

Poetry Series

**MATLOOB BUKHARI**  
**- poems -**

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# MATLOOB BUKHARI()

# A Fairy Tale

A FAIRY TALE

Matloob Bokhari

My friends, close your eyes

I want to tell you a fairy tale.

I saw a princess in a snowy palace

Wearing was she a silky white robe.

Her milky face, silvery neck, pearly teeth

Were looking fairer far than a frosted rose,

Whose petals are bedecked with drops of rain.

Ah me! Starshine of her dark black eyes

Sucked my soul and made me mad.

She has gone leaving me a beaten rose.

Oh! bring some herbs to cure my madness

I am drunk without drinking wine.

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MATLOOB BUKHARI

# A Journey In A Dream

A JOURNEY IN A DREAM

Matloob Bokhari

In dream, I was where abodes adorned with flowers.  
Streets beaming with lights; faces glowing with health.  
Roots embedded in musky scented earth, full of fragrance.  
Sweets flowery arbours of green trees along soft stream,  
Whose branches were laden with delicious fruits.  
Air perfumed with fragrant herbs; life radiated love.  
Flocks of woolly sheep, bevy of little girls frisking around.  
Damsels accompanied lyre, whirling in sportive dance.  
Old men in isle of blessed were sleeping in mossy beds.  
An adult, strumming guitar, told secret of blissful life.  
By law, people spend a day to help men in need.  
A gardener trims trees; a teacher teaches students,  
Doctor treats ill- all with gems of care clean the town.  
That paradisaal land of plenty is a place of pleasure.  
No one has vast wealth; no one is in want.  
People worship work; perform duty with joy.  
No one fights; no one kills- all sing; all work.  
People pass days without care; nights without fear.  
In that place, I drank honey and delicious drinks.  
O my Murshud, thanks for blessing me this power.  
Time spent in the dale has turned into a memory.  
Like nightingale, I sing love for sojourn in the glen.  
May Allah Who Himself is hidden, but His Light shines,  
Bless us all through His kind mercy that blessed abode.

FLOWERS IN FLAMES

COMMENTS: A JOURNEY IN A DREAM

Alma Delacruz Gossman: Sounds like a Utopia...very nice, very lovely poem.  
Kristen Scott: May Allah indeed bless us all Matloob ~ So, rich in imagery - I love how your work is like pages unfolding in a fairytale - it leaves one breathless ~ The 'strumming guitar' 'Damsels... whirling in a sportive dance' ~ where are the flying carpets? Very 'Alf Leila Wa Leila ~ K.

Tod McNeal: Right indeed! Interesting how 'a picture speaks a thousand words' but a good poem (or story) creates a thousand pictures in our minds...bliss! ! !

Universal Religion of Love: It sounds like a heavenly place.

Michele Vizzotti-White: This is incredible! You paint the picture, walk us through it. I smelt the earth, air was perfumed with fragrant herb!

Jann Gail Jones: Oh my God! This is my new favorite! What paradise you describe. Yes, I want it to be so the whole world over! Oh God be merciful to us and hear our please! Ah, what heartwarming words Matloob. I am thinking paradise only needs people like Matloob.

Kevin M. Hibshman: Wonderful! You are a shining poet friend!

Em Meile: Matloob: Your poem creates stunningly beautiful imagery!

Marietta Mardirossian: What a beautiful dream! I hope life would always radiate Love!

????? ??????????????: You are a very beautiful soul Matloob!

Tina Farnworth: This is a really beautiful poem Matloob. Although I am an atheist and you appear to be attributing the beauty of life to your God, I can still appreciate this lovely poem!

Stephanie Doty: Beautiful visioning that graced me with a stroll among those who dwell in this lovely paradise!

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# A Lone Walker

A LONE WALKER

MATLOOB BOKHARI

On the dewy path of blooming roses  
Where we used to walk hand in hand  
And inhaled ardent aroma of friendship  
You used to look at moon, I looked at you  
Yesterday, buried deep in my sad thoughts,  
I walked without you, ignoring life in endless night  
Seeing me alone, dirt cried, path wept  
I forgot where the path was leading  
Knew not where I was going in the cold wind  
In the sad lonely streets of empty silence.

