.  
And is begotten by none, well, if the night  
Is peace, why it is not for the harlots?  
Or for the night thieves or owls escaping in sunlight  
For inner peace, ah, what the heaven brings  
Is sheer truth behind God's every creation?  
There is a mystery, and behold, it never shrinks.  
As well has a specific reason, and inspiration.  
For people of wisdom, and out of small things  
Sweet bells jingle if you show me integrity,  
Naturally, I may give you a kiss of peace.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com



# You Have A Bonnie Fortune

Where the birds fly, there fly I, and look here,  
How I do cry, there I travel; where hounds howl  
I fear they might wipe you dry.  
You've got pollen; that comes from flora.  
And like a bee, I found you out. 'Beauty crawl  
I'm a migratory fowl.'  
By the winter, you may not let me find.  
Dearie, hold off; let come the spring on the twig.  
Where blossom lies, so you may seek me with your fondest wish.  
Tonight! I depart and reply through breeze  
Bliss! you've got a bonnie fortune; so underline these.  
On the abortion, I've very clear-eyed point of view.  
If you're advocating it, then it's also an end of you.  
Donna Martin, 'three religious scriptures declared it a murder.'

AFFAQ NABI



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# Honey Tree!

Long ago, a colony of flower bees came over  
buzzing from some islands and then hanging upon  
My willow tree, making a fuss and fury all the day,  
Inside the mustard field and over the blue hill  
with their waggle dance in the willow street.  
And I was pleased that I had a honey tree.  
And the voices of Martin and his singing shrill,  
I always tried to give them a delicious treat.  
Day after day, in the early rays in my honey tree,  
I used to sit and watch them with Malisha sweet  
I had in my head an ambitious dream,  
One day I shifted my hive and faced their rude cheeks.  
All of a sudden, a strong wind blew fast from behind.  
And thereafter, it took away my honey tree.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Nightingale Song!

When the Indus valley leaps up in the spring, joy  
Together with its longest river, which runs in solemn song.  
Soon the seabirds took their flights to this fertile soil.  
Then Yuki, comes out after hearing their merry voices  
The sky removes all its curtains for the rising sun.  
To kiss the humid earth to make it fully coloured.

Life without a partner is incomplete for a former nun.  
For someone she would sacrifice for love,  
Yuki, trusted a cloth merchant with enormous  
He had his eyes on the tremendous pearls held by  
The Indus river, in the midnight they appear on.  
The greedy merchant betrayed her when she was tripping on  
To a cunning stranger, she was overwhelmed by.  
Thought provoking is this greed based love.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Thai Cheese

Thailand's countryside is quite unique and  
Lovely, the people are warm and very friendly,  
On Monday, I met a few Thai friends who shared their sweet tales.  
With me and one was a fairest lass, Kostumi,  
She introduced me to a band of girls selling the red shales.  
I was so impressed with their crafts full of beauty,  
By morning we sail to hill top under the fresh gales.  
I was overjoyed by the rural beauties of this land  
Of the rubber trees while walking in pattering  
Sounds of summer rain around the Aunt-louise,  
I bought a Thai umbrella in fifteen pounds.  
A couple of plant trees, and a few romance movies.  
And then hired a donkey to see Thai beach towns,  
Kostumi, was looking so lovely in her blue jeans,  
Singing sweet hymns, her job is also pretty  
She teaches the Thai history to the teens, from the  
City of unknown god's, I brought  
some postcards,  
Vine leaves, eyed peas, and the Thai cheese.

By late Eve, we paid tribute to Thai mummies.  
O! I was on my knees, I couldn't ask Kostumi.  
To describe these, actually I' ve no favor towards  
The ghost god's or the other false gods,  
He is single in his kingdom  
all these moons,  
Blue seas and remote stars, are like his paintings,  
But please avoid the politics in the Thai kingdom,  
And one thing that you shouldn't miss' re their  
Tropical jungles, and most large old dolls or brass knuckles.

AFFAQ NABI

# And Humming Birds Sung, the Loving Words

A million stars shimmering in the blue sky,  
All of them have their own hidden stories,  
The sun and moon and nine the stars  
Fell in prostration before the Joseph.

Terrified by his brothers  
he survived into the spring;  
Joseph narrated his dream to Jacob  
His gray haired old father was taken by grief.  
Then he raised his hand above to the sky  
And conveyed his thanks to the Lord,  
As his child was pursued by  
the throne of Egypt that was run by the Pharaoh.

Then one eye blind father  
received his sight that night.  
And the divine wind honoured the golden crown to Joseph,  
By dawn the raising star of the twilight  
Raised high upon the Egyptian sky,  
And created a hustle and bustle into the Nile's motion.  
Ah! humming birds sang the loving words  
To Yousef and Jacob and the God in their devotion.

AFFAQ NABI

# Golden Oriole And A Boy!

A golden Oriole seated on a  
cottage roof  
Lamenting in melancholy over her departed love.  
A little boy came and sat down below, far aloof  
The boy also began singing in his cotton suit.

A hymn to his departed mother while looking up at the roof.  
The golden oriole heard his lament and she  
Came down in the foggy weather and wind,  
As the boy was singing in his melodic rhythm.

Golden oriole, also start to sing along with him,  
Then again the bird danced in the countryside.  
Delighted the natives with music from her wing.  
And then Oriole ran away to some sunny site  
After both seemed satisfied with something.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Beyond The Stars!

O! sweet heart! you must not be scared by grief.  
Yearnings lie in the heart, so fill up the wounds.  
Knowing naught: when you'll drift to dry leaf  
Raise and resist go against the rough winds.  
Like the young kids, sing life's sweet song  
Gain wisdom as you might face tough skins.  
In life's race, and go on singing the lute song.  
Sweet heart! shake your inner impulses. you  
May become more wise and too strong  
From caverns and potholes, a winner emerges.  
Sweet heart, you must not be scared by grief.  
Aside from this world, there are other worlds;  
View them all, beyond the stars, and down the seas  
You've been brought for a great purpose to lead off

AFFAQ NABI



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# Play To Entertain!

Play to entertain. why do you play so limply?  
The sour stuff only brings the rain of sorrows.  
Why do you cherish discriminatory things?  
Look upon, our silver tongues are like the swords  
Use it carefully; it can deceive---- someone  
Or will grow the seed of abhors. you have  
Another attempt to alter yourself on your wedding Eve,  
The beauty of the shore is revealed through the river's roar.  
Both in time's pleasure greet-----each other, .  
Nature absolutely adores the one who travels  
Around its hills and dales of a peach colour.  
Resounding, it's solemn music to him who cares.  
Like the fairest fawn, she delights herself each summer.  
Overjoyed, she gifts to shurberry her loose hair.

AFFAQ NABI



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# A Snowy Morning!

Last weekend, when I awoke from the winter's sweet slumber:  
I beheld all the trees trembling in white garlands.  
Something! It amazed my sleepy eyes,  
Ooh! What a wonder! cleanly woven, divine ornaments.

As the snow descends to awaken passion,  
It extended over vast brown and barren fields.  
You need warm clothes, fire fuel, and dry fruits.  
If you are on a trip to Drass or Siberia, take  
Some first aid, a pair of long shoes,

When I' walked onto my lawn,  
I saw a lily and  
Strawberry was lost in an ice storm,  
I' called up Larry!  
To help pull my boat that the snow had stolen,  
Under its dark cave,  
so damned!  
She pulled my hand up with her warm hand.  
And I rescued it from its lockup.

Then the moon appeared, so she took flight.  
over the tall towers, looking so grand.  
In white garlands made in heaven.  
Ahh! the whole land was delightfully white.

When I gazed above the blue ridge escarpment,  
The feeble sun was under clouds, hanging over.  
Standing on my toes, I saw only white flakes,  
As well as a few eagles and their little son

On wild apes finding food in the white plains  
A state of tranquilly scattered around me  
The winter sun was lingering like an unfit person.  
And moon was too lacking in her magic show.

walking alone in a trackless field, thank God!  
I took my flute and played in a poetic mood,  
An inner peace emerges in me with these aesthetic views.

Ah, the young eagle was still viewing  
the snow over the white oak.  
overjoyed,  
And also sad, that everything is being polluted.  
As I looked back, he had no mood to land.

Still, snow was descending with splendor.  
Creating new wounding divine images,  
On earth, in the meantime, a huge thunder  
came along with a heavy snowfall,  
In my loitering journey, I saw  
a gallant old man  
Repeating that his hut's half roof was snow ridden,  
One part was visible with garden eels.  
And with a slow voice, he spoke to me  
That's why he is living alone, his  
behaviour was quite hospitable.  
And his little hut was looking like a showpiece,  
In white snow flakes, which I left behind,  
hiking alone, in heavy snow in slow motion.

With the image of his shelter, that was a dummy run.  
into an apricot field far from 'Zogilla village'  
With my return, I' saw some hoary birds seated.  
Brooding in the snow, a smile returned to me,  
Before nature's magic, my words faded.

Speedily, a band of polar bears appeared,  
To hunt out the ringed seals,  
along me,  
Some cranes and crows were viewed,  
This sport lasts for an hour or more within time wheels.  
Afterward, they flew to Forest Grove Way,  
with their nerves tightened.

And I' took my way in my warm woollen apron,  
I roared up and down before the hill, I climbed.  
Chewed some dried beans; in the wild scenes,  
That rejuvenated me, and then  
I' run out of steam.



# Could Someone Tell Me?

Could someone tell me?  
the moon bloomed,  
and the stars are smiling.  
The night is too in her nice mood  
flowing its course into cool blues.

Moonlike ways are recalling  
me somewhere far in the unknown valley's  
Pulse whispered a sound of footfalls,  
But the mind is reluctant to swim in this shoreless sea.

What is this mystery?  
Could someone tell me?  
this complete story.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Lady Of Fairfield

My friend, will you recall your past prime? and those  
Worry free days when I was quite  
enthusiastic  
And you were a pink flower with a comely face last time.  
I beheld you closely, and thus, I rethink those charismatic years.

## I

Those merry-leading moments of the primitive spring  
We were pursuing sea eagles 'the masters of air'  
In whistles of wind on the leafy pastures daily  
For at least an hour around those vast open fields.

## II

Rambling fairly through windy scenes of country hills,  
And our frequent visits to the  
shepherds;  
And playing the violins, then sleeping at the noon,  
I've got happy tears in my dry eyes, the happy tears.

## III

When we were accompanied by the rustic dwellers  
At the new year's feast, I do recall all those  
Sunset moments, sweet aeries moving in rural fields  
And us two singing a country song in a small boat

## IV

Recall those little kids sending their paper kites to greater heights.  
To make glad the bands of summer shallows  
And seagulls flying to the sky's azure shore.  
May you recall those vacations to sacred sites,

## V

Jugglers show, a flower festival at Ruby falls.  
Remember that winter eve and those three Caucasus girls?

Caught under the snow storms, Knocking on our doors to lay their head,  
O heathen world! there is mercy  
no more, my bosom friend.

#### IV

Then a Salvadoran peace laureate  
And then your lecture on how 'the animal kingdom  
Is passing through a phase of great risks'  
And ah, your head was crowned amid all the  
School friends! return to the past and feel your age,

#### VII

Call back our happiest moments at the muddy pool,  
Honey hills and rugby balls, strong ale.  
I've always held your hand in mine hand,  
While on vacation, we used to shop at the antique mall.

#### VIII

Still, I remember! gossips with Jai Chand!  
Ah, memories of the past rise again and shine.  
Recall that evening school in the rosewood shade.  
And our leisurely walks in the singing mood,  
I have with me your tender shade in good faith.  
I recall, O lady of Fairfield!  
You are still unmarried...

AFFAQ NABI

# After Long Slumber

And when I would wake after the long slumber,  
On that day, from the airtight and dusky grave  
That day will be a day of tremendous leaps.  
The unicorns must be following the drummer.  
My verdict will come in scourge or restful sleep.  
With this harass hanging in the head, I collapse  
From all angles, it would be a successful siege.  
The paths are narrowed, but I  
have to pass  
Through a strait bridge within the care and curb.  
I do hear in my ear a sonic even on my journey.  
Was a severe ascetic, and thy paradise is so yummy,  
All-embracing and sunny, it glows  
In such  
Emerald eyes that never die. and is competent  
To burst out the blaze from the frozen sea.

AFFAQ NABI



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# My Mother Taught Me!

My mother told me to always speak the truth.  
As a little boy, I joined a caravan of camels.  
To devote my bloom of youth to the travels,  
While the carrot was halfway to Basra.  
A band of raiders halted the caravan herd,  
Nearer an oasis known as the Pop rock,  
They didn't grant the merchant's request to carry on,  
And there was rough and tumble and crosstalk.  
Later on, some snatchers turn towards me.  
Ahh, I said, 'I've got a hundred dinars in my wallet.'  
But they didn't repress me, they  
merely said,  
'Why did you speak the truth? '  
'wow, I said  
With my trembling lips, "my mother taught  
Me to always speak the truth.' then the band  
Fell to their knees.some ran away, some wept,  
And some followed me, and I said: ' O make  
A league with the Lord, please'  
They replied!  
Let's walk to the shade of the palm trees.

AFFAQ NABI



# Dame Of Night

Yesternight, in sound slumber, I was roaming.  
In a dale of daffodils, a Charlie that I had never  
Before seen halved dressed she entered moaning.  
Shaking her vernal flat chest with a song forever  
On her ruby lip, and she hovered before my head.  
With a pretty little laugh, and her  
charlie cat  
Was yawning bit aloof on a prayer rug woven  
In Lahore, the music of ear earrings overt my  
Eyelids half, and I forget the pretty fancy daffadils  
That I've never before seen  
winely-eye  
Gleaming deflected thick candles as warm as  
'Dame of the night, ' fair green, she silently slid to my side.

AFFAQ NABI



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# On Funeral!

And when we die, everybody cares about our funeral.  
Someone will hurry up to maintain the grave.  
We came and sailed away like a vapour bubble,  
Sooner or later, we'll be rendered to some cave,  
Some will likely care about the carrying, somewhat  
it might not be delayed, my name will be referred to  
in the minarets of the shrine, and  
Everyone will sign and say, 'O! Sorry! 'I'd left them far behind;  
they would now recline, When sun will set, and moon  
will consign, the stress would mount up in their minds,  
A strain of eating, and serving the lamenters...  
Drinks and meals they will put aside, then there  
will be complaints after hugs and  
kisses amid the female  
Gatherer's, gents would talk about the current affairs,  
Some will argue about politics, some on famine years.  
Separate meetings will be set up between the heirs.  
Hardly, some one will shed a few tears, the real story  
Is between me and my grave. the springs will come,  
And the wind is never weary, how do I, as a human being  
In the world, behave? within this dilemma,  
I've get to pass by the grave site.  
my spirit would  
Narrate its tale in the same night.

.

AFFAQ NABI

# On Service

I have your debit upon me, arduous its on  
My thighs and hips, a burden from which  
I can't skip and betraying my own ego is suicide.  
And imagine that mind is like a voyageur,  
It isn't staying in the pipe of peace.  
And the duty is duty, and we can't escape it.  
It seems we're more careful about ourselves.  
Then to serve the others for which  
We're being paid and promoted.....

