

Classic Poetry Series

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi
- poems -

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Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi(20 November 1916 - 10 July 2006)

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi, (Urdu: احمد نديم قاسمي) born Ahmed Shah Awan(Urdu: احمد شاہ آوان) was a legendary Urdu and English language Pakistani poet, journalist, literary critic, dramatist and short story author. He wrote 50 books including poetry, fiction, criticism, journalism and art. He was a major figure in contemporary Urdu literature. His poetry stood out among his contemporaries' work for its unflinching humanism, and his Urdu afsana (novel) work is considered by some second only to Prem Chand in its masterful depiction of rural culture. He was also editor and publisher of literary magazine Funoon for almost half a century, grooming generations of new writers. He wrote many English poems and short stories. His poem The Feed is included in the syllabus of intermediate classes in Pakistan. He received awards the Pride of Performance in 1968 and Sitara-e-Imtiaz in 1980 for his literary work.

 Biography

Qasmi was born on November 20, 1916, in the house of Peer Ghulam Nabi Qasmi, in the village Anga of Khushab District in British India. He received his secondary education from Campbellpur in 1931, around the time when he wrote his first poem, he moved to the Sadiq Egerton College in Bahawalpur and graduated from University of the Punjab, Lahore in 1935. He had one brother peerzada Mohammad Bakhsh Qasmi and a sister. He belongs to a religious peerzada family of Qadri. He became active member of the Progressive Writers Movement as a secretary, and was consequently arrested many times during the 1950s and 1970s.

He was died on the July 10, 2006 of complications from asthma at Punjab Institute of Cardiology in Lahore.

 Literary Career

Qasmi had long career as a writer and editor, he served editing several prominent literary journals, including Phool, Tehzeeb-i-Niswaan, Adab-i-Lateef, Savera, Naqoosh, and his own brainchild, Funoon. He also worked as the editor of the prestigious Urdu daily Imroze. Qasimi contributed weekly columns to national newspapers like "Rawan Dawan and Daily Jang for several decades. In the poetry, he has written both traditional ghazals and the modern nazams.

In 1948, he was selected as the secretary general of the Anjuman-e-Taraqqi Pasand Musannifeen (Progressive Writers Movement) for Punjab. In 1949, he was elected the secretary-general of the organisation for Pakistan.

In 1962, Qasmi published his own literary magazine Fanoon, with the support of writers and poets such as Khadija Mastoor, Hajira Masroor, Ahmed Faraz, Amjad Islam Amjad, Ata ul Haq Qasmi, Munnoo Bhai and Nazeer Naji and many others. Qasami was the mentor of most well known poet Parveen Shakir. In 1974, he was appointed secretary-general of Majlis-Taraqee-Adab - a Board of Advancement of Literature established by the government of West Pakistan in 1958.

His literary work has been appreciated and admired by writers, poets and critics of Urdu world, though there is also criticism on his literary work and on his personality. About Qasmi, that is common view that he did not have faith even in his closest friends, such as Ataul Haq Qasmi, Amjad Islam Amjad and even Parveen Shakir, because of his adopted daughter Mansoorah Ahmad became so dominant that her insulting behaviour caused among Qasmi and his close friends.

Qasmi writing style is as,

"Dawar-e hashr! mujhe teri qasam
Umr bhar mein ne ibadat ki hay
Tu mera namaa-e-amal tau dekh
Mein ne insaan se mohabbat ki hay"

Translation,

"O Lord of the Day of Judgment
I swear by you
I have worshipped all my life
Look at my balance sheet
I have loved mankind."

Ab Tak To Nuur-O-Nikhat-O-Rang-O-Sadaa Kahuu.N

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Ab To Shahron Se Khabar Aatii Hai Diivaanon Kii

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Andaaz HUU-Ba-HUU Terii Aavaaz-E-Paa Kaa Thaa

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Andheri Raat Ko Ye Mojaza Dikhaen Ge Hum

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Dil Mein Hum Aik Hi Jazbe Ko Samoyen Kese

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Dream

When the night turned pale
in the moonlight,
I came across a city,
where walls were conspicuous
but roofless.