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MATLOOB BUKHARI

# A Page From History

A PAGE FROM HISTORY  
MATLOOB BOKHARI

Love is a bud blossoms on a branch of green plant  
Hate is a faded leaf on a tree dried up from the roots  
Love is protecting Abraham in Azar's house; making fire a garden  
Hate is Babylonian King's throwing Abraham in the flames so high  
Love is joy of forgiveness of merciful Muhammad  
Hate is Hind's ripping liver, making anklets of ears  
Love is Hussain, uniting Jews, Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs and Christians  
Hate is Yazeed, dark desires, screaming orphans; crying widows

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MATLOOB BUKHARI

# A Poor Girl

A POOR GIRL

Matloob Bokhari

In a fortified city -land of social divide,  
Where lordly rulers, sadly greedy reside.  
I saw a girl, searching a scrap of food.  
Hunger poured out from her innocent face.  
Pain and poverty had silenced her smile.  
On my question, stammering, she replied;  
'In poverty, I am walking on thorns of life;  
Parent without shelter, pass nights in a tent  
And days of sorrow in the shadow of tree.'  
Listening this, my eyes wept with tears.  
Kissing her dirty and tired hands, I said:  
'Love you, my poor girl; your story is so sad.'  
Looking at me, my Murshud smilingly said,  
'O created for Eternal Bliss, Give and will be given,  
True joy in life is to share a slice of bread  
Live a simple life; so others may simply live.'

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COMMENTS: A POOR GIRL

Kristen Scott: Poignant, heartfelt, and an awakening against female brutality ~ well-done my friend, Kristen

Gary Leikas: Really lovely, tender and compassionate poem! ! Poverty is more sad if that comes from the poor spirit. Love is pure gold! ! Love is the only one that we have a real treasure. A beautiful piece.

Deepak K Choudhary Gracias, Matloob Bokhari. How should I thank you for this? I'm mesmerized by the sheer intensity, sensitive treatment, realistic diction and

perceptible frontiers of empathy that characterise this poetic piece. It tells me why it's so crucial to employ the poetic form of creative expression to articulate a situation that may not probably be captured and expressed in any other form with the same sense of impulse-propelled involvement and same degree of sincerity, genuineness and veracity. Moreover, it also tells me why writing is necessary, almost indispensable if we really want ourselves to stay alive in the fundamental bonds and patterns of our existence.... :)

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# A Song Of Sorrow

A SONG OF SORROW

MATLOOB BOKHARI

O my beloved, O pride of the moon  
O crown of the luminous sky  
He who sits beside you by a flowing stream  
And drinks a full cup from your hands  
His lips utter no other name but you  
His eyes see no other sight but you  
His ears listen no other voice but you  
His mind thinks no one else but you  
His heart embraces no one but you  
Moon, stars, birds -all sing your hymn  
When all the lamps of light are out at night  
Many a flare of your memory burns like a candle  
O beauty of the rose, O my heart's secret  
Your fancy like red blood runs through my veins  
My sweet love, even my sleep weeps for you

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MATLOOB BUKHARI

# A Walk To Remember

A Walk TO Remember

Matloob Bokhari

In the radiant darkness of the night time,  
A vast silence was reigning over the sky  
Silent music of the night touched my spirit  
And blossomed flowers in the soil of my soul  
Love of Allah enveloped my heart; ruled my whole self  
God Who created beauty and is beauty Himself  
I thought about the sufferings of the prophets of scriptures  
I thought about the ungrateful children of the revolution  
I heard angels saying, 'Man will shed blood on the earth.'  
I listened God replying, 'I know which you know not.'  
I thought about the desire driven and the greedy man  
I saw the sinful soul created with deceit with base cronies  
I saw Hujr bin Adi shackled with iron; stained with blood  
I saw Meesam talking to tree: 'You are for me, I am for you'  
My murshud said: 'Happiest are the people; strong in faith!  
They prefer Allah; Allah will prefer them above all  
Life is merely a story of two days; one for you, one against you'  
Like a shining dew always dancing on the petal of a rose!  
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## COMMENTS

Note. Hujr BIN ADI AND Meesam Were Great Freedom Fighter WHO Were Hanged BY an Ommayad Ruler

I'm not very religious, but this intrigued me greatly. Solid write.21 Jun by Aubrie Brown

xA fantastic poem of great divinity. I have enjoyed very much. Keep on creating, Matloob! ! Thank you for sharing these wonderful lines from your devoted heart.9 Jul by Sylvia FC

xA devotional poem..beautifully penned19 Jun by Rohan \*\*\*\*\* | Reply

s, I know, Matloob. Thank you so much for sharing this compassionate piece.  
Sylvia FC

Jan G. - Beautifully crafted, spiritual, mystical, moralistic and political at the same time. But even the Umayyads weep in their graves at the horrors committed against their people.

Yuying Wang - Life is bittersweet that's true happy life is always depend on your attitude

By the way may I know who the names are in this one?

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Abe Dharr Al-Ghifari

ABE DHARR AL-GHIFARI

Matloob Bokhari

Abu Dharr was born where nothing was done for the poor;  
Where no equal distribution of opportunity, property or power;  
Where the rich absorbed in vices and the poor engulfed in sorrows;  
Where religious leaders taught hatred, schism and malice;  
Where there was no truth, no justice, no equality of rights;  
Where merciless and inhuman were sucking the taxes of masses;  
Where Satan had invaded the kingdom of mind;  
Where aim of education was to cheat, dissimulate, or be diplomatic;  
Where Bank Bombs were more lethal than atom bomb of Hiroshima;  
Where charity was given to earn fame and popularity;  
Where humans were burning in whirlpool of wars and murders;  
Where people were hated by the colour of their skin;  
Where children were without sandals and mothers with tears.  
Abu Dharr worked for a society where happiness for all was certain,  
Provoking the poor to rise against aristocracy and hypocrisy, he said:  
'This is not my land, this is not my country, this is not my planet;  
Where foul proudly sits on chariot, fair sighs under its wheel;  
Where an ill-breeding mind rules the time, a good soul is blown;  
Where a quisling sleeps on roses; a liberator walks on thorns.  
O followers of Master of Nazareth and Sufferer of Karbala,  
Instead of submitting, sacrifice to liberate the chained humanity.'  
' Equality in liberty, no degrees of nobility, ' electrified the poor.  
Roused those who were struggling for air in the land of despair.  
Those who were serving a life sentence in the dungeon of desires  
Imprisoned him in the stone walls, where he languidly languished.  
One day, through the window of the cell, Abu Dharr was looking  
At green leaves and the fragrant blossoms on twigs of trees.  
Ah, spring, a cuckoo perched on a flowery branch chanted a song.  
Abu Dharr 's soul responded; mingled with immortal world of melody.  
That he who wanted to bring happiness in every house  
Left his aged mother wailing, all-alone in the abode of mortality.  
That he who brought oil-lamp in the darkness  
Was buried in the gruesome darkness of the night.  
Abu DHarr Al Ghiffari- The liberator.



# Ah! The Pride Of Oxford

AH! THE PRIDE OF OXFORD

Matloob Bokhari

In classroom, pupils, sitting like stones,  
Are staring at the teacher and the board  
In an atmosphere of loveless ness,  
There is a graveyard-like silence all around.  
Teaching obedience is the first law of heaven.  
Teacher is talking, the mental slaves listening,  
Never encouraged to doubt and reason.  
Being told but not induced to discover.  
Lesson is mechanistic, soulless, non-purposive.  
Leading to a hemiplegics outlook, false awareness.  
Harsh discipline is a pervasive feature of routine.  
Budding flowers are subjected to a disgraceful dealing.  
Instead of educating, like horses are being domesticated.  
Instilling fear and enforcing a ban on fancy.  
With rod of sermons and flames of hell,  
Their windows of minds are permanently closed.  
Pale flowers slithering like maggots in darkness.  
The book is buried under debris of interpretations,  
Or placed in topmost shelve just to pay respect.  
Fearing its meaningful study may upset  
Educational, theological, political statuesque.  
In this vast intellectual desert,  
The traders are in the grip of dogmas,  
Suffering from mental inertia and intellectual decay,  
The students totally out of step in the parade of thought  
Are engaged in fathoming the depths of hell and heaven.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Alexander And Diogenes

ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES

Matloob Bokhari

Alexander collocated treasures in earth  
Where moths and vermin ruminated them all.  
Diogenes stored up treasures in heaven  
Where no moth destroys; no thief breaks in.  
Alexander, greedy, carried far out by the tide,  
So, he was drowned in deep and dark ocean.  
Diogenes, contented, ruled over noisy water.  
River of his life flowed into the Ocean of Bliss.  
Diogenes accepted simplicity as a simple gift of God.  
Alexander remained hungry even after conquering whole world.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# All I Want Is Peace

ALL I WANT IS PEACE

Matloob Bokhari

O my tulip-cheeked beloved!  
Give me infinite peace of the sky,  
Or give me insane roots to lose my sanity.  
Here no one is to dance with rhythm of universe;  
No dreamer to dream the beauty of His creation;  
No painter to paint the rainbow of his imagination;  
No grandma to tell the story of Adam and Eve;  
No grandpa to tell the story of Joseph and Zulaikha;  
No one to write about crystal palace, Sheba and Solomon;  
No teacher to liberate the minds from dogmas.  
O moon of my delight! O my queen!  
Here the bed of tulips of the exploiter  
Is decorated by the blood of the poor.  
Let us build a new world in the woods with roses.  
Let us listen the echo of stones, play with stars.  
Let us read God's gospel written on shining lakes.  
Let us dance with butterflies, pray with fragrant petals.  
O my beloved sweet!  
This world has become darker than grave, hotter than hell.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Allah

ALLAH

Matloob Bokhari

Allah! I sing Your praise,  
With flowers in silent still.  
I pray in stillness of night,  
With moon, moving in her hand.  
I thank in my innermost soul,  
For everything You gave to me.  
I adorn You in my inner heart,  
Full of hope of Your calming Mercy.  
O Allah! You granted me eminence,  
Guarded against all hardships.  
O Allah, my love finds no lyrics.  
I love You, love You alone.  
My heartbeat sings Your name.  
O Lover of all! I have faith in You.  
When my body is reduced to dust,  
My soul will pray that words can't!

## COMMENTS: ALLAH

Helen McManus: A wonderful praise to our Lord Who gives us all life! !

Frances Anna Ayers: The most beautiful prayer I have read to God(Allah) since the Psalms Of King David. Especially, the last line; My soul will pray that words can't. You are very gifted!

Hasmukh Mehta: For everything You gave to me.I adorn You in my heart, ... It is right way, we should stay near, as Allah is one and we need to pray, so to say to seek His blessings, and pray for guidance and way.

Lorraine Currelley: Wonderful poem! What a beautiful sacred love poem honoring your love of God! My heart and soul shares these words - a heartfelt message!

Lindsay George Henderson Hall: Dear Matloob. Your sincerity is utterly clear. Let me just say I am a Christian, and I firmly believe in God we pray to is One and the bless you.

Patricia Tate: I would like to see this poem chosen for our global audience. It is uplifting and beautiful.

Tribhawan Kaul: We all are definitely indebted to HIM for everything...last two lines reflect your honesty. Nice one. :)

Sandra Delussu: You give me gump booze...booze gumps! Deep, deep, deep your love do find lyrics as arrows to this poor little heart of mine hungry to be filled like this! thank you my favourite poet.

Isabelle Black Smith: Such a wonderful song of prayer... praise to Allah for his mercy, goodness and the strength He grants us to face our times of trial. I love your concluding lines...

Wow! That says it all... I think too often people pray prayers of petition and forgot to sing songs of praise and thankfulness. Such a beautiful reminder of the need for the latter in your poem, Matloob Bokhari. May I have your permission to print this one out and hang it in my room for my own personal use in prayer? I will use your prayer often and think of you when I do. Peace & Much Love to you.

Cynthia Walls: Very nicely penned Matloob, your words WILL live on forever within all that you have written... :)

Samina Yasmeen: Very nice Matloob. The last verse is excellent... I wish I could also be that 's a blessing to be able to be thankful, to be grateful. Always hoping & waiting for His Soothing Mercy..He is the Granter the Giver, the most merciful.

Mary Ann Duhart: Amen to that. Beautiful adorations on this morning.

picture of LaSoaphia QuXazs

xI give you my admiration for this poem also as many before me. I am so glad that you had a good beginning, because my life was starvation, poverty and war and revolution being in the middle of trouble, dead bodies, but after all the challenges in my life I found the true happiness.

22 Sep 2013 by LaSoaphia QuXazs | Reply

picture of Simply Bono

xThis sings loudly the sweet praise for our Creator.. in the name of Allah, most gracious- most merciful..... lovely write!

2 Oct 2013 by Simply Bono | Reply

picture of Sylvia Frances Chan

xMay I ask you, where are these friends coming from? From another poemsite, a column in a newspaper or in a magazine? Good to see a poet adoring Allah openly in Poetfreak. As far as I am concerned, in PF (Poetfreak) there are a few adoring God in thier poems: myself, Sylvia Frances Chan, Nightmute and Meggie Gultiano. These poets I know them personally. I bet there are many others in PF who are praising the Lord indirectly, but since I never met the names, I am not sure whether they are to find in PF...oh yeah Linda Winchell too is a lovely woman who all the time is writing poems about the Lord. Thank you Matloob for your attention here. In fact I ought to call you Mr. Bokhari, no?

4 Oct 2013 by Sylvia Frances Chan | Reply  
picture of Seema Chowdhury  
xBeautiful praise for Allah Almighty.  
7 Oct 2013 by Seema Chowdhury

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Allah Ho

ALLAH HO

MATLOOB BOKHARI

When the candle of love burnt in my heart,

Then I became familiar with the path of Allah ho.

When I played the beautiful game of love all night,

Then perfume of booming night flower chanted Allah ho.

When I lived in harmony with the objects of universe,

Then meadows, shores and hills sang with me Allah ho.

When I broke all the sinister boats of sects,

Then the water of ocean greeted me with Allah ho.

When I roamed in the realm of my Beloved,

Then, in the joy of clear wine of love, I said Allah ho.

When I kissed Black Stone, saw Kaaba, but not Lord of Kaaba,

Then I kissed hands of an orphan, hummed in my heart, Allah ho.

When I passed away into nothingness, I vanished,

Then I saw All-Living with my heart eyes, Allah ho.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# An Ode To Love

AN ODE TO LOVE

Matloob Bokhari

Love resides in the temple of a loving heart,  
Both they live together in a room very small,  
Eat, drink, dance, play and pray.  
Like birds, lilies, sing prayer in silence calm.  
When divine romance starts, light shines,  
Soul baths in love, spiritual discourses start.  
When fiery desire of love illumines the shrine,  
Dressed up in a beggar's rags, lover sings with stars.  
No one can slay love, none can burn love,  
No one can drown love, none can destroy love.  
O love! Birds with broken wings cannot understand you.  
O dream! Wanderers of barren fields don't know you.  
O soul! Kissing lips touch and depart,  
Lovers' names remain eternal on lips by far!

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# An Ode To A Baby

DEAR FRIENDS. I HAD DIPPED MY PEN IN MY BLOOD TO COMMEMORATE THE MASSACRE OF MY CHILDREN OF ARMY PUBLIC SCHOOL, PESHAWAR.

AN ODE TO A BABY

MATLOOB BOKHARI

When I saw the parts of body of an innocent baby

The lone son of a mother killed by bomb blast

I saw his blood and pieces of flesh blown in the air

His mother cried: 'My son, my only son, my brothers'

In grief and sorrow, I cried with tears in my eyes

My soul like a galloping horse ran to woods

Where I got refuge in the temple of hills and rills

Where there are no bartering of heaven and hell

Where there is no killing in the name of Maker

Where the green grass and sweetly smelling roses

Blossom the flowers of happiness in my soul

Where I alone pray in silence and solitude

There I sit to make the images with my tireless pen

Of all the human beings killed

By barbaric fanaticism and morbid hatred

COMMENTS: AN ODE TO A BABY

Farzana Altaf: I'm lost for words.....

Semeniuk Carole: you are much needed in the world to open our eyes.. awaken our hearts.... our Souls to bleed..... the tragedy of mankind' is hatred.

Sandra Delussu: this is unbearable. but someone must bear it, instead. the death of a child is the more painful to bear. Much more pain arises when death is due to madness and blindness. so useless. so crazy. so destroying. as i learned to know you in poetry, as usual you have the right words to transmit all your desperation, in few sober lines you tell us all it is to be told.

Driftwood Ashore: Heartwrenching, painful!

Ann Carruth Donoghue: This brought me to tears. x

Michele Vizzotti-White: u r an awesome poet, happy to share the universe w/ your work.

Laura Grillo Laveglia: I am sorry your eyes and ears had to witness such sadness! As a poem though, very well written! How are you! I have not heard from you in a while and do hope all is well my friend!

Flora Vasconcelos: That is the truth, my Friend: letting personal devils astride in name of GOD.

Annie Hilwani: very sad poem in beautiful lines...

Das Krishna: Crime is manufactured. It is not inborn quality. Sources of crime are not natural and therefore it can be easily stopped. But the governments who are paid to protect us want it to justify by are doing a service of the Allah..Allah = all one = oneness. We are teacher, we are actually a right kind of ruler, RULER OF MINDS.

Gail Wolper: OMG what an awful and brilliant poem Matloob! It was painful to read, and I almost did not continue. This is a deeply political poem and needs to be written. However I do not want to keep that picture in my mind, I cannot stand to think of a baby in this way, it would drive me mad.

Em Meile: Matloob, the poem is heartbreaking and should never be a reality...yet the hatred and greed in men make it so. You have expressed the pain and escape tenderly and with great beauty, dear friend. May all receive healing and release their diseases that result in wars, hunger and all suffering end.

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed: Assalaamu alaykum wa rahmatu lahi wa barakatu akhee. Really happy to see your pen expressing in your blessed way the horrors we face in this F&#ed up world today! May Allah(swt) increase our Eman forgive us again and again and protect us from all the fittan and grant us the garden, Aameen! This piece cuts right to the bone akhee! Very powerful, Your Brother, Shareef!

Raja Ikram Qamar: Very powerful and beautiful poem.

Mn. Rachel xI agree with Gail. It is accounts like this, graphic, unflinching portrayels that are needed to open our eyes to the human tragedy that is war.

fanaticism seems the most deadly weapon.

RAJ NANDY xFriend, when I was composing my series on Western Philosophy in Verse four years ago, it was written in black & white, that more blood has been shed in this World due to fanaticism, than all the World Wars put together! ! - Raj

Quinn Snow Hello Poet Love. Its an amazing, understandable & great write. I hope and pray you are blessed throughout the rest of yoir life. Never stop writing! ?

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# An Ode To A Friend

AN ODE TO A FRIEND

MATLOOB BOKHARI

When I looked outside the window  
I saw a lady sweet and fair  
She was the most beautiful flower of the dale  
Which delighted my eyes, pleased my soul  
Her colour was brighter than the moon  
With a milky divine face  
And pearly pink cheeks  
Delicious rosy lips  
She was strolling on the grass with angelic grace  
Winged air was playing with her long hair  
With her, lilies were dancing, roses were smiling  
Seeing her, I lost all my words to express  
If I may live a thousand lives  
Or wander in all the seven continents  
I may not find a friend like her  
Even in my very soft dream  
O my friend!  
Your beauty has written lyrics on my soul  
Which no pen has written ever on a leaf.

## COMMENTS

Cannabis Sativa xA dream of a romantic read my friend - - Your 'lyrics are written on my soul' You use beautiful tender metaphors.

Josie La Rosa xA great dedication to the romantic love and friend of your dreams! -

RAJ NANDYxReading your romantic description is a treat, I was reminded of the movie 'Scent of a Woman' today! -

Emma Torres: Hey, You should compete on Tallenge, an talent platform. I read your Poem 'THE ARAB PAGANS' & other your beautiful work.! You should this poem and some of your other poems on Tallenge. Where they have an ongoing Poetry contest with \$100 prize. You can sign up -

Delquan Hathaway: I enjoy everything you write, you create something from

being small to big...I love your way of writing and it is beautiful indeed thanks for sharing this with me.

Atypical Blonde: Oh wow! So lovely! So beautiful! Tell me about yourself...  
Send your more work

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# An Ode To Beauty

AN ODE TO BEAUTY

Matloob Bokhari

Confused by the study of books,

Majnun was sitting on peak of Najad,

With eyes closed, head on knee.

Pondering in wonder over Lord

Who taught a baby to suck the breast

And a bright-feathered bird to fly.

Buried in thoughts, he saw a shadow,

Quivering in wave less, windless water.

Layla, brighter than moonlight, stood

Calm in gentle breeze and warm sunshine,

Where rain was falling drop by drop.

Both danced on the streams of sunbeams.

Songs of love turned valley into green.

Layla, radiating her beauty,  
said:

'Majnun, you are a true lover,

My beauty will reveal you Truth.

You will see white pearl in the shell.

My beauty will take you away

From bonds of sects and creeds.

Majnun, Who created world out of Love

Desires all children of land to be united

In one brotherhood in the love of God.'

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# An Ode To Greed

AN ODE TO GREED

Matloob Bokhari

I have seen the monster of greed burning fire in human hearts.  
I have seen ruthless oppressors chained in weed and greed.  
I have seen insatiable wants, made many cultures perished.  
I have seen powers, upsetting cities not for freedom but greed.  
I have seen hungry brothers eating carcass of their brothers.  
I have seen voracious rich always in want, lonely in loneliness.  
I have learnt from Ameer ul Momineen, Ali ibne -Abi-Talib.  
A greedy is like a silkworm wrapped in cocoon, dies of grief;  
If he possesses two valleys of gold, he will long for one more;  
Greed causes grief; greedy eats, his hunger never gratifies;  
Neither he achieves his cravings nor can exceed destined life.  
Love his master who said: "In old age, greed becomes young."  
I have seen men on deathbed incognizant of God's grace:  
Empty-handed they came; empty-handed they left arena.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# An Ode To Poverty

AN ODE TO POVERTY

Matloob Bokhari

In my land, plenty of poor live in pain,  
In baking heat, languish in sad disdain.  
In gnawing hunger; no choice but to endure.  
Drink dirty water; weeping go to sleep.  
In the hovel of clay, have no lamp.  
In the light of stars, naked kids play.  
Infants too weak; in silent sobs depart.  
O poorest of the poor, waiting in vain.  
No rescuer will come to address your woes.  
Feudal, mullah, peer in palaces only pray.  
O ill-starred multitudes, in slavish chain,  
Not Nature but leaders are to blame.  
O my friend, O the brightest star in sky,  
All wrongs are done by the dearest words,  
Rise to light a candle of hope in their way.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# An Ode To Prostitute

AN ODE TO PROSTITUTE

MATLOOB BOKHARI

In a stern harsh land of greed,  
The flames of insatiable lust for power  
Opened the hell-gates of cruelty and avarice.  
In His name Who gave Divine gift of freedom,  
The power-lusty king with help of clergies  
Established a holy land, named kingdom of God.

Believing personal gain comes by crushing others,  
The slaves of gain yoked the people in slavery.  
Silenced the free mind and rewarded the mean.

Compelled others to believe and live as they said.

Those who had concealed filth inside golden cloaks  
Decided to send all loose women outside the holy land.  
And forced them to settle in a desolate dale  
Where sobbing babes asked: "What is our fault? "

Their sorrowing mothers answered, "We are toys  
And you are victims of noble men's midnight crimes."

In a valley, where tears were hanging on every tree,  
"Forgive us! O our Lord" - all chanted in unison.  
Pure breeze cured their devastated hearts;  
Moon consoled their tormented souls;  
Rain washed the sins of their bodies in sin.

Ferocious wind and swirling storms destroyed everything  
Except those chanting "Forgive us! O our Loving Lord."

picture of robyn selters

xyour apt phrase 'concealed filth inside golden cloaks' highlights the tragedy  
when religion is used to vilify and use women whilst professing piety

26 Aug 2013 by robyn selters | Reply

picture of VonBoy! ! !

xwonderful write.. easy to blame but hard to accept the guilt of shame :)

26 Aug 2013 by VonBoy! ! ! | Reply

picture of marvinbrato

xThe third stanza describes the corruption now happened in the Philippines where leaders pocketed the 10 Billion budget for the people. They used fake NGOs to get the money! Thanks for sharing.

18 Sep 2013 by marvinbrato

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# An Ode To Shams

AN ODE TO SHAMS

Gp Capt Matloob Bokhari

Shams' reunion gave Rumi a sublime vision.  
As the sun light made the moon beautiful,  
So, a shabbily externally dressed  
But internally adorned Shams  
Lighted Rumi's lamp with his light  
And fired his soul to see Soul Maker.  
Remembering his Divine Beloved,  
Rumi renounced the world; enjoyed  
The pleasure of heaven on earth.  
Conversed with stars, communed with moon.  
Binding his ankles with fetters,  
Maulana whirled without lute and flute.  
Hypocrites whose fast merely thirst  
Prayers sleepless night laughed at him.  
Walking in the garden of Divine Love,  
Shams taught him to live with love.  
All the angels sing this song  
And God kisses their lips.  
As butter cannot be acquired without milk,  
So Bakabillaah cannot be without Shams.  
COMMENTS : AN ODE TO SHAMS

Devon BlazeRu Rucker: An amazing poetic odyssey which records the poet's tireless quest for the invincible and everlasting spirit of freedom. What is truly remarkable about this poem is the fact that despite its profound mystical hue, it has a chiselled earthy diction, palpable symbolic underpinnings, imaginative excellence adapted so closely to our empathetic understanding of it (contrary to the eerie flights of fancy without even nuanced subtleties in an intelligible quantum), neat execution and balanced rather than unbridled or impetuous overflow of thoughts which a great many masters of narrative and mystical poetry (I have read) are tempted to ride on at times. In all, the poem matches some of the best pieces written by the Early Romantics, G M Hopkins, and probably Dylan Thomas. I'm truly fascinated by this grand, sublime, and ecstatic celebration of freedom..

Farzana Altaf: thank you for the enlightening piece it added to my

knowledge....(Iam blown away by the pure and outstanding beauty of this write...Phonemanal piece! !

Laura Bailey This is an enlightening story and beautiful poem about Rumi. You have brought much knowledge to the table which I greatly appreciate. Thanks for the tag and have a very good week!

Gaudreault C Marie Matloob.... Im speechless....I suppose it is because I never truly understood the story of Rumi... and you took the time to introduce Rumi.... and then followed it up with a magnificent writing.. an ode....I truly appreciate it.... felt like I was walking in the garden of divine love too.... outstanding works..

Cindi Silva: Beautiful tribute. I am always captivated by your writing...

Demelia Denton: Very interesting reading..and your verse very well written and delivers the story forthwith covering all aspects..Great work :)

Rukiah Annuar: Much appreciated Matloob Bokhari... for the invaluable sharing of knowledge and the love of poetry. Knowledge sharing is the best inheritance that would live on forever...

Lorraine Currelley: Thank you, for Rumi's historical background, spiritual transformation and a wonderful ode!

Sandra Delussu: thanks Matloob for bringing us a shot of the wonderful Sufi path.I love their way! ! ! Love is light, hate is heavy..

Kristy Raines: I so enjoy your poetry, Matloob. It is always so sensual and beautiful. Your words are like music. Wow... That was wonderful.

Laura Grillo Laveglia: Interesting story and even though i did not understand the poem, it was wonderfully written and held my interest! !

Rosemary Pigot: You're a wonderful writer, much appreciated.