AFFAQ NABI



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# With Whom Shall I Share These Stars Of Tears

To whom shall I share this gift of lyrics and songs?  
To whom shall I narrate the secret buried in warm breaths?  
May someone take a moment to listen to me?  
To whom shall I convey these signs of lament and longing?  
To whom shall I share these regrets from my depths?  
May someone take a moment to listen me?  
To whom shall I spend these flashes of fondling eyes?  
To whom shall I pass my words lost beneath the tender lips?  
To whom shall I share these falling stars of tears?  
May someone take a moment to listen me?

AFFAQ NABI



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# At Sunset Bay

Very recently, I saw one of my retired friends,  
After the twenty years or more, I do guess.  
And anyway, his hair was white but dyed red.  
A little envy mounted in his eye about my dress.

My friend! I didn't say, but my partner said:  
I shared her feeling and recalled when I was rose-red.  
And in one school day he made a mock of my beard,  
Our present meeting took place at the sunset bay.

Some old habits, don't leave us till the grave,  
After a warm handshake, he hit the trail.  
And we sail out toward the grand  
lake,  
On its bushy shore, we saw a Gorallia raid,

The scene was quite amazing but pretty sore,  
The boat in which we stayed had a crafty look.  
And fancy naming that symbol's  
'We are among you.'  
So nobody will bother you in this boutique.  
The owner of that classic boat was a young dude.

AFFAQ NABI

# On Envy!

Envy is a furious fire that kills your keen virtues.  
You can deny my perception, but you can't deny it.  
You must know that goodness delivers gorgeous hues,  
And God descended a verse in the endtime book.  
You may say, 'Lo (we' re used to it) but don't be confused.  
It's devastating for your mental and spiritual health,  
Envy is a spiritual disease, the feelings of animosity  
Towards another person. the more animosity  
You give into, the more jealousy start to feel, throw away  
The robe of envy that you' ve worn you may come across  
A great change in your life, as long as this fungus grows  
In your field, you will not see prosperity in your grains,  
Just smell your bosom; if it's a virus, It might be sour,  
Give up your envy, and you may shine every hour.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Luna Terra- Luna, Terra

Let's walk quietly; let's walk to Moonland.

Luna terra, luna terra

O! Boonie, still, you are twenty.

It's so unique: Luna, Terra

Will this youth ever come again?

And this splendid moment, so windy...

I fear this dream may not break!

I fear the night may not break!

Behold dear! the heart isn't happy here,

Let's walk to Moonland.

Luna, terra-luna, and terra

for God's sake

Dearie! what was that day like?

When we first greet each other...

Do you remember that pretty moment...?

O! we did meet on a roadway.

and went hunting all day!

And fate put us together.

Salute! we rejoice in our love today!

O, queen of Egypt

'Cleopatra' you melt away by iust  
one glance.

Let's walk quietly.

Let's walk to Moon Land...

The heart isn't happy here!

Luna, terra-luna, and terra

AFFAQ NABI

# In The Murmur Of Night

In murmur of night

Upon my midnight restlessness, a spirit named Shelly  
She comes in angelic form and beseeches my breast,  
With her glad hands, then she takes me to sunny land,  
Of marvel all in the murmur of the  
night, I wander into wet  
And pine fields, I walk over the five sands of Isle Islands.  
In the murmur of the night, she holds me tight  
In summer night she had a shell of brown eyes  
Is my queen of night, together with all this I convey  
My thanks to you for assisting me in divine acts.  
On lukewarm evenings, the holy spirit alerts  
Me, about the harms of unhealthy junk food  
That a right meditation is a crying need of time,  
Shelly! has done her research on proper foods,  
In addition to nutrition, AIDS as well as the  
Ape projects and vague pain, She adds, 'improper use of  
of painkillers can be harmful to the human body,  
She holds the view: 'Cuban green coffee leaves,  
Can be very fruitful to mind, she further says,  
'Tulip and poppy are cures for colds and coughs.'  
Shelly states!  
If you need further help, just hold a course here:

AFFAQ NABI



# Volga Soviet Flea Market

On the banks of the Volga River, oneday I visited the Soviet era.  
Flea market, hurrah, hurrah! Cheap Soviet souvinors!  
I heard the loud chants about the remains of the Colonial era.  
sounds of soviet music bands,  
thanks Allah! The event was luminous red...  
There was a mad rush of Visitors; coming from the Colonial areas..  
Some Monks, I saw seated, making charms, and telling fortune's,  
On blue sky there was also a festival like hosted by Seagull,  
At corner, I saw Olga! with her friends, She was pouring Vodka  
into bottles,  
And Sweta! was adorning the dinning tables for foreigners...  
Natalie! was whistling, Hurrah! buy Soviet barbie-dolls for just  
the two dollars.  
And Irina! was on the Gate greeting the customers.  
Some girls under twenties in their rural dress were spinning the Soviet tales,

What a wonder market; I' passed by a hundred stalls..selling  
Snails, Soviet era Souvinor's from Pins to Missiles and Siberian  
Quails and Patriots, Frames, Planes, Whales, Tiflis- Unica- stamp and red caps,  
I' also saw some, spot weddings and hear they can't last within  
A week it's amazing.I watched a Wrestling event between Slavic  
and Tatars and latter one between their Pet cat's.  
There was also modeling show, dancing Girls, in the rows, and  
Prayer mats on sale.  
Rural Maidens were looking nice in their head dresses,  
Holding flowers in their hands  
long-robles, and red- features,  
As the Sun touched middle of heaven, the enchanting event  
turn more warmer- Then there appear a band of Mourners,  
Who've worn armor of former Soviet seat.  
A flock of Caucascian shepherds appeared, they had on their  
heads  
Karakul ' made of highest quality sheep skin with curly pattern'  
and woolen Coats with high beck known as- Chokha  
They too set up their stalls selling Shell eggs,  
I' found in one corner of Flea market a group of women called,  
Yaksha's  
They were making green tea, from leaves of Neem trees...  
In centre of Bazar was a big

Stall ladden with various brands of fresh Honey, Pine apples,  
Strawberries, full and fair,

O My dear! down the glen was a luscious grapes market, in the  
chilling weather, I didn't miss sweetest Tatar grapes my mouth  
still waters.

In the afternoon, I' come across a stall of Russian warriors on  
Buggy, selling oldest Knives, Badges of Muscovite- Volga bulgars war  
And war of Grand Duchy of Moscow to offshore-

Visitor's, the interesting thing was of their antique value,  
Also cheap price, other things like Tiddy bear, Steel guitars,  
Wild boars, they were all small value,

I noticed some Herders on the other side of Volga,  
Their Women stood in rows heating fresh corn shells.

They had on head some funny white velvety hats,  
Some of them seemed saying some, ayat of Allah,  
Some used to sell Camel and goat milk, and skins of Gazelles,  
And honey cakes, these Gypsy  
folks still love to ride donkey's,

Though they've grand roads, from Volga to Yalta...

Over the steep hills and water ways into calm Seas..

When Moon climb up, from warm waters of Volga...

I saw Olga, and koma, and Sweta and Natalie and Irena  
loading their Jenny's

With unsold stuff, and they moved to mountain side near Volga river.

I myself hired a Jack for 100 Rubble's and went forth

With cheap Soviet era beautiful souvinor's

My rented room was in the outskirts of old Volga.

And in the evening tide, I told Paula, all in the guest room...

AFFAQ NABI

# To, Rumi!

Through the Bulkh'i hills and by the valley's  
And then upon the barley plains the poet  
Reached to the Mediterranean seas with the holy writ,  
That teaches the eternal truth and the love heals.  
At every half way, he revealed the candor  
of divine love, and its radiant heat cured  
innumerable people.  
He had his hands on the knees  
and the face  
Towards the Khaba, through his poetic verse  
He teaches the philosophy of better living.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Where Do You Hide In The Noontide

Oh, heartbreaker! my heart is  
perusing you.

Where do you hide? which hillside, ravine or cloudland  
I'm reminding you: send in a voice, stunning new  
The spirit runs through grief, and you might be too  
Worried, when will you adjoin me? I would let brief about  
My routine affairs, then you may  
weep and make

Me too; that will be a gloomy scene, even if it's true.  
Thus, it's worthy to forsake me. or reveal to me.

That wound, which you gave me

O! server of my soul,

I'm thirsty around you—a storm of memories

Which mount up in my heart enslave me, revisit

A regret lies in my tender bosom, ahh, bright hue

I am defamed by time, while you stayed inside me.

My bosom hunts you in challenging times, show me.

A shore; the sailors have snatched me. the boat

Has gone far off, and the rudder is at sea.

You're my glad to render me to shoreward, I know.

Not what lies ahead in my fortune, now restless

You are there, uneasy I'm over here. I concealed

My grief in tears, I saw obviously bitterness over

These years, quite often when the evening wears on,

I feel tense seeing a white coffin with deep fears.

Your fair face appears in my dim eyes, then.

The lips come out in a plea, and the heart relishes it.

I received several hits, give me a gentle kiss, grief

Is too wide, hence grant me a smooth ride; that might

Bring spring into my life through your flashlight.

Where do you hide at noontide,

O heartbreaker?

AFFAQ NABI

# On Mother!

'If you seek heaven, it lies below the mother's feet.'  
The Prophet said, methinks there is no other better quote like it.'  
From her, I did receive my first lesson, while  
Looking at her face in her loving arms, that  
Moment is more sweet and first ever, as well as  
Gallant, then the summer night's full moon.  
She shaped my life until I became a mature man.  
And the Lord lifted her, quite young, to heaven.  
Though in my slumber I do meet her. with what  
Element: shall I compare her? there is nothing.  
So unique and cherubic or so  
pure like a mother's love.  
O mother mine, shine ever in your eternal journey.  
Where shall I bring forth those words to express  
Your greater love, even in anger, made your tear drops fall in mercy.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Did You Saw My Amor?

In the middle of the night, I said, 'To the twinkling stars,  
Did you see my Amor?  
The reply came in non

And then I beg to the moony beams  
Did you saw my Amor?  
Again the reply came in non.

And then I said to the morning breeze  
Did you saw my Amor?  
Again the reply came in non

At length, I request to my own bosom  
The reply came in 'Yes'  
Its somewhere around closer to You, just feel.

AFFAQ NABI



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# The Cypress Brook

Behold! It's an event of the last rainy summer.  
I did start walking while the sun was still behind.  
The cypress brook, a shade was along me,  
But I couldn't touch her; it was like she was enshrined.  
My spirit swelled like all the beauty was around me,  
The shade appeared again in midway and smiled.  
For me, it was like having a guide inside me, though  
Alone I was, and the shade was like a moon child.  
At one moment, it went away far into a wheatberry field.  
And danced with the bells of the wind, as my sister,  
For a while, I sat on an emery stone, too worried.  
My purple heart was filled with her shy smiles.  
In the meantime, I sought some atonement.  
Nearer a weem, where I come across a team  
Of femmes singing a chorus of  
religious theme,  
While gathering the dried cedar  
cones,  
It's a sort of fuel for their winter, I understand.  
While the ember day began to decline and then  
Some bitter tones bruised, I was kissed by the breeze.  
Of leafyland, then, there came a treat of hushed  
Tones, and then rich tones, so tranquil likewise.  
From the blue stones, and her moans. atlength  
She moonlight away vanish, in a singing way.  
into a sea of unknowns

AFFAQ NABI

# Evening Of Sorrow

And she met me when I was far away, so she wept in such a way,  
It seemed like someone who met after a long century.  
I myself felt strongly like a rain in my eyes, methinks.  
Some hidden dreams broke through her past energy,  
Or like someone came and then took her bouquet away.  
On an evening of sorrow near the end of the journey,  
A grief broke up, and a hunter halted his bow to shoot  
The sparrow, maybe he remembered his own infants  
On an evening of sorrow, a flower  
bud sprung up  
Frost come to confront it, rising bud unable to view  
Those heaven circling pearls  
from his infant  
Eye, on an evening of sorrow a lonely cloud scattered  
Rigorously before touching the enriching hills

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com



# Spring Joy

Today let's sing together in concert the spring joy.  
That's awakening from the pillow of love; it's like the  
Soft breeze from a sweet song  
It has dynamic effects.  
Did bewitch my smiles. and I felt that I was released  
From the exiles, the murmur of a dewy dawn  
Have renewed it, I reflect you with a young swan.  
Swimming all alone in a clean pond at a village  
Where fresh wind ran to shake the daffodil  
leaves, then you sat on the grassy shore in the rising sun.  
The lawn was moving up.ah! green in colour,  
Sending praises above to the one and only One.  
In the rosy dawn, ah, the sport was fair, and I'm done.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Trembling Rose

Speak to me! O trembling rose  
why do you shed blood from your eyepiece?  
Though, in sweet-smelling perfume, you dwell in,  
Something you do feel or lack  
I suppose  
Are you sick, O sweet rose, or unwed?  
The beauty that you wore  
I understand is on lease,  
Same is my spirit; you're not alone, weeping rose,  
Speak to me, for whose love these tears are falling.  
With a smile in your eye, 'Ah,  
My heart glows,  
Wipe your tear, we both admire  
the One and swap- - -.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Sunjan: The Shade Of Elm-Trees

Poor Sonjan's asleep in the shade of the elm trees.  
When the first light comes to kiss the old beehive  
Situating close by in the backyard of the narcissus  
To eastward direction of sweet little juniper berries.  
She lived long since her birth in a grove of elm trees.  
Far away from the bustle and the city's fairs,  
And through out her life she protects them,  
When they were rooted out, her eyes shed pitying tears.  
A proud lady! lived well beside the rose bushes,  
Butterflies, sparrows, and toiled for their safety.  
Some secrets she revealed, some buried in her own bosom.  
These were only a few mysteries, Amy says!  
Her time passed smoothly. in sweet shades  
Of the elm trees, with elm wood and weeds  
She sewed her own grave in the green shale.  
And laid with no funeral hymn, no man, no mournings.

Sonjan! She laid her last bed with the petals of rose,  
And in this episode, her lonely friend uncloses  
Wept heartily and talked with  
hands on her elbows  
'Peace, ' I said, 'to her true friend, Amy! '  
She rued and moaned—the heaven knows.

AFFAQ NABI

# To-Holy City

It's holyday, the sun is on the halfway point of heaven,  
Thanks, my liberty is beside me, in this holy city,  
The host of heaven also joined at this moment  
All young and old are rushing toward the shrine.  
On a divine call, like the school children in fair  
Uniform, to deliver their sacred duty.

Dear child!  
Look beyond where they left their stores open.  
After ablution, one by one, they stand in line,  
All is done, and they wait; some are still on the swift run.  
The prayers are held in the abode of Abraham  
Its the beauty of this holy city.  
Little Child,  
When you come nearer to God, he adores,  
And bless you, life becomes splendid,  
In the end when the spirit  
flees, the body turns into sacred ash.

AFFAQ NABI



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# On Isolation

After long days, we reach you in the rosy dawn.  
Still, the morning star is on his twilight mission.  
Behold in these dense lights we took a stroll,  
Believe me, this bosom is burning with a passion.  
How do you feel yourself in this hushed cavern?  
Lo, about you, that unfair incident still slays us,  
Some lofty dreams appear in a procession,  
And then they began shortly to scatter away.  
Sweet breeze! roaming in the meadows of heaven,  
Our grief lies hither and a decade has gone by  
We're devoted to that pledge we made though,  
Some doubts came up along the way, and tonight  
Come in a moony beam to our dream we crave,  
With just a glance, we may feel more firm and brave.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Blanket Of Loveliness

I walked alone, and he led my longing journey.  
I walked, and then he turned into a torchlight.  
I walked alone, and he led the journey inside me.  
All the silent candles he kindled so sweetly  
By the rocks, I was laid in an angelic shape,  
And having him and his smile made me glad.  
While I was helpless, he held me in a blanket.  
Of loveliness, the waters were running mute.  
But then he altered them into a melodic tune.  
I am a flower, and he raised it into a pretty plant.  
Under his shadow I become a patriotic youth  
For certain, his hand is behind my spiritual boom.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Give My Spirit A Glow Of Spring Breeze

My body is on earth, and my eyes are over the stars.  
And this tender heart hangs in your loving arms,  
The mortal mind engages itself in other puzzles.  
Seldom does it return valiant from life's arenas.  
I am a pilgrim and live for a certain purpose.  
I ask myself, 'what's the motive of my light existence? '  
And I will always try to find your unseen mysteries.  
My Lord, swap your holy hand to succour me.  
Give my spirit the glow of the spring breeze,  
Thus I shall work in broad daylight for my wellbeing.  
I do follow the decree of the rising heaven,  
You alone are able to wake me up from this ill feeling.  
As you have done in the cases of David and Aaron  
The gentle shepherds of Goshen and Judah,  
Cover me, too, in your upcoming splendors.  
We are a fallen folk therefore, extend your lead.

AFFAQ NABI



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# My Sister In The Maple

Waking up early in the morning is one of great habits.  
It has a bonnie bless behind of our Lord, our sister.  
Gained this taste from her grandpa. she has  
A little picture house in the outer yard, on its window  
The nightingale sews its warm nest beneath  
There is a granite pot that contains the healing herbs.  
This entire green area comes under the rain belt.  
Her cottage is fenced with cranberry bushes.  
The countryside is popularly known as 'sandbar.'  
She was quiet, health-centered, and kept fasts  
On certain holy days like the Eid and Easter.  
When I last saw her pale lips, I recalled  
The pale rose quivers in the fall,  
her Irish horse  
Was in grief, he was always doing well at trade shows.  
In gusts of wind her backyard receives showers  
Of orange maple leaves, she used these as cheap  
Fuel in long snow-ridden wintry nights,  
The tall maple is the jewel of our valleys.  
Under it the sweet evening sail's  
with hymns  
Of the birds, she had a deep quest for the  
Abstract art, on the walls of her hall, hings stamp  
Albums of wild life, pieces of art and paintings,  
Most of them her mother gifted her before  
Leaving for heaven, she was fond of flores  
She preferred to dwell away the city's bad noise.  
The sandbar is full of migratory birds and rough logs.  
This pretty place brings to us memories of past joyous  
Still, she is pretty close, lying in a shady place.  
Where vast maize fields bloom on rainy days  
Lady! grace to you have lived away native place  
These daisy chains convey your living memories.  
Ah, you have took the last flight in a state of grace.

AFFAQ NABI



# I Took My Oath On Your Sweet Hand.

And again, the summer winds would return.  
With the love's legacy, mine yearn is just a slave.

To your time, with the regrets in your eyes, unworn  
I do look into your aspirant eyes and behave.

Likewise, this bustle is from your sweet corn.  
Lies never go straight along with the time.

Craving is such a thing; it clings with spirit.  
When I do see marks of my blue past prime,

It echoes back, the burden of past dearest,  
I paint by heart; may you read this plain rhyme?

O! time, you're free. I blame not you for devouring my prime.  
Stay! don't fear or fly away, ah! beauty fairest,

And I took my oath on your---- sweet hand.  
Therefore, I pray that you'll be on your swear stand.....

AFFAQ NABI

# I Believe You May Discover That Man

I do believe that you may discover that wise man.  
Who would understand you and your native cultures?

It does not matter whether he is a king or a craftsman.  
I trust he might recognise your creative career.

I imagine you will reach that mystical man.  
Who always abstains from heinous acts?

Today, human acts are so shameful that you  
Must be prepared to face these facts, I admit

You will look for that gentle person who will return.  
That joy again that's faded from your face

Who is capable of altering life's bustle for eternal gains?  
Charlie, I hope you will take on that brave man.

Who will not be a slave to himself but realises suffering  
Of others and feels that, the Vergin mother hears.

AFFAQ NABI

# Rock Dove!

I just want the extream's of your love.  
For, you have been seated in the beats of my bosom,  
Your single manifestation turned  
me like a rock dove;  
So tame I'm coming to your  
backyard over again and again.  
Each glance at your face is awesome.  
Not less than the summer's rain shower  
My spirit was fatiuged, you've brought,  
In it a new blossom, my humming bee  
Just see, I am your wild flower.  
So! stick on me.

AFFAQ NABI



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# A Letter

Yesterday, in the purple evening,  
I was quietly seated on my veranda,  
To write you this letter, my heart was beating  
In the moonlight a caravan  
of misleading  
Feelings came in, and the soul started floating.

Every thought was so obeying.  
cute and sweet.  
The starry night passed away in your affection.  
When the twilight star appears in a clean sky,  
And Rabin starts singing his chorus of the dawn,  
'Awake, awake my friend, it is too late,  
Now awake, it's not your school age.

AFFAQ NABI



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# My Soul!

Since my youthful days, I have not played the violin  
To please hypocritical legislators, in the past.  
Some of them were beer contractors or cattle raiders.  
My flight has always been like a light breeze.  
To bring momentary joy to my mortal being,  
Like others, I had some bright dreams.  
And they set off slightly along with the ageing.  
I always favoured the fair populism, beside these  
In any state whatever, I didn't quit the new hope.  
My Lord gave me the scope of sincerity.  
That shielded me from the gales of delusion and heresy.  
These are some mysteries that  
unites me still,  
And in love, my tears set off a spell like a nightingale's.  
Singing shrill. thanks a million; the life is yet peaceful.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Luna!

She was a sacred spirit, gracious and polite.  
Just like the worthy Luna of the opening night  
Gleaming forever the unhidden part of the earth,  
From her first happy birth and please listen!  
Our converse when first befell on harbours,  
Of the island of man, she had on her shoulders  
A marine silken shawl crafted by the maidens  
Of senegal, her eyes were like the meadows of summer.  
And hairs like an angel laying in the slumber,  
She has had hopes, doubts, and some fears.  
In her younger days, was faithful to the occult.  
In the latter phase, she buried her hubris in grey dust.  
She lived well, as her mighty heart pleased.  
Ahh! still, some of her riddles remain unrevealed.  
It was Mayday when I last saw her hushed.  
Like an infant in her mother's breast, in sweet  
Converse with an angel, a heavenly zest...

AFFAQ NABI



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# Scent Of Primrose

When the lantern of the lonely moon will gleam  
And the nighty stars will return to the throne.  
When the evening tide breeze would beat its violins  
You must not delay in coming to sign your oath  
You have left out the musk scent of primrose.  
And in long aprons like the princes of Tehran,  
Walking with hands in her sleeves on the ring road,  
And the wind was quite fresher with its rattle on,  
From eastward, I heard you singing an ode.  
Of the Rumi, his love verses women often cherish,  
And I also sometimes, in my solitude, compose.  
His verse fits the soul with its sweet relish.  
It was an evening prayer, so I bowed my head,  
With fear of luxuria, that ousted the Adam  
On the lawn side, along with the gown tied  
Eve, it was a thriller, which you might have read.  
Belamour behold, there are only quite a good few  
Who are so pure in their flight of spoken words  
Bear with, they're melting away like a dew.  
Besit, I do hope that you will review your word.

AFFAQ NABI

# A Festival Of Dreams

We all see big dreams by dawn of the new year,  
Amid these sweet dreams, we lull a few in our tears,  
May our vessel have a compass,  
And in the meadow of these dreams, our time passes.  
Away, then we forget, all in our life's tussle.

And seldom do we receive the salaries from vassals,  
After some respite, the mind again starts fishing,  
But the heart is disappeared.  
Yes! the mind is always, a festival of dreams.

That weaves them on diverse themes,  
Multiple perish into its hollows,  
But only a few are revealed.  
Come flower, Fille!  
I have a fresh-cut parcel of dreams,

And I invite you to break the seals. Amen!  
May our vessel have a compass  
To reapture some sure and sincere scenes.

AFFAQ NABI



# Lily Of The Valley

Lily of the valley in whose love  
you do let go  
Your fragrance in the summer  
mornings,  
Wonder is this loveliness that we enjoy after our slumber.

1

Robin In whose passion and holiness you are singing  
In sweet rhythm at the pre dawn  
And hour after hour so fair  
number.

II

O! Rain fall from whence you bring forth these  
Ripples of rain over and over again  
Even then keeping our vineyards smooth and plain.

III

Anna stream, full of golden  
shiners, here we  
entertain a solemn peace  
Our times passes divinely when  
you are in the walking dream.

AFFAQ NABI

# I Love To Dance With My Shades

I love to dance with my shade. I am a gentle, sweet  
And a scared woman, laughing  
lies in my fibre fibre  
Of my nature, I laugh upon me too; as a human, I do care,  
Methinks every woman ought to care for herself every minute  
Either in a state of pleasure or intractable pain  
I keep in my corps a tiny baby, naughty and glary.  
My amante, I am taught to tussle.  
with hard times.  
And dust storms, the model of my gallantry.  
Glitters like the moon's through the pages of human  
History, I defend for my rights  
and liberty,  
Moreover I love to dance with my shade.

AFFAQ NABI



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## To: A Fellow!

You are a ruby, but you don't love your ruby!  
To realise the genius hidden in your soul, I would  
Counsel you to screen your mental skills, revert  
For a while; in your prime past, preview all the  
Key acts you have left behind, compose them.  
And give music to each; what are those scenarios?  
That does affect all routes of your flight, summon  
Your close one, to have their say  
about your way  
Of life, don't be shaky or scary  
with the answers.  
Because it's a dilemma of your  
being, you are  
A ruby! but you don't go to bed with your ruby  
Once you know the wealth that lies in the meadows  
Of your mind, you are able to give your life's journey a new glory.

AFFAQ NABI



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# May I Lay Your Bed?

Dear pearly, you are my life's journey,  
You are my saviour. you are just a piece  
Of moon, though earthy, and would someone  
Through my eyes see? what you are to me!

Wherever my view goes: there is only you!  
But in which worry you are lost? tell to Marie!  
Most of night pass away, may I lay your bed,  
The wind will lead a music and I shall narrate

You a lullaby, while seeing you in slumber, a view  
Floats me, like an angle is laid in asleep  
Be sure, In my love to you I'm soft and true, you are  
A glass of my heart in which I groom myself.

Just for you, I am a small barbie doll, and so  
My shallow self merge to your starry soul.



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AFFAQ NABI

## To: One Mystic Poet

A hermit came into our city after a long interval.  
And sang in his own handsome music some sonnets,  
Some quiet streets again settled to some extent,  
His song arouses in the sick minds of people a consent,  
Of a new rise that is soft as well as amicable,  
Swiftly, millions of youth found his harmonics,  
Fruitful for their wits, they have set their lives in motion.  
His verse takes the form of a melody. I too  
Have heard about this Hermit, and steadily recited  
Few lines of his sonnet that drew cheers on my lips  
'His sermon leads to reform,  
towards our subsided  
Social mechanisms, a Hermit came to our city,  
And then returned, but left a sonnet for all nightingales  
They sing it with little buds  
in the morning,  
Congrats!  
It's every tone that teaches us welfareism.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Shy Heathwren!

The loyal sun of blue heaven sets in the west.  
And shy heathwren return to her mother's nest.  
By early autumn, the couple will depart to plains  
Of Panjab, they're just a few days guest to us.  
Nice to see you, O sweetheart! In the garden  
Of fruits and flowers, every year  
you come  
To visit us, and moreover, you are our part.  
And never carried with you despair or fear.  
Or the virus or disorder but bringing it with you  
Gentle breeze, the sweetness of berries, beauties  
Of seas, the dew of youth, shades of lofty  
Trees, rejoice with me, ah today  
when everything  
Is not okay, display, only love is our remedy.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Bouquet Of Loveliness

With whom shall I present  
this bouquet of loveliness,  
With whom shall I present these leafy longings.  
May someone come to me in frame of a friend,  
To whom shall I render this souvenir of songs,  
O my lyrics you alone tell me,  
with whom shall,  
I share, these puzzles and riddles concealed in my  
consciousness.  
May someone attend my life's journey  
With whom shall I share this hugge- mugger,  
laying below my tender lips,  
With whom shall I render  
these burning feelings,  
emotions and aspirations,  
Would someone sign my plea?

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Law Of Nature

Human is an infectious virus,  
Where ever he goes,  
He leaves a virus,  
Because he doesn't care about,  
The law of nature...

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com



# Music! Make It Sweet, Inner And Slow

Music, pls make it sweet, inner, and slow.  
People are swiftly losing their faith in God.  
River! clean up your sad shores or forego  
Few days, you might repent or respond.  
Valley wind! rise now and lead these sick clouds.  
To heaven, I see you behave like a naughty child,  
For the smoke coming out of mill towns  
Is likely creating a sense of allergy in you,  
Summer rains, your sweet tunes arose  
in me a feeling of my friend,  
come again,

But remain within the bounds, because this nation  
Is already experiencing some stress and strife.

Maple leaf! pick up something new from  
Your albums; you're a guest for a few days.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Be Every Pleasure There

Wherever you live---  
Be every pleasure there.  
Wherever you live---  
Be the life there,  
These darks are my selections,  
I don't see my shades.  
Wherever you live---  
Be the light there.  
Moon is dimly,  
Oh don't worry,  
Be no darks of nights  
upon night there.  
Wherever you live---  
Be every pleasure there,  
In clouds of despair.  
We see a rainbow,  
We shall surpass,  
The suffering nights.  
Wherever you live---  
Be the delights there.  
Wherever you live,  
Be every pleasure there---

AFFAQ NABI

# With Your Sorrows I Standby

Ah! had I been a singing bird,  
my love,  
I would sing for you such a sonnet,  
That you've never before heard  
Had I been a breeze my love,  
I would bring for you,  
Flower scents, from shady scenes,  
May our love ever glow,  
Had I been a sun of blue heaven,  
I would shine your self like river flow  
My right hand side, radiant live,  
With your sorrows I standby.  
Behold beauty, such is my love  
to you,  
To you only my spirit belong  
And I shall bear all your wrong.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Gulmarg Heaven On Earth

Softly falling globules making snowy walkways.  
powdery, solid cushion lying under twinkling flurries,  
Larks are sleeping snugly homebound, while snow  
sparrows serenade  
Maker of this winterland,  
Almighty of heaven on earthly plains, meanwhile  
restless voyagers  
Rushing, gondolas filling, flying  
uphill bound, directly into God's countryside.

While native kids frolic with their parents and grands.  
Angels appearing magically as young bodies are  
thrown down and arms. Swiping upward and down  
heaving snowy powder puffs upward, splattering.  
Mom, dad, and neighbours in gleeful experience  
Giggling Incessantly for the first snowfall  
Is the rejoicing, the celebrating harbinger of winter.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Shine Like Mornings Only Star

I adore you from depths of my sweet bosom,  
Though man is not complete how can love  
Be, in these seven day delights though some  
Neglect it and go astray that life is to outlive,  
I adore you not little, but let that time come,  
You would feel my affection in your fibre fibre.  
I'm not a person of self-esteem and show  
I would dye my hair, but by heart am not a dyer,  
Today is your happiest day of your life,  
I convey to you, a wreath of spring flowers,  
May your life shine like the morning's only star.  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Wheel Of Time

How laisurely I do walk on the wet green way:  
Clean is the climate, my prime past memories I carry,  
With me, on these sceneries of early mayday,  
Aha, balmy aires do add more vim to my,

Journey though alone in red-hot fig fields,  
I do cherish sweet echoe sounds of snowcock,  
Sliding on trees as like a young  
lady on her high heels,

Though heavy of many hours, I sit on a hilly pass, nearby  
And stressed, vedio of my eye upon hills, then on saw-mills,  
Amazingly, all fine fig fields; are no longer seen,  
But, a wide range of hued huts after huts,

How did alter the scenic view of fig fields-green  
Shift into a town, I could not see those ducks,  
And hut, In which I did help my neices,  
To collect eggs, and make their bucks,

Which require guts that's held by few in us,  
Just other boys, I cherished to  
Walk in my childhoodto these lustful fields,  
Far beyond the rosy-red fields, stand's now  
Human settlements, red-roof houses

Oh, fig field is merely a forgotten dream now.  
When I do forecast the shadow that tells time,  
And lay eyes on, how a bright day,  
Fell into a melancholic night,  
When I recall the, prosperous past,  
I do hear, the heart-healing chime,  
Legends of love, repose and excite....

AFFAQ NABI

# Solomon And Dal

A gleaming jewel precisely set  
surrounded by wet lands, gardens,  
shadowed by the Solomon  
A majestic mountain and foothills with hoary peaks.  
The Dal lays prostrate, life abounding.  
Small fish shine with their presence.  
While poles and nets in water troll  
And exquisite house boats lazily stroll.  
The waters of Dal crowned by  
flowers  
The queenly Lotus set there for Solomon.  
In the olden days, when  
the Mughals stayed and fairly settled.  
Today, the area still holds its lure.  
But tourists rush to and fro for a cure.  
The calm brought by the cooling breeze  
The soft waters embrace divers.  
And, young and old lovers seek  
eyes and lips within this beauty met.

AFFAQ NABI

# A Piece Of Your Attire

If COVID goes, and that time may come,  
I shall see you, it's my pledge; bless me fine.  
When love floats like a fountain with hum hum,  
I shall see you, let there be thunder, rain, or the storm  
This virus held everything of ours on halt,  
Nothing will harass you, if the heart is warm,  
When love is unmoving at the bottom of bosom,  
Salt like a thing doesn't beset a standing sea.

If COVID goes, again the winds will blow.  
Greet me with your loveable eye, behold  
Time cares not your course, if you be friend or foe,  
Time isn't the love's slave, hope you agree.  
Hold my word, it's a wiseman's relic, and so,  
Safeguard your spirit and delicately behave,

If COVID goes, a new order might take shape,  
When you shop, O lady! skip not the mask,  
It's now a piece of your attire, you can't escape it.  
While you are a guest at somebody's feast.  
If COVID goes, air might turn again fresh and pure,  
Beauty will again cover  
Stunning scenes of all ever greens.  
If COVID goes, and that time may come,  
I shall see you,  
Believe, hope would make a plea with desire.....

AFFAQ NABI



# Festival Of Flowers

Praise to him! who have granted you the beauty,  
Winds and venues leap up with liquid sweetness.  
Salute to your sweet petals; ah, dear Tulip baby!  
My heart swells with your love and the greeting.

Someone alien just passed by your pleasant Eden.  
Weary of many days sojourned for a while,  
Your scenes have now become more florid.  
I do fear that your beauty might beguile me.

If God so wishes, I shall come again to see you.  
May earth be feeling more fine with your perfumes?  
What a worthy festival of the colours held by the foothills,  
And I am yearning to make there my abode.

The nature bestowed you the beamy dyes,  
And this naked beauty is bewitching my eyes,  
The gentle stars are devoting all their lights,  
Thereby drawing near, the night of delights,

Nothing is so fragrant as the glory of a flower,  
Mine eyes do love to see you hour after hour.

AFFAQ NABI

# Sweet Is Pleasure After The Pain

My heart is cracked and burned.  
come once  
for reflection; my soul might soon depart, give me  
Some nectar; that would soothe  
my swollen cheek.  
Most often, I do roam around.  
your open sea.  
In the whirlwind of fortune, I am now frail  
----Salaam! Suzana Min-Here!  
How long will you keep me in mental agony?  
It's alright to shut eyes then living lazily,  
What is mean of this might, power or dignity?  
When last gasps are at play,  
our savior,  
I've send you my heart's plea. send out  
Some mercy through the morning breeze,  
That could sheild me in the rambles and storms.  
Haste! I may be able to avail  
some carefree sleep..

AFFAQ NABI

# Pleasing Stunner

Oh, ring me not to prove out my error, your cruelty  
Did crawl upon my heart, you did sign me  
With eye, it tear me wide, better tell me your legend.  
By the tongue, use your wit, slay me naught.  
With your hypocrisy, reveal to me. who you cherish true in heart.

Cherie! your pretty looks have been my foes,  
Only you along with me and no one else knows  
And if your centre beats up in love, why don't you?  
Tell me your true lore, slay me, not mature.  
Maid with your looks, believe me I'm nearer  
To the God, kill me not with your pleasing  
Stunner, ring me not to prove my error, least  
Whisper the rumpus of my aching heart  
Ring me not to prove out my error,  
Your cruelty did crawl upon my heart.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# The Garden In Griefs

When the ghostess says that she didn't invent the fatal virus,  
I don't trust her, and we all know that she always lies.  
She has a perception about you that you are a stupid guy,  
Over ten million people lie forever asleep to this day.  
The entire garden is in grief, and the nightingale is mute.  
On a branch, revealing his signs of cool disdain.  
And the same reply is coming out of the pale moon.  
Alas, I fell on the wayside on some grass. O my skills  
This worry deepens every night and day. by this  
Ghastly plague and the heavy price we pay,  
Honestly speaking, I lapsed into the stuff of life,  
Now, I can't hold more things of the strife.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Wonders Of Truth

The truth is a marvel that hides in the heart.

Truth is a thing which steams from the heart to heart

It rings in the ears and sings with  
with pleasure.

It makes the heart cry and flows from the eyes.

A loving memory, it's like the pearl, which is quite shimmery.

The truth pulls at the heart and appeals to it.

Speak the truth quite cheerfully; it excites our  
eyes, like a fresh flower.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# About A Dearest

Where did he sweet and heroic friend flee away:  
I ask, where did the radiant star  
beyond  
The hollows of heaven fell asleep?  
He led us toward the shadows of peace.  
Was not He among us yesterday?  
I' m weary; my memory is tired; a grief that's strolling.  
Where did the flavour overnight flight?  
The rose pink has grown so sick  
And her's boutique is hanged up in chains.  
In the house of pigmy and in  
neighbourhood,  
There was a lament indeed, and my tears overflowed.  
Like a flower that has lost its sweet pollen.  
His smile was like the flower of early dawn.  
And heart so lovely, like the flow of rain in a fountain.  
He often quoted:  
(Follow those who  
guide your being the right way) ,

AFFAQ NABI

# An Evening At Dal Lake

Zabarwan's tulip garden lies on the shore of Dal Lake,  
A miracle of blue waters It sounds more breezy,  
Over the peaks of Mount Solomon, with one glance,  
The pulse beats in the rhythm of ecstasy.

And the departed emotions shake, lo and behold  
Dal Lake is the crown of Kashmir vale, In moony  
Beams it seems like a newlywed Damsel,  
You are my flame, and I am a candle

Warming together, oh my angel, in the spring  
Of youth, she was my selection.  
so was the  
Shine on her hairline, while  
mystic breeze  
Hails forth, murmuring in music,  
I forget

My loneliness, it is an affection.  
Affaq!  
Though you've been away from her touching  
Scene escape, the wood  
hawks gridded,  
A pitfall on her shore, with a league of amity  
For sure, her beauty and glory will be restored.

AFFAQ NABI

# On Korakoram!

Let Marie! squeeze the sweet levender and pour  
Vin into the goblet and then I will play the mandolin  
My mate, and you will sing in a shining willow a sonnet,  
This evening might not return; it's so pretty pleasing  
The shirtless beauty of Karakoram has smitten  
Mine drowsy eyes as well as this poetic bosom,  
There is lovely poetry that is yet to be written.  
These rocky hills and ridges reveal the lore of sofism  
And it's shining on the dimple of the Karakoram!  
This Alpine marvel kindled a light of love in me.  
In my poem, I paint what I saw as a pleasing decorum.  
Walk behind me over the cliffs and reefs.

Marie, my mate!

I wandered from dunes to the plains, I've relished  
The rainy seasons. I found the remains of princes  
Kata Rani, her antique coins spikes, and Kute Kol  
I found lofty villas that were once safe and warm.  
Some lie in ruins, some held by the storms,  
Behold, the rock dove's hum and cuddles in the ring,  
Marie, let's swing awhile in this joyful spring.  
Rose and Jesmine will prepare our bedding,  
Underside the drooping willow and Nymphs  
Of azure heaven will sing a sofi song, and then  
With grace, we will leave at the rosy dawn.  
O! winds in the willows  
O tallest Karakoram  
walikum-salaam...

AFFAQ NABI



# An Evening In Gulmarg

The valley of flowers in the heart of the mighty Everest,  
Where the sun rises beyond the far green cedar trees.  
And eager to please the luxuriant blue skies,  
Herein the bird of the bush sings and laughs nigh.  
And mirth forever lulls into eyes the mirth,  
Oh! be ever for me, ahh, this mellowed earth.

Where the meadowlark can be seen in echoed green,  
Wooing with the flowers by day and night.  
And the snow-whistle along with summer shallow,  
Takes to task their purification then calling  
The sun splenders into the dense shadow.  
To welcome spring time in the valley.  
Overexcited wood winds play the solemn music,

The heart sinks down in ecstasy for awhile.  
The theme of the song is supposed  
To be 'Stop abusing the green  
dressed, it's our heredity'  
O! liberty! come on, hurry! this heart is unquiet,  
A yearning dwells beside it, still  
exotic beauty  
Is freely skating into the crimson light,  
Come early, don't defer, and shout me.....

AFFAQ NABI

# Thank You Dear Pair

Thank you! Dear pair, you were  
for me as like  
A 'weinberg' and I compare you with an ever  
Singing dove, and so all the fruits of that garden  
Were mine; every drop of your incense was just for me.

Closely, we went through all stages of life, as  
You know, my life's dear lonely fellow, the sun does  
Not for ever shine beyond all the  
shores  
Of the wide and deep sea, by sudden a call

From the heavens beat, and then green trees glade  
Leaves give life an autumn treat, some dreams  
Of the dusk took a hop, and some hovered in  
The cold rooms of eager heart, the time we spend

Was although so short, but unique. the winds  
Will blow into vales dancing delight, our souls  
That dwelled in close harmony,  
are now apart,  
Our unsung desires of the heart will vanish away.  
Lingering along these oblique winds, thank you  
Dear pair, I shall never ever forget this pairing.'

AFFAQ NABI

# Old Values We Destroy

This life is laden with the flowers.  
and thorns.

Whatever you come across is for---- the best.

Keep the hopes low within the swift gale's the candle

Never burns; thus walk on the reliable.path

There is no unrest, in this merciless world.

Your reality is merely a heavenly test; see beyond.

At the crossroads of love, numerous lovers have been

'Fairly rising and falling, within my poetic heart you would

Ever flash and dwell, while your

thoughts assemble

Then, flying like a dove, a cloud climbed the old sky.

Like a hoary boy, then fell in the rain and might never

Rise again; when the faith is strong, the heart will utter joy.

And the soul will depart for heaven smiling. with

A little agony, empowering the destitute, is an undying joy.

Stay fine, loved one. the old values we destroy.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Luscina

Neither this azure sky nor these shooting stars  
Will remain, but thankfully, I am forever yours.  
My heart was searching for you.  
then sought you out.  
With flowers of desire, I have dressed up the brim  
In my eyes, I have settled the garden of aspiration  
With your beam are the blues and rhythm of my bosom.  
Today I deliver to you my heart's admiration.  
I shall be yours; accept this plea of an eager youth.  
This hue and cry comes from the warmest part  
On my body, cheap perfume doesn't come  
From a deep root, nor can a pointed spear  
Blow away the ultimate truth, today after deepest gloom  
The new moon bloomed, straight at me though late  
I hope to entertain myself, and may feel its cold dew.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Cuckoo Friend

Cuckoo is one of my old childhood friends,  
And I was always different from other kids,  
In the rainy season, I was making two rounds  
Every day beneath the willow trees with other guys.

As I grew older, I forgot life's many noteworthy things.  
But not those happy moments  
with Cuckoo  
His voice is harmonic and worth heeding.  
Refreshing old memories truly makes us new.

And still today, whenever he sings at gracious dawn,  
My heart leaps up with joy,  
I don't delay,  
To leave the bed and join his famous song.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Myriad Night

Ramdan is a precious month for people of faith.  
And every year it arrives, like the spring season.  
Then it brings forth blessings In its first phase  
And within days, one gains the spiritual might.

On its blessed nights, if one prays with the heart,  
And soul, perpetual flight could be better.  
Stop rock and roll in the holy month, and go  
Divine so your 'hereafter' would be fairer.

The Ramadan fasts purify the soul from the hellish things  
In this way, all the sins of last year's perish away.  
Behold, in this sacred month of offerings, it's every  
'A night is worth a thousand nights.'

Understand its richness at length when you leave.  
The sacred drums would beat behind you with flashing lights.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Geliebte!

Liebste! shun the company of vile-like people.  
Maybe they would hurt your innate artistry.  
Therefore take good care and live with reverence  
I would suggest you avoid making allies with liars.  
It's like the flu—wide and sonic in its nature.  
Liebste! Give away alms; the gifts bring cheer.  
Your thoughts will flourish if you follow enlightened minds.  
Try as much as you can to forgive the sins.  
You dwell in this part of the earth like a frightened bird.  
Forever, your fate is governed by the others.  
It's such a situation that your voice is quite unheard.  
Child of a wise mother, sometimes nasty events occur.  
You could be missed unless you have a loud voice.  
If you do not resist, you could face intense hunger.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Maria!

Maria!

The steps of mine, the glimpse  
of mine

Lay in your way, wherever you live in, so dwell well.

Lurking like you are somewhere in me, like a pollen  
In the flower, through your breath, is my reverence.

Except your eyes, what lies in the  
universe,  
Who withstands with me except  
your thanks,

I feel your glimpse and shines  
from the  
Thousand miles, you lay in the laments, you lay

In the smiles, out of time, out of space.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com



# Dory And Femme

How can I keep going alone  
without an oar  
When the water missed its musical tune.  
Behold, the beauty of the lake is by the people,  
They left away with perfect honour  
Dorry too escapes with a cold in her veins.  
Waters humming birds too migrate,  
A melancholy hung over  
the wishful lake,  
The early wind that was roaming  
With happy tunes from place to place also slept  
On some shore and that herder along his femme,  
And their lambs nibbing leafy twigs in shades  
Of River harbour are no more, times clock  
Doesn't wait, marrow awake, mine eyes shine  
With mystic wine, I see the folks  
In a waiting line, the misty will die away  
And mercy may arrive back  
right by and by,  
I do see an optimism in my heavy eye.

AFFAQ NABI

# Orb Of Night

Walk gently alone over the hued shores of the Vitasta  
O full moon, orb of night, you're more friendly.  
Your eyepiece is flashed with the angelic light,  
And guiding me often in my far-reaching way.  
Through your loveliness there is peace in the night.  
Even so, with your flair and fondness,  
with your  
Radiance is stir in the clock of my core,  
your dearest  
Glance burst me into galleys and pierced my intellect,  
Dear comrade of my good and bad; as you know  
I am not a hedonist and please listen to you alone,  
I do lift my veil, rueful, we forget our Saviour and become  
And become unmannered. Queen regnant of the night  
The day can't prosper without thine aid, from the great poets  
Your prides I heard from my teenage in a better way

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# A Queer Story

Strange is this story, where does it begin with?  
And where it broke up, could someone narrate  
To me, what are these crystalline heavens? could  
Someone, recite to me about this gala affair?

Could someone reveal something to me about this?  
Festival of hankering for heaven? even I don't learn  
Even though he feels uncertain, I saw a cloud  
Of smoke blowing from candle and then a shortened

Delight shook up, this dream that I am seeing  
Since I clung to the dreams, rejoice with it, you  
Emerge to someone's ardour, being so close  
You have gone so far and  
bewitching

Someone's love, though you might set up a new  
Universe, behold whenever this melancholic  
Night will take a rebound, you may summon me.  
Up in your mind, and would kindle a candle of love.

.

.

AFFAQ NABI

# Walking Dreams,

In the grief, ah, in relief, in suffering through tough times;  
In keeping close, in losing, and in the loving,  
I do wander along with you in  
summer's happy  
Rain showers in the trembling cold of wintry  
Nights, in flights of my fancy I do  
wander along you!  
I do remember the glow of that glorious night.more  
Lovely and more exquisite than a thousand nights  
We stood on our knees with our hands up on that.  
Thanksgiving night like a pair  
of nightingales  
Into their sweet duft, at vespers evening, awaiting  
The stars to appear in dreamland with their pleasing  
Sound, we shall wander over all the universe  
Like a wishful vent ripe in her own promise,  
Singing in her year-long course,  
the heroic verse  
Of our Lord, we will wander through the meadows  
Of gold, beneath the beautiful lamps of the  
Fourteenth moon, your appealing eyes lay in my  
Eyes in splendor, pain and pangs, Live ever young.  
With me, and come away in my  
walking dreams,  
I heard a hundred clangs of heaven's bells.  
Rejoicing and your voice pursue me beneath  
In the dales of paradise, you are  
that shade,  
Which I loved not once but twice,  
through your  
Marvellous mystic lyrics I do feel  
a respite  
In my grief, may I call you my life's blue shield?  
I am not like that bird on Oasis Island who just  
Sing on 'Rose of Sharon, then fly over by twilight.  
To some other islands whose waters have a more  
Splended tune, in my flight of musing and meditation.  
I do wander along with you and feel a perpetual  
Joy, you are like a willow shade in a desert dunes.

And I do wander along with  
you, and I do wander along with you.

AFFAQ NABI

# How Long Shall I Await

How long shall I wait? My soul is  
unsteady;  
O, brilliant breeze of the green fields, show  
Me that radiant face yet again—that's enough.  
And enough for me, in my wet dreams I do see  
And I do see, those grapey eyes go round me.  
O, companion of my pain, give me that sleep again.  
How long do I wait up? the heart is burning up  
In your adoring straight way, give me those sweetest  
Lips again, I shall come to you through the  
Mountain by the glen, so that my lost soul may  
Shine the sunlike, and my echo verse would  
I salute you with esteem; get over my narrowness.  
Hit the scene of mine divine life, until now.  
This is my only plea of insanity, Ameen.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# I Behold

I beheld a marine rainbow above in the heavens,  
It was still early, at seven, and the spring dove  
Was in her sweet nest, my lonely heart rose.  
And my drowsy soul felt joyous. Ah, I do hope  
The day will be pretty nice, and the sun is shining.  
Gladly upon the pearl dew, releasing streams  
Of flavour and the hue, may every day be like this.  
So I may not miss, ah, Mary, your present kiss.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# You'll Sing Along Me

You may not forget me so swiftly,  
once you heard  
The gospel song, you will sing along with me, those days  
Of flowering, those moonlight nights, you will sing  
Along with me those loveable memories of winsome  
Scenes, may I come to you? when you will bring  
Me into your delightful dreams,  
your face was  
In my hands like roses, that in the garden expands,  
And I have sought shelter in your sleeve, we've suffered  
The glee and strife closely, how will you forget?  
That moment, though without seeing me, you did  
Sound restless. Oah, a splendid period sack out,  
The sun set in the purple sea, and the old moon  
Is wandering in the muteness of heaven, alone  
And free, neither you nor I can bury it, nor we can  
Deny it, and you will sing along with me.  
Once you hear the song,

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com



# In Sadness i Sung

Sometimes in the moroseness of love

I wandered quite far and regrets I sang.

Sometimes I slept on shore of springs,

And doom myself for your love's and desire.

Sometimes on the heroic brooks I hung upon,

To meet my fondness and passion.

Sometimes on my hut cottage, I laid my head,

And counted the stars page by page.

Though you vanish away with your redness,

Beyond the hurdles my welfare, I manage.

Nevertheless! your voice stayed in my hermitage.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Life's Loitering Journey

My heart weeps and then smiles,  
when I do see  
You Luna on bluish sky tirelessly walking to your  
Journey in all situations of merry and melancholy.  
I saw you when I was a little baby counting  
The stars in the purple evening on my balcony.

Later I saw you when I was a hearty youngster  
Playing the soccer with full force of my muscles,  
Now I see you, when I'm a paltry grey haired  
Man and right away living for the others.  
When I shall die, you would  
still be there,  
Steadfast on the bluish sky, and then you will  
Meet your love on the eternal  
day of pain and tears.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# She Fell In Love With Nature

She wasn't a daughter of any civilization.  
She fell in love with nature.  
and nature loved her back.  
Every wood or valley, every brook  
or grove,  
Every sand dune or waterfall or  
spring shore  
Adore her and lull her to sleep.  
She was not a daughter.  
of any civilization  
Every clock she was singing the harmonies,  
of day and night rotation.  
Ah! the Nymphs came to give her the bath  
Flowers prepared the goblets of perfume.  
And the birds sang their rhymes on her grave.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Leap Snd Live And Sing The Anthem

The Lord promised us eden; he granted us relics  
Of beauty in the form of scented flowers like the rose  
Every day, it's fragrance we do relish and use,  
As well as leafy trees full of red, ripe fruits like the apples.  
Which is capable of keeping your throb under control.  
And crystal clean waterfalls like the Victoria falls  
Which does belong to all the people of the world,  
And the tall Himalayan peaks like the K2, a resting  
Place of blue Emerald  
shimmering bright in the moonlight,  
And the Amazon, planet's largest rainforest  
And stream so nice like a wonder in the noon,  
And the running rivers that are proud of their brave  
Waves like the Nile which led the prophet Moses  
To the shore, while he was wanted by the Pharaoh  
And his team, and the sandy beaches round the  
Blue seas like the Bali it has seen various periods  
Of human folly, and desert animal like the Camel  
Which is infact the poor man's plane.

Ah, humming birds singing the melodic hymns  
In glorious dawn like the Cuckoo awaking me  
Early from my sound asleep, and in the oil fields  
A million eye-worthy butterflies  
Blowing flora to our ailing skies.

Then the vast seas like great Atlantic, a harbour  
Of sharks swinging so sound till the trembling  
Dark and the cheering soft  
Breeze how sweetly  
She fans the cheeks of whom she does please.  
Together with seasons number  
In four to enrich our fields  
With enormous food along all these, He promised  
Us people the eden which the mind can't argue,  
Such a gallant spring time, leap and live and sing the anthem,  
Alas, we are not thankful we have marred his garden,  
The earth is sickening, the sky is weeping,  
The sea is in slow virus, by wicked love and greed we are misled.



# Single Stream

Beneath the mountain brook, Oh, live stream,  
Quite cool is your well, it's your tendency.  
Ah! her bright eyes appear in my creamful dream,  
Then every tale of yesterday went unseen.  
Musical stream, flow in your rhythm with sweet  
Liberty, well, where is your source and how long  
Do you dwell there and relating to the coral sea.  
Nothing remains, when heart is blessed with divinity.  
Gentle stream, love is returning with gravity,  
We've neglected you and He, you are beloved to  
And methinks it's our massive tragedy, stay longer  
We have no complaint with you,  
Beneath  
The mountain brook, Oh, tidewater stream,  
We have left in our hearts musings of mortal dread.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# I Saw You In The Bridal Night

I saw you on the bridal night,  
When jolly was flying all over Villa,  
And Luna was shining lonely bright,  
And fancy was at the peak of delight,  
And the whole Alam 'universe' was around you,  
And candles were burning on silver stands.  
I saw you on the splendid sofa,  
The bridal night was sending sweet pleasures  
Through the fairest hurries shaking their hands,  
And the winds of paradise were roaming,  
With trays of perfume on their hands,  
And mariposa was making the rounds.  
about the ember lamps,  
I saw you on the bridal night,  
And all those beauties still lay before my sight,  
I saw you on the bridal night.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# A Babe In The Night

Sleep, my cute baby, sleep.  
The night is relievingly still and smooth.  
I shall bring for you a bouquet,  
from the olive fields of youth,  
Over the hilltops of the marine lands,  
And from the shades of the elm trees.  
I shall bring for you the merriest dreams  
Girlish, lovely, and comely like the moony beams.

Sleep baby!  
Your star gleams like a blossom on a stem.  
like a pigeon in his nest.  
like a quail, on her cactus beach.  
I will bring the plums to you tomorrow.  
luscious and sweet, and some for your brother.  
Cover up your laughing eyes,  
It's time for like-winter weather.  
The moon is shimmery, looks like it's newly wed,  
May! the sweet smiles of night soar over your head.  
The lovely night passed and the blue fox,  
also fell asleep beneath the brook.  
Like the jasmine in her banquet,  
like the blue moth on a lavender twig.  
Only some stars are yet labouring over night,  
into the fields of their masters.  
for tiny lights.

Sleep! my Babe-  
The star of your fortune  
is gleaming in your eyes.  
The night owl is yelling,  
We shall have a new baby in our neighbourhood.  
From the murmur shell of blue seas:  
I will bring you the red ruby.  
May your youth be like a summer morning.  
My flowering plant, when you bear the fruits,  
I might have the blues.  
And the moon's shade doesn't sail life long along the river shore,  
Mira belly! teaches all the arts and crafts,



She is your torchlight and will be ever more.  
Don't spread your hand before any hired pony,  
Look how a rose petal lulled in her eye, the butterfly!

My darling bud of dawn,  
lay  
You've got silver and gold on your head.  
Curls are girly, and eyes are pearly.  
Your star gleams in the flight of my fancy.  
Under the solitudes, darn your thoughts through my memories.  
I have brought for you the sweet dream,  
from the mussy lawns of fairyland,  
Close your almond eye,  
I heard the marches of the pagan troops,  
They might take you away to unseen places,  
Our valley is such a wonder,  
It's always under the thunder

Let me kiss your hand. shut your eye, dear my yummy!  
I shall play now, the gin rummy  
thus relish your sleep daintily,  
May my Dias! veil you from the evil pigmy.....

AFFAQ NABI

# My Heart Beat!

Beauty is not the fairest face, or a rainbow dress.  
It's something inner, like the perfume of the rose.  
Oh, love, honestly, you can also obtain redness.  
If you're coming near to your Saviour, as Jonah  
When you do get curious but have become careless,  
Impose on you a precondition, then stick to it.  
Thus, do not be too discourteous or jealous.  
Don't punish us or anyone else with your tongue.  
The charm bracelet you wore has made you more  
Young, you were born unique, but towards us  
You seem incredibly a little unrewarding;  
Your skilled nature is run down by your harsh tongue.  
If you shun, your kindred spirit shall be rewarded.  
Explore things about inner beauty and endorse them.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# A Cloud Unsure Of His Flight

A single cloud, unsure of his flight  
Single maid! don't wet your elegant eye,  
I know your inner feeling and firing cry,  
And all your glows and your graces,  
The heavens know and your remorse.  
Dearie! engage in for a while in my verse.

Therefore, your belief may reap the benefits.  
Everyone can't get along in this universe, which is so diverse.  
Thus! save your classic tears, my single dear,  
You will live again long in my rhyme,  
Attend closely to your life's peak and prime.  
Staying alone is not a crime.

Neither the vow nor the marriage is an obligation,  
Keep on celibacy until your sunshine comes.  
Behold above, a single cloud is unsure of his flight,  
Lately! he may rejoin a caravan to feel excited.

Oh, single, dear! If you aspire, wipe your vital tears.  
I shall gladly appear before you.

AFFAQ NABI

# A Bird Cry

It is a cry, not a song!

(a bird's cry)

Sadly, I do summon back my past prime,  
That pink blossom on an almond branch,  
Those melodic songs of my playmates,  
When dawn's clock was beginning to chime,  
And glee was smiling over the ranch,  
The orchard was filled with nuts, berries and dates.

O! liberty, far from me, how do you escape?

Where are our eyrie's eggs, trips of mirth,  
Travelers, soujourners, and that well-wisher,  
Those smiles and coquetry, that happy earth,

And sweet smelling of Camellia, our sister,  
Her angelic eyes, that delicate dame like a rainbow lorikeet  
With breaths of her, my cradle was sound.  
Alas! her voice didn't arrive at my eyrie,

Ah! I lay in the blazing heat,  
Recalling alone the past prime, so pure and dear, ah sweet!  
It is a cry of a saddened heart, not a song!

AFFAQ NABI

# She Is Angelic And Unique

She is angelic and unique, and  
tramps in beauty like the breeze  
Of cherry blossoms and of pearly sands  
And all that lies between these----  
Every ray of matured moon and azure grace vibrates on her laughing face-----  
So humble she is in her heart alone.  
And quite virtuous in her thoughts.  
A kranz of roses on her cheek  
and garden bless her brow,  
And clock time, though I love  
In converse and in the  
character-----  
She is angelic and unique,  
And sickly corn you'll rather never reap-----

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Life's Early Stage

Life's early stage

How wondrous was my life's early stage like?  
The smiles of buds in the backyard of petals.

How wondrous was my eye pair like the twin?  
Stars shimmering ever amid the large pebbles

How wondrous, was that lullaby night like the stella  
Sleeping in lap of the moon in hour of twilight,

Since the spring field is lost, my fancy roves  
Unaware into some oblivious vale, and sorrow

Swallow's the soul but seldom the long  
Comes up with a plea to the soul O heart breaker!