Only phantoms moved in the lanes.
Bodiless phantoms!
(Or shadows without bodies.)

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Ek Lamhe Ko Thehar, Main Tujhe Pathar Laa Doon

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Gul Teraa Rang Churaa Laaye Hai.N Gul_Zaaro.N Me.N

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Ik Sehmi Sehmi Si Aahat Hai, Ik Mehka Mehka Saya Hai

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Itna Dushwar Nahin Maut Ko Taley Rakhna

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Itneii Khushbuu Hai Ke Dam Ghuttaa Hai (Bahaar)

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Izhaar

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Jab Teraa Hukm Milaa Tark Muhabbat Kar Dii

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Jii Chaahtaa Hai Falak Pe Jaauun

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Kaun Kahataa Hai Ke Maut Aa_Ii To Mar Jaa_Uu.N Gaa

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Khuda Kare Ke Meri Arz Pak Par Utre

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Kis Ko Qaatil Mai.N Kahuu.N Kis Ko Masihaa Samajhuu.N

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Lab-E-Khaamosh Se Afshaa Hogaa

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Labo.N Pe Narm Tabassum Rachaa Ke Dhul Jaaye.N

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Love Land

O sufferers from intense nervous tension!
Listen, there's a love land nearby.
Here, thick smoke has screened all scenes.
From there, the sky of immortality may
be seen most clearly.
Here you can't catch your own speech.
Even Divine breath is audible over there.

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Love Of Man

I swear,
I've spent my whole life
in worship.
Just look at my account sheet.
I've always loved Mankind.

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Maruu.N To Mai.N Kisii Chehare Me.N Rang Bhar Jaa_Uu.N

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Mein Bhi Fani Hon, Tu Bhi Fani Hai

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Mein Tujhe Ko Bhool Chuka

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Mujhe Kal Meraa Ek Saathii Milaa

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Mujhse Kaafir Ko Tere Ishq Ne Yuun Sharmaayaa

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Na Shaaor Mein Jawani, Na Khayal Mein Rawani

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Patthar

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Pressure

On blooming,
The flower said:
'I cannot control my beauty now,
for I've gone beyond
my own reach.'

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Shaam Ko Subah-E-Chaman Yaad Aa_Ii

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Some One My Own

(Dedicated to Daughter Mansoorah)

My footprints are found on snow and sand.
I was always seeking 'some on My Own'
everywhere, every season,
and in every country.
I wanted some one whose nearness
could let me feel that
I also deserve the right to live.

If I am alive today, it is not
without some cogent reason.
After a whole life time.

I've come to realize
that the person who seemed
an utter stranger, earlier,
is actually My Own.

The fellow is neither a blood relation,
nor equal in age and yet,
has proved sincere to me
like a lotus flower in water-
a person who offer nothing but love,
a person who gets nothing but love.
(Jan. 1990)

[Translated by Sajjad Shaikh]

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Tujhe Izhar-E-Mohabbat Say Agar Nafrat Thee

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Tujhe Kho Kar Bhii Tujhe Paauun Jahaan Tak Dekhuun

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Twists And Turns Of Body And Soul

How transparant is your body!
As you passed by me yesterday,
I saw your face
showing lake-like peace.
But, when my glance fell
upon your heart
I saw a hellish turmoile,
seemingly resulting from
some terrible earthquake!

(June,1976)

[Translated by Sajjad Shaikh]

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Vo Ko_Ii Aur Na Thaa Chand Khushk Patte The

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Ye Kia Ke Ishq Karoon Paas-E-Aabroo Na Karoon

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Zehano.N Me.N Khayaal Jal Rahe Hai.N

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi

Ziist Aazaar Hu_Ii Jaatii Hai

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi