

Poetry Series

Ejaz Khan
- poems -

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Ejaz Khan()

A Toy

Alluring, self-absorbed
Perfidious, conceited
Deprived of candour
An insignificant drop
In a boundless ocean
Ignorant of the fact
Out there in realm of deceit
He's nothing
But a puppet on a string
Just a toy
In hands of gods
All fragile, all vulnerable
With free will or without
As the true meanings
Of principle divine
Remain hidden from his perception

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Full Moon

Not just oceans are effected
Priarie dogs and wolfs howl
Lunatic dreams of great fortune
Stealthily walks to beggar's bowl

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Hope

Flying high with broken wings
Troubled minds and busted hearts
Howling winds shall long for calm
When concealed secret imparts

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Insanity (Burning Cities)

Swaying between lucidity and insanity
Turmoil turning in false tranquility
Fears soothed by twisted beliefs
Rationality drowned in excitement of expected rewards
The gaze turned to swarthy spots
Where wind of hatred sweeps
A world so unreal, so distorted
Awaits the victims unaware
Children imprudent
Belonging to misguided ranks
Not knowing that grounds beneath their feet
Exhale the fumes of intoxication
Bending their tiny wills
To extent of suffocation
Exposing them to psychosis
A realm from where they can proceed
Without guilt or conscience
And take lives of those around
Sending terror waves
Living hell appears for innocents
Rain of coins for few

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Mysterious Force (Woman)

Created from flames of desire
A product, coming from
Eternally burning pyres
A mystery rising from the pit
Where no laws exist, no established writ
Struggling, seeking the spheres higher
To grab the stars of heavens above
Turning hawks into doves
A madonna, a light-bearer
A bright spot, fairer than the fairest
A co-creator, an angel on Earth
Innocence personified
And yet a devil in disguise
When soft and sweet
Flow the rivers of peace and pleasure
Distributor of treasures unique
When fierce and vengeful
Hide the demons most horrendous
Trapped in roles diverse
Moves she with smile and grace
With a natural calm
With a brave face
A daughter, a wife, a mother
An unblemished entity, a soma in bowl
When degraded, lowest of the low
To whom the evil kisses and bows
Stupendously spiteful, drenched in envy
All decency flees
A vulgar, shameless whore
With much evil in store
When raised to heights
A goddess with power and poise
When fallen, just a deceitful trash
A disharmonic noise

A creator, a sustainer, a destroyer
All in one
That's what a woman is
Giver of life and happiness

Taker of peace and pride
God bless the great mystery
That is

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Peshawar Massacre

The stone-hearted savages, risen from the darkest pit
Exhibit brutality base
A disregard for life, all accepted norms
Seeking death and destruction
Hatred is sown, horror is reaped
While the conscience of the world torpors
Actions, and not mere words are required
Iron wills are desired
To combat the menace of terrorism
No mercy, no hesitation should be shown
A tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye
A law of retribution should be enforced
A burning Hell should be the reward
The blood of the innocent demands revenge

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Pilgrimage

Each time the yearning hearts try
The doors leading to perception remain closed
The laws of physics but fail
Defences of rationality break down
An unimportant planet
Rotating in vast solar system
A tiny galaxy, home of suns millions
Form but a fraction of gigantic cosmos
How absurd it sounds
Creator of ever expanding universe
Engineer of all that is
Inhabits some insignificant stone
Or a stone house
And yet millions swarm
All loaded with energy mysterious
Is it the magnetic pull
That drags the multitudes
Or is it the power of belief
That releases energies innate
Thus making certain centres
All vibrant and radiant
Where pilgrimes march
All absorbed
Cleansing the sins of lifetime
Hush up!
One speaks not of mysteries profound

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Seeker

A man, claiming to know the truth
Needs to be rejected right away
As the more one knows
The more it's obvious
That one knows nothing

A man, preaching the truth
Needs a close observation
Without reverence and respect
As the eloquent tongues may seduce
Devotion may make you blind

A man, who says nothing
But speaks the truth, without fear
Live the truth against all odds
Smiles despite suffering n pain
He's the man you should follow
Even he may reject you

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The Meltdown

The end of consuming conflagration brought
Sixty nine years of fragile peace
With flames kindled everywhere
Overshadowing, plaguing the terrified multitudes around the world
Blindfolded the nations walked the narrow path
Unaware of the abyss that lay
Beneath their feet
Sixty nine years of profusion
Sixty nine years of illusive dreams
Bewitched even the most wise
Everything grew to proportions improbable
Institutions became monstrous and unsustainable
Yet the system refused to fail
The sounds of warning sirens fill the space
The incredible speed of times force
Everyone to stay focused
On insignificant, but self-appointed goals
The heat increases each minute
The illusive state reaches its end
The incinerator gets beyond control
The process of meltdown has started
The knowledgeable identify but conceal the facts
The layman is too dull to discern and react
Enjoy the fruits of ignorance
While the world approaches its doomsday
Coming face to face with its tragic End
A destiny carved by its own hands

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The Missing Link

The great Alchemist mixed the pain with pleasure
Letting go all that he held as precious treasure
Confused between dreams and reality
Seductive ways and morality
He paused and then added
The nectar of all experiences gained
Heartache and mysteries unexplained
In mixture he adds his pride
Along with humility that lived side by side
Millions of ingredients added
He failed to achieve the results
Anguished he cried in despair
Life is bi... and not fair
He concluded
Helplessness engulfed, realization of insufficiency gained
He stared at mixture with grieved heart
Ready to give up and depart
But some strange emotion took his heart in iron grip
He stumbled and felt the rip
Clouds of repentance appeared when the mistakes became apparent
Each past moment accusing and turning unto a claimant
Deep inside he was convinced about the wrongs
But too late to rectify all the prongs
Spellbound he stared and stared and knew not
When did a single dropp of tear turn clot
Traversing the space so insignificant
Found its way in the mixture that held ingredients insufficient
Making possible the transfiguration wished for
Repentance was the key ingredient missing

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Turbulence

As the situation unfolds
New techniques are devised
To control and imprison
The weak, the meek
Sky high is misery
Cheaper gets life
The destiny of nation, the world
Rests in hands corrupt
A silence reigns
In deafening sounds
Power stays
With selective few
The shake of Earth
Seeing cataclysm approaching
While greed prevails
In hearts fraudulent

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