Don't lost in the dawn and dusk walk further  
And walk in your journey you may reach out

To an another vale of ecstasy although  
Far but it's more better and  
safe than sorry.

AFFAQ NABI

# O! Sweetie Stay With Me

Maple to Breeze!

Breeze! stay with me; beat your pleasing guitars  
Tonight, you belong to me, along with the shining stars,  
Cover me in your coolness and further lay your head.  
In my swinging arms, I could not heal myself.  
Thus, I feel my illness. In the night sky, flaming red  
Gentle breeze, let me release before sunup,  
Through different ages, I am entertaining them,  
They gave me such deep wounds hard to heal, I suffer  
The earthly lusts have beclouded the human eyes,  
I feel strongly that their hands are hindering my base.  
Hereby, my forefathers stayed, who denies?  
Before the stone age, I do fear you too might face

Breeze to Maple!

Tallest tree, shed no tears over your own twist of fate  
And they will be halted at the heavens gate.  
Thanks for calling me from the shoreless sea,  
The way they behave, your sweet shade, depresses me.  
My goodness, you are however always the great.

AFFAQ NABI

# How Do Crows Marry!

How do crows marry and host their wedding parties?  
On the roof of an archaic maple tree, it's like their assembly hall.  
And every rook at evening sits there to partake  
Have you ever seen, how do the crows marry and taste this wine?  
Do it for me, buy it for me, get a guy to marry me.  
How do crows prefer their pairs,  
It's an amazing scene,  
In the blazing sun and by the side  
of raising stream.  
They sit in prayer and share their loves and tears.  
My friend! have you ever been?  
towards a maple  
Grove; after wedding, they fly over dusky skies  
for their honey moon, despite their decreasing  
rate of growth, they have held this order over the centuries,  
Tum tum, just come; among some eagle groves  
They hail from different routes,  
along the evening  
clouds, when the moon walks, and Luscina seated  
On the rose flutes, a smile floats over celestial sphere.  
And we see it's reflections over the miles and miles  
How do crows marry? Have you ever seen  
Later, they would rush to the maize fields of poor  
peasant to ponder his maize and by God he will shout  
tremendous and would weep on  
the dirt,  
Then you will find in his eyes thick  
haze for many days

AFFAQ NABI



# Tulip's Tear

In springtime, I pay a visit,  
to a tulip garden beneath  
the foothills.  
And told tulip bud my melancholy,  
She shed a tear and said,  
'My goodness, you people have insured lives,  
We too don't receive better care unless somebody waters us.  
I saw a tear in her trembling eye  
And then she gifted me a tray of perfumes as a souvenir of love.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Shift In The Season

Blow, blow, blow---  
You're adding fuel to the fire.  
For, you don't care  
the flutter fowl.  
You've struck down his peepal tree,  
On whose baby branch  
Singing he was, the morning song.  
Blow, blow, blow---

You're adding fuel to the fire,  
For, you've seized the shrubbery of shy gazelles,  
She no longer swings or sees the black gorilla.  
Blow, blow, blow---

You've slain the siblings of tall Chinar,  
It could live a thousand years as its grandma.  
A refuge for roofless travellers.  
Blow, blow, blow---

You've raped the rosiness of scenic greens,  
Then denounced the truth of the unseen.  
Blow, blow, blow---

You have made everything unclean  
owned by our ailing earth,  
Be up to facing these questions on your new birth.  
Blow, blow, blow---

Now you're howling for a bowl of fresh water.  
You're adding fuel to the fire.  
You're a reason for your own destruction,  
And crossed a forbidden line,  
You've got to pay its fine,  
This shift in the seasons is a  
high sign.....

AFFAQ NABI

# Two Witches In Conversation With

Beep, beep: morning beams  
Within the shades of peepal trees,  
Vints and the waves  
Play a pleasing euphony  
Birds sing morning hymns  
Then swing in the ring over the Isles and charming inns.  
Sister! lo, a tyrant  
Hawk fly's over-abusing  
Did shot a missile  
From the buttermilk sky,  
And scattered harmful smoke.  
The heaven is burning,  
The unwed moon is sad,  
Scared stars have gone to bed,  
Have they bypassed their return?

My heart! give heed to mourn,  
Donne along babies in their arms fleeing,  
As cattle fall into ditches,  
During Lupa's lying in wait  
Breasts burned, legs broked, clothes torn,  
A hermitage of peace altered into an Askeri state  
Where nothing is rising except the hedge thorn,  
And mourn, and mourn.....  
Mary Kate, pity pity!  
What's this tingle tingle?  
In the smithy, single  
Limp in the dance,  
Raids, raffles, and romance  
My pride! come closer and give heed.  
What's this rambling ramble? -  
and rattle, rattle,  
A sugar daddy presses a young Daisy, lo, divinity bypass.

Beloved love, let's fly over here haste  
They might betray us with their false and fragile grass,  
Save yourself, my dolce lass  
Alas! pigmy pigmy,  
Let's go beyond the broken walls.

These harsh hawks invent money  
From these false and fruitless wars.  
Sweetheart, they run their own satanic shops,  
Upon human dugo and laman  
Have a look, In this valley of silver dreams,  
Fire and flames between the rock  
Look! the naked chorus of death,  
No place is left to breathe.  
Toxic air blowing up from poor peasants sugarcane crops,  
Hey! pass not upon the fire stream  
Cruely! they crush out the burning flower's little dream,  
Arise and quench your thirst.  
The evening breeze brought  
from the dusky grass,  
Through silly udkast, our summer fields pass,  
Lovely, let's call to our torchlight.

Boom! boom boom,  
We're caught in a bullfight,  
Raise the tempest and rain.  
Through the raging gales,  
Over the tyrant hawks  
And their diabla plans,  
And donkey deeds,  
And their bigger greed,  
They sow seeds of agony.  
Look! cry's cry's babyer into vulture paws,  
In a pale stream that was once as pure as honey.  
Sister! from the flaming rocks,  
an echo reminds  
Let's return to our rustic walks.  
Boom, boom, boom!  
We're horrified by these warhawks,  
Walk with the moon walk  
Where sweet dreams droop,  
And shepherds foster their flocks,  
And merry making roam,  
And hinter shelter, hip hip rurrah,  
And wisdom, hush, hush.

AFFAQ NABI

# Single Maid

Single femina, don't wet your elegant eye, and I know  
Your inner hue and the firing cry  
and all your  
Glows and graces, the heavens know, everyone can't  
Get along in this universe, which is so diverse,

Thus! save your classic tear my single dear!  
You will live and again live young in my verse.  
Damsel, all you see around is intermingled with,  
And leading a single life is not  
a crime,

Do something unique, though you've a desire  
To be in the limelight, look above the single cloud  
Is unsure of his flight, sooner he will rejoin  
His caravan then he will feel more excited.

Single femina, wipe your tear and become more insightful  
Nature has gifted you amazing skills so sit not idle.

AFFAQ NABI

# A Maiden Without Man

You are most fair in your affairs,  
I compare your  
Eyes with the coral heads, and these perfumed  
Twisted hairs are as like the early flower buds  
You are most fair in your affairs, and you've faught  
A long battle against the injustice, in order  
To liberate your people from polytheistic slavery.  
Moreever have upheld some of your rustic values.  
A single lady carried life's purpose with bravery,  
You are most fair in your affairs, a fair shape,  
Fancy wear, and the hair gray, Miss Avery, spend  
Her time in the shadows of hidden sorrow, O fair maid,  
You are most fair in your affairs, and this song refers  
Nobody passes away empty-handed by your street,  
From strangers, we heard of your beautiful treat,  
Your life's legacy is like the long summers  
Aye! you've adorned your cottage walls with abstract  
Art that brings about a momentary joy to the sad hearts...

AFFAQ NABI



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# No More Bordon Song

When the month is summer and the wind is cool,  
Why should her appealing heart not feel amused?  
One day, a wandering bird of the summer pool,  
Beating her tired wings for some bed enthuse,  
And nearby, a rural gir on her window pane,  
Sings her life's fabulous and wedding song,  
When the night grew longer from the rain,  
What bushes or treetops will take over his dwelling?  
Along with the sun, the little stars also depart.  
From the royal bethel and Jasmine also fell  
Asleep in her own bouquet, a wandering bird beating  
His wings falls on the land then the kindhearted Girl  
Felt his breast pain, 'how sweet is that suffering, which  
The solitude brings? , she opened half of her window,  
And light came briefly that revealed the confused fowl  
His way upright to her pillow, and the pearly-eyed bird  
So sad, rendered thanks to her and then felt glad.  
Afterwards she replied, 'Dear bird, like you, I'm too alone.  
And the despair that shook you so bad same I myself had.

AFFAQ NABI

# A Vagrant Fowl Of Summer Pool,

When the month is summer and the wind is cool,  
Why shouldn't our senses amuse us?  
A sea fowl of the Summer pool  
beating  
His golden wings for bed enthuses.  
Nearby a Juvenile on her window pane  
Sings a boredom song, the light  
in the darkness  
Fell, the night grew longer with the rain  
What trees, what roof tops shall take his dwelling?  
Along with stars illumine depart  
from the royal  
Bethel, pink rose was too asleep in her bouquet,  
Night croak is nervous, and hungry like Lobo,  
Will break into someone's sweet home,  
A sea fowl, beating its lean wings fell  
On the ground and sad himself,  
the tender  
Sweet juvenile felt his breast pain,  
'O! you songbird'  
I myself feel regret and grief, being alone like you,  
In the kingdom of birds blessed you are'  
She opened her window and light came  
Swiftly in, that pointed him his way upright  
To her bed, and pearly eyed fowl so sad,  
Rendered thanks to her and felt glad.

AFFAQ NABI



# Apple Babe

Apples, the red, ripe, and rosy ones swinging above my head,  
Let's come, it's harvest time! come Marconi, no fee.  
Come hurry, young and old; all are uninvited.  
I know you are lovely, and you knew me too, come  
Breeze from the far pebbled seas beside the hills, with the  
sunbeams  
hugging and dancing in the apple tree.

Come to the apple festival with your kin and the kids.  
Look! the painted fowls with amber beaks,  
Making our needs in the wet fields  
'May the Lord take us in the right direction  
Thou art our alone protection'  
Apples! so ripe, so red, and the dirt free  
The day is pleasant, ah it pleases me.

Where are you, dear Emily, alone and carefree?  
In the sweet shade of an apple tree,  
Come here nearer to me and show some empathy.  
Walk on the dewy grass in bare feet.  
You've become quite lean; you will gain some energy.  
It's only luck's sport; in one's flute  
We observe the sweetness of liquor,  
And someone's flute doesn't play after a repeat.  
Give heed, and I will tell you a  
lullaby

Look straight at me with your lustrous eye.  
And behold at that Haron brooding on the bough of an apple tree  
And her wingman is on alert like a royal guard, ah what a  
loyalty.  
See, a swarm of parrots, some  
of the dales, some from the plains with their loved ones,  
doing their lunch on the branch of an apple.  
Ah, pleasant songs spring on the tips of their tongues,  
and summer winds joyfully beat their drums.  
It seems Apple baby has held a feast,  
Wow! It's like her birthday.  
Guest birds take off their wings and go home.

My friends fill up your pouches.  
as much as you can take  
for your kin and loved ones,  
and for all those pathetic who afford no launches.  
The sun set upon the crown of the evening sky,  
And happy moon climb on her throne,  
Marconi! let's return by the singing stream.  
Tell me about a past dream, till we may cross over  
the sober millennium stream,  
Let my friends stay steadfast,  
believe in God; he is the first and the last.

Apple babe! have you any complaints about the human errors?  
or anything about the forthcoming fears,  
I see some signs in your tears,  
I will pen your story in my travel book.  
O! apple babe O blue-night heron!  
hold us in your prayers.  
Apple babe! when shall we hail again?  
'Come in the swan in the pettering sounds of merciful rain.'  
Or when musk Deer'll hail to her weekend swing,  
by the stream, over the mead.  
where glittery corals often breed.

AFFAQ NABI

# Cherry Villa

When the morning sun rose into the cherry garden  
The sight swelled with echoing sounds.  
Of purple martin, in the early spring  
It's fairly common here, you get discounts  
On precious things, I laid a cloth in a cherry tree  
To read John Donne ' Death be not proud'  
While green leaves start to lull the twigs of red cherries,  
And each cherry pair resembles the earring set.

When a purple hue shapes nearby the scenes  
And each flower embroidery worn made me smile deeply.  
From the side of Glory hill, the flying birds shrill,  
And then happy Gaitha; hosted a music concert.  
A harmony of love drills in the Cherry villa.  
Vinny! the scene became so amusing  
In this pretty village people 're very fickle  
While the shrine bell rang, the starling set forth to sing.  
And seagulls also cut short their beach sleep.  
And a garden dove brooded on the windy walls  
Of cherry villa anyway each and flower shared a part  
Everything around me became zealous  
And when sweet heart, Vinny! is with me.

AFFAQ NABI

# Grieved Children

The war victim children under the chill and the thunder  
Half a million! what a wonder!  
The human eye has become so ruthless,  
Even the stars shed a tear.  
Flowers weep, and angels hear,  
Their moans and ohs...  
O! my lovely baby, dear!  
Don't fear, you're in our hymns and lofty cheer.  
The time of the trial is now near.  
Sufferers of the bow and spear,  
Wipe your tears and smile!

AFFAQ NABI



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# Stillness

What is it sorrow O stillness of night? are not.  
The stars your companions?  
splended, scenic,  
Stunning so lovely and bonnie,  
Up to now all quite sleepy, ah, as dear star of yours  
Mute' re the meads, hills, the riles, rivulets and the sahara  
Like all universe is seated in a glass of silence.....

O! love you too leave behind;  
to tally the stars,  
Now you too become mute, take your sorrow out of your gown  
and asleep,  
Moreover! your destiny is chained  
And behold all the losses're regained.....

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# How-Do-You-Do

Gently! all the moody and massive clouds are gone.  
A thousand miles beyond the unknown regions,  
Cheers! to you, the barren fields, spring time  
Has come along, the windows're  
rattling in the gales.

Shanze! plays her wedding song, upon the music  
Set by willow leaves yet unwed,  
She has become  
A little coy about travelling alone, and unquiet,  
Might have some tender dreams, which she reveals.  
To her trusted female friends, she is able to write  
Long essays on eco and other environmental themes.  
A gentle wind has set the spring tune, and soon  
Peasants will wake up to reshape their shuttered dreams.

The sky is clean and gleaming with the billowy  
clouds, life returns slowly to the rills and riversides  
Shanze has adopted the old hobby of beekeeping.  
Her loving heart leaps for joy as spring arrives.  
As the clock keeps rolling, the vernal glow  
Starts appearing on her pleasing soft cheeks,  
When the mist covers the blue peaks, she weeps strongly.  
Shanze is the lone earner in her small rural family.

