

Poetry Series

**Ata Khan**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Ata Khan()

I write to feel light  
and to convey  
in whatever I believe is right.

I will always raise my voice  
before it fades out.

# A Dancing Peacock

In pursuit of the rainbow  
A budding spirit elates  
longs to infuse with aroma  
to take a glimpse of the light  
In silent anticipation  
it whirls steadily  
Flaunting to wordless songs  
Some can see  
the rest may not  
But.....  
there's no need for pretension  
Or, to mock  
for a Dancing peacock

Ata Khan

# Peace

The angel of death  
in shock and awe  
stands, perplexed

While terrorized  
hysterically, a dog  
looks around,  
limping  
falling  
and rising  
again

Bodies burning  
turning coal  
thick,  
blackened  
ghostlike smoke  
unceasingly fueled  
on flesh and  
bone...

A village  
last night  
in ashen-ed dust  
Children,  
in park?  
No signs of life  
Yet, no vultures in sight  
but the smoke ...

Mankind  
Hail to you  
Does peace prevail?  
Yes, in carnage  
the Eternal  
Peace...

Ata Khan

# Princess And The Stranger

Deep,  
black eyes  
unfamiliar  
yet known eyes  
lost, in the air  
gazing  
tranquil, clear  
shining, smiling  
and so bright

Whispered  
'O stranger  
come and see  
do you see what I see?  
rainbow dances  
around me  
flying doves  
surround me  
dewdrops fall  
how longingly  
to kiss,  
and embrace  
with warmth  
my cheeks, lips  
and this face..

The whirling breeze  
my locks it  
ruffles  
In loving, softness  
nature speaks  
my heavenliness  
it celebrates

But stranger  
confess  
you may  
What brings you  
here today? '

Her eyes still lost  
in the air  
Was it hope, or despair?

'O Princess  
this i know  
What you whisper  
is very unique  
What you see  
is even rare  
I, thus feel  
most mundane  
to follow an obvious  
path ordained  
I can't see  
what you see  
But  
what i see  
you can't admire

I see you  
and these eyes...

Ata Khan

# Winter And Hope

First snow atop the hill  
sends a chill to the spine  
it melts down all hopes  
for the morning sunshine  
men, women, pets and cattle  
bit dismayed, amidst lull and calm  
iced winds, blades cutting through  
yet into a storm it has not brewed  
hordes of men hurry and store  
piles of extra wood and grass  
time for them to hibernate  
talking and singing to hour-glass  
each one must tell a story  
sitting by fire, under lock n bolt  
happy women, busy with stove  
lots of tea, meat and broiled poul  
father and sons, one by one  
climb the roof of their muddy abode  
with shovels, spades and iron blades  
they brush aside the unwanted load  
every winter passes thus  
with such fervour and desire  
for a sunny and brighter morning  
so as to smother the burning fire

(It is about how my hometown/village was until a few decades ago, where there was no electricity, and therefore, no television, computers or other gadgets to keep the family members unnecessarily busy and occupied) .

Ata Khan

# Z'Ma Mor (My Mother)

It was a rainy day  
driving back home  
the car steered me  
towards you...  
your grave

Can i ever forget  
how much you liked the rain?

The white wet marble of your grave  
sparkled like your smile

Every falling drop  
bounced to embrace me

I could feel you, and  
how happy you were  
but I could also hear you  
say this very clearly

'Za Bachiya baraan de (Go my child, it's raining)  
and you don't have an umbrella'

(Title and the verse translated are in Pashto language)

Ata Khan