AFFAQ NABI

# New Aboad

Dearest! let us leave somewhere far away.  
The heart is filled with the lust of the world.  
And I do believe you will still be my comfort.  
May we both reveal a new universe untroubled?  
But you'll not be free, and I shall not be free!  
Let's leave, where life be not so grief-stricken,  
Where the hypocrite faces be not our lords,  
And where this brief life is not priest-ridden.  
Where side walks are free from the road dogs,  
A place where a statue of beauty you'll make for our sake  
What is the purpose of these cedar springs?  
Where a low man cannot lay his head for an hour late  
As well as the other guy plays the safe violins  
Where you're racial and he is a small angel,  
Where someone's house is burning badly,  
And the earth is watching from far away in blazing red.  
Ironically, all this is befalling under that ruthless sky.  
Dearest! let us leave somewhere far away.  
Look around, eye is passing through a peculiar cry  
Alongside, the heart is filled with the lust of the world.

AFFAQ NABI

# Gray Falling Leaf

The moon is broken like the pennant of a widow,  
Every star friendless; sunk into thoughts.  
Very tired laying restless on the pillow.  
Clouds of grief stay like a funeral.

Some teeny O many heavy all endless  
On music of hiccups, the heart weeps.  
Stuck into swallowing deeps  
I've not resting place-ravaged,

No loyalty or security just am a savage,  
A tearful life my fate gave me displeasure.  
Go away O winds! take your passage.  
It is my fate to put to scream my soul.

Life came up weeping-dolorous,  
from my grief  
These are naught the flowers, they' re the wounds,  
My shadow itself split from me,  
I'm lonely  
in the festival of grief's, thus mine life  
Is like a gray falling leaf.

AFFAQ NABI



# When Bells Will Ring-

When the bells will ring:

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle

Luna will lose her silvery pennant within a minute.

Splendid sonne will lose his rise and shine

When the bells will ring,

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle

Swelling seas will start to feel unpleasant.

When the flame will go through to devour their soundwaves.

Hills would blow like lanis of cotton trees.

Nothing would be seen in the brown haze

When the bells will ring,

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle

The wind will say 'bye' to the labouring cloud.

And then feuer will chase up the pearly seas.

Even would wipe out the blossoms of lofty trees.

When the bells will ring:

Tinkle tinkle tinkle

And 'joy' might cease as never before seen.

Then Lucifer will weep uncontrollably  
for losing his liberty

New Moon, who will come to visit you anxiously?

When the Lord sweeps everything under his rug,

It'll be a titanic blast, and the son of Adam will fall,

To his knees with fear of yawps and yells

barefoot and bareheaded.

When the bells will ring:

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle

AFFAQ NABI

# The Time May Recall..

The time will recall when we shall be no more,  
And the zephyr would set its melodic tunes at heaven's gate,  
When we shall be no more, thou hast given us  
Such sorrows, there is no way to be less, no way to be less.  
With the smash of stars, nothing would cause  
Disorder to the sky, no harm will come to pass,  
When we shall be no more, the nights will be burning  
With the candlelights and the stars be shining  
In the backyard of the moon, the time will recall,  
When we shall be no more, birds will be singing  
In the sweet rains, and flowers be smiling in joyfully  
Plains, the time will recall when we shall be no more.

AFFAQ NABI



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# An Aspire

My wit says something worse is waving at Anne's base.  
She had toiled quite brilliant for twenty years  
Now she says that 'she lives in a state of disgrace.'  
And her people are expressing a thousand fears  
The dark sky saw the mourn of the sinking stars.  
And sheds tears after partaking of their hearings  
And then plunderings, rape, parts of dirty wars,  
Human barbaric has brought to shame divine rulings.  
Through tricks, the gambler took away the game,  
And played naughtily with our sublime feelings  
Straightaway she, I and we all suffer the same  
To whom will we communicate our grieve's tale  
Ahh, gentle zephyr, could you convey, please?  
Our melancholy to his majesty, who truly sees.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# Mother's Beloved, learn The Artistry Of Happy Surviving!

From the Orient appeared the rising sun. that glows  
With his glory, the high heavens, and the gentle  
Breeze also departs for her mission over small  
Farmers' rice fields which meet our basic needs.  
Though sometimes the gentle zephyr displays anger,  
That has a reason, as every action has a reaction.

Ali, also rode his horse to relish the pasture season.  
And Ostrich sat to brood into bits of rock. Ali, wake up!  
Early for his trip to the small strip  
gathering  
Healing herbs from the flowers  
having fairs  
Of fragrance on their sweating lips, a sweet  
Juice that could never be skipped by the motes  
Ali, can live in a single shirt and sweater in the  
Severe cold. If you ask him, 'What's the mystery? '  
He will only laugh: 'It's the power of wild herbs.'  
That made him physically strong and warm.

Roseila, also left out her small bamboo hut  
Along with little sweeties from her whooping swan  
Towards the ring canal, Robin  
and Wren were  
The first to sing a love song.in honour of daisy Iris.  
Dear babe! whisper their different sweet sounds  
That in the later hour, you would  
never find out,  
Wake me up from your sound  
slumber and relish  
The fresh breaths of golden dawn and learn the  
Artistry of happy surviving,  
Mother's beloved!  
Rejoice a new spark of life's  
long and cherish is arriving.



# Standing By

In the morning time; I heard a melodic Cuckoo cry,  
Then I glanced towards the glorious sky.  
The flower was shedding wine from his trembling eye,  
For awhile my wits fell into that florid smile.  
Then I heard a slow voice, it was a hermit cry:  
With title 'that breeze is bringing forth graces for free supply'

Little child! ! open your drowsy  
eye and reply  
To the bird call: that all this charm will fly-by-night,  
The flowers standing in line  
at enchanting site filled  
My heart with essence of delight,  
I'm glad I lived beside them over an hour,  
What fine arts will you compare a rose flower?  
Try hand at, the more close you are with flower  
You're going to feel yourself, like after a cold shower.....

AFFAQ NABI



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# Pay A Visit To Me

Pay a visit to me----

I am a little lamb with thee,

Thus pay a visit to me----

I wandered around the pinkish fields

I behold many a beauteous

But found none so caring as like thee,

Thus pay a visit to me----

With thine single glance, the dust becomes a shining gold,

Thus pay a visit to me----

I keenly think of thee, then of my life's other acts and affairs,

Thus pay a visit to me-----

Ah, I come to thine street,

With a sweet long and passion deep,

Thus pay a visit to me-----

Thou're born fair, my love,

'Fair faith is bosom beauty,

And love is not amor, which alters with time's wheel,

Thus pay a visit to me-----

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# An Angelic Dream

From the din and disdain of my own city,  
Methinks I have become so dull and silly,  
Ah! beyond the shades of this tall maple tree,  
May there be my small and sweet home.

Where the day is thankful for the sunshine,  
And the night brings peace, love and tranquility.  
Where Gulah is singing with flora in shades of pine,  
And dew is shining on the leaves of the grass.

Where the oriental air is playing music fine,  
And the gentle moon is upon her emas throne.  
Where the champak buds are yielding a sweet  
Wine through with the sun's attractions.

Oh, coquetry sparrows be your songs a peace  
To my soul, O handsome birds  
On golden  
Shores of the live stream, give me a living dream.  
And hold a course on this thanksgiving Eve.

My yearning! come live with me, O stars  
Above governing our conditions fill well my angelic  
Dream, be your smile a shining  
light  
In my eyes and my days, song style.

AFFAQ NABI



# A Hugsun

A moony beam appears in an old stream;  
A maiden swan dances into the waters sweet tune.

And an eagle sailed to lonely lands,  
A spring dove sings, through  
the thickets of rosewood,

And the later moon shines so brightly.  
recalling to me the freest moments of my babyhood.

'Be not pitiless, but befriend me.'  
Sing all as long as you are with me  
I feel sorrow free.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Green Festival

A green tapestry spread out all around my vale,  
Giving a happy day's feeling to  
tall rainbow trees.  
And to the rural dwellers, ah, the honey breaths  
Of the morning breeze, thanks for your award,  
The youthful maples have worn  
wet green robes,  
Celebrating with jollity the spring festival, the rosy finch,  
And snow bunting seem to be the guest birds,  
Paying homage to mother nature.  
a robin pair  
Is in love affair with the lily dear,  
well baby bird  
You might not have seen this wildlife marvel  
Ever before, the pipillons are winding above.  
All the hours, one after another, kissing fragrant  
Lips of awaking flowers, although  
the sweet evening shadows  
sail underneath wooden huts,  
The wolfhounds are making a din and a ruckus.  
Upon the the breast of this maiden valley  
See carefully, the rangers with the timber Crooks  
will sweep all at a glance, the rosewood,  
Parsley and the lemon balm on a large scale.

AFFAQ NABI

# These Gentle Eyes!

Somewhere too far when at all the day will pass  
And these eyes will lost in water's melody.  
Then someone might walk in the  
backyard  
Of my sights, and will encender the candle.  
Of delights and then out of those past sandhills  
Some voices would roar, some of  
the grief  
And some of the glee, ah, then someone will shuffle  
Me to laugh and someone might make me weep,  
Thereafter someone like the moon eyed, would  
Settle me in her loving eyes or merge me  
In her floating heart,  
Somewhere too far when at all the day will pass.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Complain!

Delight has taken the flight down from fountain sight.  
Aye! a brave falcon is sailing in an azure delight,  
Along with his youthful son in flattering light,  
When shall the glory return?  
I wait with aspiring eyes.

You have foresight of the highs, and knowing  
As how new stars emerge from the hoary skies,  
The rainbow appeared with marvel in the sky's fair,  
And the sanobar is shedding an aromatic tear.

O! falcon, convey to the Lord seated on a high chair  
Our salutation, our plea, our dumb luck, and then  
Return hurriedly while singing through the altar,  
Bring with you a healthy rain shower without hitting one.

You are a king of spheres of the setting sun.  
And knowing the ailing condition of the earth getting sucked.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# My Tears're With You!

A voice rose up from the mountaintop:  
The mystery of life is harmony and peace.  
And for the valley breeze, it sounded odd.  
The music of life is melancholy, it still speaks.  
Then the perfumed flower raised its head.  
And said, that the life we live is the beauty,  
Thereafter a bird on the bush, singing so uniquely,  
You are my life and my tears are with you.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Neelum!

Neelum (beautiful sapphire, always shining bright)  
Neelum is a resting place.  
of this blue shimmer.  
Where joy lulls into eyes the joy,  
and worries vanish.  
Like dim, dusky clouds from gracious ezman,  
While happy day sinks into sweet night,  
My purple past prime comes into  
eye like leaves on a willow tree!

O! you love!  
Though not yours! but you yourself hither live,  
The beauty that you bear on tenant,  
Notice no prejudice or apartheid,  
My love;  
When you bear a baby! You know:  
She may receive its nude beauty in heirs'y  
You be mine love, and she will use its sapphire treasury.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Bonjour

I saw some fragrant flames in your eyes,  
Your ways and styles are quite unique.  
And so shores also meet in your eyes,  
I saw some fragrant mysteries in your eyes.  
May your love be ever strong and you live ever young.  
I saw a miracle of loveliness in your eyes,  
I saw no mark of disarray in your eyes,  
Your habits are more beautiful than you.  
I saw no dismay or derision in your speaks  
You've got pleasant roses on your cheeks.  
I saw the springtime in your smiles,  
I praise without reason your ancient costume,  
You're gentle, ah! simple, a lovely groom.  
Bonjour!  
Relish the youthful bloom of that happy moon.

AFFAQ NABI



PoemHunter.com

# O! Don't Harass Me

Rosy-radiant vent: please listen to me early in morning  
Someone came to mind, silently quoted something  
And then vanished from behind the journey lost,  
Ways became annoying, the sky is quite passive.  
All the stars have slept on their azure Island,  
Swells of sea become unsound, the shoots, shrubs,  
And fluttering quails lay to rest, flowers slept later.  
While swimming in their own perfume. everything  
Seems to be in deep sleep, the stones, rocks  
And trees, wanders of dimness invade the froi ground,  
Spirits with moving lips and curved knees began  
Walking around the shades of tundra trees.

My sweet feeling! summon up some past things,  
They may bring up a procession of forgotten springs  
O! lonely night; don't harass me in tranquillity,  
Rosy-radiant vent, I dreamed that my friend had fled too.  
Swear! I do hope you will not refuse to plead.

AFFAQ NABI



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# O Baby Shine!

Yamini's children are passing through painful times.  
Every day they die with the shouting cry,  
What are their crimes?  
Over the years they saw the sorrows but not relief.  
Their lives are an ocean of grief, you're  
playing woeful games.  
You have the crucial oil aims, but why're you ruining  
Their loving dreams under the jet planes?  
They're little buds in their own nation alas, they suffer  
Severe hunger and starvation, give a reason? give a reason?  
O! their sleepy eyes blink, tender-sweet rose-pink,  
Waiting for a speedy snack and care, right away!  
They desire, come nearer to them and kindle the eternal light.

AFFAQ NABI



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# A Rumble In The Jungle

A rumbling in the jungle, the God is in the old oak  
When my sharp axe fell upon his hard arm.  
Very terrified, he cried and broke into tears.  
When my blade fell upon his trunk, he became  
Disarmed, and he cried loudly, when my hound  
And my shooter set an ambush  
In the jungle,  
O there was a strange rumbling in the green wood  
Some old beasts gave up after a  
hard fight.  
Some received severe wounds,  
and some lost  
Their limbs; God wept in the oak.  
with tears  
In his eyes, as a woman who veils  
her head and  
Weeps painfully, dear God, you have brought up  
For mankind, these young forests  
shrubs and  
Grazing lands with a vernal blaze  
but alas, their  
Beauty and significance is beyond the understanding  
Of a few dopey and ruthless folks, and it's shame.

AFFAQ NABI

# Hopes Less-Desires Wide

Hopes less, desires wide, some are thankful  
And some have a disquiet, and some ones  
Disaster is others delight; we are too anxious.  
To have around us the shadows of utter delight.  
But we are held by a force, we're unarmed.  
Our legs are tied with ropes, and our tongues've been  
Sealed, we've no lofty hopes, with the liberty  
You can make your own luck.  
and in slavery.  
You will always grow sick; today we dwell on  
In inequality, unjust and tyranny,  
and this gift  
Is given to us by the lords, who cherish the hostility  
Oftentimes, they wish to have their own monopoly.  
On all instructions, resources,  
power and  
The treasury, to heal this wound will require time.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Crying On The Road

Once upon a red Coral was crying on the road.  
And some naughty boys walked by its side.  
And they hit the cute coral with their worst,  
Then a hermit passed by the road; he grey haired old.  
All the way, he was singing a devotional ode.  
He took up the coral then fled out of road,  
A wondrous coral to every woman, it would flirt.  
His wife said, with glee and relish on her lips,  
O! What is this twinkle-twinkle in your skirt?  
His face was leaping with joy, and he replied, 'My heart sing  
I sought a coral, how wonderful, it was crying on the road.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Why Do You Weep?

O! we wisphered our own lullaby,  
Why do you weep?  
Dismay came upon our own heart,  
Why do you weep?  
Behold! Its our own melancholy  
Why do you suffer tears?  
O! we wisphered our own lullaby  
Why do you weep?  
This fire of griefs We ourself set  
Why do you weep?  
O! Its our own melancholy!  
Why these tears of our's shed from your eyes...  
Enough we wept but'll not weep for your favor,  
If these tears will not cease,  
Then we will too weep,  
And will sink down the Moon along stars in our tears.  
We wisphered our own lullaby  
Why do you weep?

AFFAQ NABI



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# Sakura Tree

Asli, a village girl under the ripe  
sakura tree  
Downhill, she was painting on the marine birds,  
And singing at the same time in the rural scene.  
The water birds of varied species echoed her sweet words.  
The afternoon sun was shining on the shores of Honshu.  
Moreover, glowing the blue stone the seawords  
A wild hawk came down from the sheep herds.  
And then he took away her stone, a mile long.  
Asli's loyal hound was very familiar with that scene.  
He barked: 'King of the skies, I can't leave her alone.'  
He said to Asli, 'my bosom friend, I'm going  
To climb up the Sakura tree to take your stone  
Back' she hurried behind him to  
capture the marvel,  
Then they return victorious to their native town.  
Which is best known for this blue stone.

..



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AFFAQ NABI

# An Old Song!

From my childhood years, I was  
different from the others.  
I do remember many mothers adoring me so greatly,  
In all the situations, either in grief or in joy,  
As I was very quiet and coy,  
latter with great glee.  
From the wavelets of the mountains,  
Beyond the waters of wistful fountains  
I did collect the pearls of wisdom in thousands.  
I loved to bathe in the long summer rains.  
Still, its signs rotate in my hepatic veins,  
Then the woes of time besieged me,  
And still I do feel in the chain of binds,  
Roaming with humming birds in my free time,  
Still, it resounds with me while I set  
To recall the past or paint my rhyme.  
I preferred to see the moon's coquetry walks,  
While surviving the stresses and shocks,  
Many dreams of living in the light,  
I do see dipping in the racks.  
I always attempt to earn by moral means.  
And spent my childhood in the rural scenes.  
The third question will be, 'Where did you reap? '  
It rotates in my fancy, for it's fairly deep.  
For good deeds, he definitely pays.

AFFAQ NABI

# Poetic Bird

Ah, dear poetic bird, may I know this mute grief?  
Through your harmonious song, is my relief.  
What is this ramble in the depths of heaven?  
You've thrown away your inns on the earth,

Do you keep your dens in Eden's shallows?  
O sweetie, how do you feel on vaults of skies?  
And then, without the kisses of the garden breeze,  
Sniff! your scented roses are laying in some grief.

And every fountain mourns over its murmur sweet,  
Poetic bird! what is this grief? through your hymns  
Is our country's beauty and surplus wheat.  
I know you do contribute  
to the sky,

With your chants and sounds I do live in some peace.  
Leave your grief away and work a treat.

AFFAQ NABI



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# In Malberee

In Malberee

It is a pleasant morning, the waves are dancing  
Fast and bright, everything in life gives  
It's proof: a quail sings her ghazal above in the ring.  
And an old grove eagle is  
coaching  
His child the bravery amuses of the airing.

I walked forth, listening to some Hungarian music.  
And latterly, I sat for rest in a tree bower far  
I beheld a ploughman in his flower form.  
Then a fair Maiden walked fast in the outer part  
Of field like a vernal butterfly, tray laden  
When her silken scarf was waving out  
Of her golden hair coloured dye.

And the ploughman gave her a loud voice:  
'O! Cheri cheri!  
Keep my lunch down in the old mulberry.  
Let me finish this half field,  
and tell me a fairy tale  
But if it is very lengthy, then lay the sheet; and you must hurry,  
'I would go to bring water from the Berry creek.'

'O! Ma belle! sit quietly, like a mirroring moon.  
'Walking towards her pleasant fields every afternoon'  
When the ploughman returns from the creek  
She was waiting for him with her eager eyes  
Like a shimmering pool, later he took her  
To a nearby small boutique  
and I start  
My way, thereby hurrying with the hill breeze.  
While the summer's sun fell to knees, I return back  
With sweet memories of their hermitage  
Pasture, flock, aesthetics and few mysteries.

AFFAQ NABI

# A Little Island

I'm seeing the seas and ship's coming  
with splendour from a little island  
And I'm waiting upon the  
shore, eerily silent,  
I see the night is little tired  
although  
She is aspirant and might have a complaint.

I'm seeing on the shore,  
the Fuji sisters  
Newly wed, sowing the seeds  
into a smiling field, and  
I feel your folks and mine folks roaming round the  
Forest museum to gather maple leaves to warm their hands.

I see the startled gales.  
blowing leaves  
Into the rolling seas. and  
nice people  
Taking care of their growing needs, they are the great.

AFFAQ NABI

# Flying Dove

Tumult on the shore!  
A singing stream in a virgin vale  
patiently passing with  
mysteries of the past,  
Like a mellowed female,  
In grief and glee without any hurry.

How fair is her clear flow  
Sometimes very swift and then slow,  
On her shore lay farries in row,  
Blowing perfumes over the alpine grove.

And rose fairy rejoices in a crystal blue murmur.  
Looks as fair as her healers's face,  
Whilst the singing stream flow  
through the brooks deep

The moony beams come  
through the windy scenes  
To kiss her looks through  
this daily love affair  
Is the beauty and tumult on the shore.

AFFAQ NABI

# Love Affair

The singing stream in a virgin vale patiently  
Passing with the myths and mysteries  
Of the past, like a mellowed female in grief and glee  
Without any hurry, how fair is her clear flow?

Sometimes very swift and then slow, on her shore  
Lay the fairies in a row, blowing hues over the  
Timber grove, and then giving stir to my sadden soul.  
Her visage is as fair as her healer's face.

While she flows through the brook's deep  
The moony beams come through the windy  
Scenes to kiss her looks  
with this daily  
Love affair, there is  
enthusiasm  
and tumult on the shore.

AFFAQ NABI



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# As A Little Pretty Lass!

The glorious sun was in the heart of the horizon.  
The day was long and deep.  
what a shower!  
A rising cloud brought for the  
smiling flower.  
That was newly born and taking cordial kisses.  
From the caring sun, with the  
mountain echoes  
A young Gazzele coming out of shelter  
I had on my lips a harp and  
in hand, a red rose  
Then I came nearer to her and wreathed her  
She started to swing on the rainy grass.  
Like a young gymnast in a forest full of yaks  
With my last laughs, I moved down the hilly pass.  
And filmed the oldest wooden shacks  
I looked back, and she was in knots of grass.  
Her baby heart was in her hand,  
When her big eyes fell on a hunter, her luck ran  
Exhausted, she got away over the sizzling sand,  
To save her precious life like a young lass  
By luck little Gazzele escaped  
another life attempt.

AFFAQ NABI

# Heart's Song

I'm a bard of the spring fields.  
Where pleasure and beauty yields.

I'm a Stamp fan of Merry land,  
To lead this amuse to glory is my firm stand.

I'm a wanderlust, I don't go with  
people who are racial and unjust.

I'm a painter, and I paint the music of my heart.

I'm a Gullah and singing my melodies,  
to roses and daisies on the mead.

Ah! above all, I'm a lover,  
and discovering my beloved.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Dear Shelly

Next time, would you like to visit my countryside?  
Its situated quite far away at a pretty sunny site.  
Escorted by tall ornamental rocks and peaks  
Lo, there is a hilly stream with my hut beside.  
Where you can happily find the fox and geese  
Drinking together with jolly the cups of wine behind  
The bushes, In springtime, I too visit this beach of peace.  
Come in the cloying month of May to this sunny site.  
Whilst the narcissus opens her hairs to kiss of day,  
You will enjoy the wedding bands of rural drummers.  
In the sweet early hours, so come without any fear.  
Come by the airway, coming here is not an infant play.  
Aye, dear, you've got to pass through the cliffs  
And ridges, then by a series of old wooden bridges.  
Entertain a few whiffs of flowers from their blue lips.  
Here, you might like to swim in the fish river.  
Or would you like to climb the oldish magnetic hills?  
Where the celestial music often thrills upon the  
Breasts of solitary hills, well, come by water.  
Like Sheba princess took her  
sandal in her hands  
While passing over the sleek 'pool of bliss, '  
Come to my hamlet of sand dunes in the monsoons.  
A season of loves, and cheers,  
and take a pretty  
Facepic with me, then carry it  
with you as a  
Sweet memory, I've narrated it to you, Shelly!  
With great glee, the folk story of my small hamlet.

AFFAQ NABI

# Every Candle Burn Out!

Every candle burned out, and the stars slept late with splendor,  
Sceneries disappearing early revealed the jolliness,  
Winds flying to far heights played the violins of his greatness.  
The clouds napped into ditches  
of the hills, the groves are still and the rills are mute.  
Every candle burn out slowly and slowly,  
And the sweet night depart away sincerely,  
Where are you? give a voice, dearest joy,  
When the solitude my spirit annoy.....

AFFAQ NABI



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# The Nature Sings!

Ah, green valley in the lap of the great Himalayas,  
Here the bird sings love's song night and day,  
Here, jasmine and lavender live along the happy breeze,  
As well as fairly fountains leap up jolly jolly,

Here, the wood winds play the paradisaal music.  
With razorbills, the birds of our pearly seas  
How handsome is this dale for penning the love elegy,  
Here is neither a conflict of upper nor lower class,

Or any sort of injustice, unequity, or jealousy.  
How wonder the nature sings round the clock,  
My heart yearns to lie on this woven grass.  
Here is the complete remedy to my frenzy: these sweet  
Melodies will live forever in my keen memory.

AFFAQ NABI



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# May Every Day Be Like This

In the morning time,  
I saw a rainbow on the heavens,  
And It was still early in the seven,  
The spring grove was in its prime,  
My heart felt very joyous  
Ah! the day will be nice,  
The sun is shining gladly upon the pearly dew  
Releasing the streams of hue and ice,  
May! every day be like this.  
So I may not miss,  
O! Mary, your sweet kiss.

AFFAQ NABI



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# Like Young Maiden

Behold! she blissful moon on the azure thorne,  
She lived so well and oneday would pass away  
By that pledge, she had sworn,  
you're walking  
In a coquettish way to your course far above.

My poem at the vesper evening makes you more pretty.  
In the wintery nights you sail in the burka, like a young  
Median at the Nikah ceremony, often you are  
Detained by the dimly lit scenes, ohh unsung.

Here and there you do seem so bright while you  
Raise your modest face above amid the crazy clouds,  
Sincere damsel of long suffering  
earth's greens,  
You do glow the fallen into  
shrouds,

Splendid are your strolls behind the convey of clouds  
Far I'm a sinful lame, though  
sweetest is mine zeal,  
A thousand thoughts are walking beyond my  
Walking dreams, now all are shrinking one by one.

As I climb to high rock, naught knowing when will  
The grieving gale punch my clock,  
Blessed Moon!  
One night you'll strike too with that rock.

AFFAQ NABI

# Upror On The Shore

What is this tumult in the old stream?  
The sky is blurred without a gleam.  
Trees are trembling with the chill and fever  
And Daisy fell to sleep with bosom pain.  
O early star where is your glimmer?  
What witches have bewitched your sky,  
Dimly I view a wimpy spark above in the mirror,  
Tomorrow there could be more darker.  
The hoopoe laid her bed in the winter's bark,  
Leaving so many things unsaid to her Amante  
'He might've been misled by one.'  
And she fled with fear in her head,  
The tang and tingle in dreams are no more.  
What's this uproar in the old stream?

AFFAQ NABI



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# You Got Me Wrong

What is love what a love? O fool the love will  
Not let you alone, do you know O moth of love  
When Mosses was in wildernesses caught,  
Looking for warmth of the sun,  
trembling hands  
With cold chill and rain, hungry fallen in sand storm.  
Love came to him beyond with blessed art  
'Nay nay! fly away, I am your love,  
so stand firm  
I' am you inner light and eyesight.  
O fool'  
And when Mosses saith to his newly wed wife:  
'Let stay, here love, don't move, be hopeful  
Till I shall come back with some bread and wine  
Speak to your floating heart and soul and be open'

The lonely Rambler lost out in ghastly scene,  
There sprung a flashing light in cedar green,  
In his life he never before saw such a divine scene.  
Stunned Rambler fled like a moderate gale,

In meantime, he thought it could be a devilish dale,  
A voice burst out along with a Cuckoo song,  
'Nay escape with your partner come along,  
I'm your light and love' then he began oozing  
'I've celestial stick and gleam to to gift you,  
Profeta! you've done great you be now ever more strong,  
So straightaway run towards this bluish hue  
I'm your companion but you got me wrong'

AFFAQ NABI

# In Rainy Season

In the rainy season you seem to be more  
Appealing, sober, and sweet, and when

The yummy drops glow your brown skin.  
With the celestial syrup and happy winds

Don't miss a moment to spray roses scent.  
To your lily rind, and fairly rays rush in to warm

Your fragrant face in a randy way, from far  
I cry and cry to hold you up in my hands.

And long to drink all of your  
murmur puffs.

AFFAQ NABI



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# We Are Both Thirsty

Where have you gone, little meadow gazelle?  
The midday sun is twinkling on the meadow.  
As well as fountains that pump up everlasting wine.  
On the upper east side, I do see rays of sunshine.  
You didn't even see that we are both thirsty.  
Let us ramble on around the leaping mead  
Here together, we lived in hope, and it treated me  
Often times with close to heart love and peace  
The joy and love always don't go along with life,  
And every hour of our life can't be a floating light.

Whisper to me who bestowed  
you the river side?  
The familiar tune, vast field and this river route  
Look how the ruby glass glows in the stone.  
Twist of fate keeps you often in great unknown,  
Now my hand hand took the english flute to sing.  
Get go with the safe route to escape misusing,  
The perfume comes from the ground rose's side.  
I admire you, glow inside the hill, I do return to oceanside,  
I have painted my picture on this meadow sweet  
The field is fenced; come and sow the seed.

AFFAQ NABI

# A Maiden In The Rains.

I feel a crying chill.  
I can't work with my will,  
Oh! angry raindrops, let me  
cross the Maggie bridge.

Let the Lily river hide the moving ridge,  
till I reach my dream villa.  
I do see an angry gale.  
Flying over a frenzy dale,  
through rosewood into winter's pale.

I see a ghost of clouds.  
not any cheering crowds  
I see a foreign quail,  
robbed on the road,  
and crying loudly.

I am a wet fairy  
walking hurry hurry,  
I feel a fever in my liver.  
The green river go with glory.

The wild wind made me tremble and shiver,  
Is it rain or the firestorm?  
I do not see a lorry,  
Mercy, I have my umbrella,  
and I escape rubella.

I sing through the way, my own sad story,  
My days, which were best dull and hoary hoary,  
Fate, you've got my maiden heart into some unfamiliar territory.

AFFAQ NABI



# Bird Poem

In the autumn morning, a canary bird digs mysteriously.  
Into the pomegranate left on the branch missed  
Harvests, from the other end, the dim moon  
Departs melancholic, my Lord I beheld both  
From the Helen Bridge, then, a fresh gale rose up.  
From the orange grove to move high above  
The curly clouds, a rustic woman  
emerges  
From the sandy cove, with her soul in her hand,  
She is walking hurry-hurry, by the  
soyabean fields  
To meet her man in the city jail. and I'm walking.  
On my own, in a springy gait, still all are active.  
In their own affairs of life, from the heavens  
Our fortunes are clearly shaped.  
and we are  
Taught to fight with until the end of the line.

AFFAQ NABI



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