Adrian Cooper: Absolutely Awesome. Yes. That is it - right there. Especially when Rumi said: 'a lover of God, one who summed up his whole life with the phrase, 'I burnt, and I burnt, and I burnt.' Zen is same. 'you should burn yourself completely, like a good bonfire, leaving no trace of yourself.' If - in the moment you 'die' - there is any trace left, we have to come back again to burn the rest.

Christine Nash ?: I Knew there was something I connected with in your poetry. You must be a very well read man. I also have a passion for books and can appreciate the resources and insight you draw from when reading your poems.

Ketsy Rivera: Two thumbs way up! Thanks. These are beautiful words Matloob... You've described in your poem an exquisite portrait of Rumi!

Jenda LovelyLady Poet: Matloob, you are essence of Rumi who is my favourite.

Jann Gail Jones: I have read the story of these two, Rumi and Shams. You have so beautifully summed up the relationship lesson and nature of the duo... yes, love was the uniting glue and opened the eyes to the divine (also in me and you)

.  
AVM Sajid Habib: Another message of divine love....Well written Matloob. Rumi

relates his long time intimate friend cum inspiration Shams tabrezi as a spokesperson of Creator's love for his creation... You keep the message going.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# An Ode To Truth

AN ODE TO TRUTH

Matloob Bokhari

Wind is whirling, air is swirling,  
Rocks are ringing, mounts are singing,  
Nothing lives long, nothing shines long,  
Truth shines forever, truth is eternal,  
Truth is a morning dew, truth a drop of rain,  
Truth is endless day, truth changeless spring,  
Truth is beauty of a pious woman's face,  
Truth pleases eyes; truth strikes hearts,  
Truth empty handed enters, shoeless leaves,  
Truth never conquers land, nor triumphs minds,  
Truth is a pure gold; truth has no fear of fire,  
Truth never advertises; never propagates,  
Truth never dwells in the heart of distrust.  
Truth is an island of bliss, truth is in peace,  
Truth is Heer's dance, truth Sohni's shriek,  
Truth's pot never sinks in the ocean of earth.  
Truth's sun never sets, truth forever shines,  
Truth beats death, Truth not subject to decay,  
Truth is living graves of Medina and Najaf,  
Truth is ever flowing blood of holy Christ,  
Truth is a pilgrim without sandals in Karbala.

COMMENTS: AN ODE TO TRUTH

Abdul Jawad: There is nothing greater than truth in this world. So nice and beautifully narrated. Like and appreciate your work very much.

Maree Scarlett: It reminds me of the feeling of a dervish whirling... 'The sun of logic and reason whirls away. When sees a flame in a lover's heart'.. it does have a beloved /; over feel to it in a sufi and radha and krishna type way too.

Dawn Kilby: uplifting, soul stirring definitely!

Mythville MetaMedia: Love how the repeated line gets stronger as the poem rolls on. Sufi?

Starr Poetress: How precious are your words to the heart!

Jann Gail Jones: Oooo! I so love this dear Matloob! You are such a talented writer on top of a deep thinker. The combination is divine. My favorite line is, 'Truth empty handed enters, shoeless leaves' that says so much! xox

picture of MIMI :)

xA repetition of truth, indeed it is truth. The more there is not to lie about the more the world more happier and better. With truth, we can all see the sunrise tomorrow without any trouble. It takes us back to the story of Adam and Eve, if there was truth in between, maybe we would all be living in paradise. Truth is the only key to success, if we all have some truth in us and everywhere else, what life would be hard? Great write.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Angel Of Death

ANGEL OF DEATH  
MATLOOB BOKHARI

I know one day the great wheel will turn over  
Just as I came into the world, I will go away  
The night in black dress will announce my death  
My body will be buried in the endless darkness

Flowers in sorrow will sing hymn of grief,  
Morning breeze embracing flowers will mourn  
Lovers hugging beauty will sing mournful lyrics

Not in grave, you are buried in our hearts  
Rain will drop the holy water on my grave  
Angel of death will sing on my tomb  
'He will have no fear  
He will never be alone  
He is a lover of Allah's beloved  
He is a Majnun al Hussain.'

C.O.N. - Beautiful rhyming fantastic flow

slick - Title / intro is: this is totally horrible I never read something so foul

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Aphrodite

Muhabat was an artist who loved his work.  
Someone had given dreams to his dream.  
Wanted to sculpt her to make her immortal.  
To translate his dream into reality,  
Worked with devotion in a dark damp room.  
At last, he carved a life-sized sculpture.  
Nothing was lacking; nothing superfluous.  
Once, he was sitting in a speechless dejection.  
His Murshud asked, "You achieved heart's desire;  
Now why are you overwhelmed with grief? '  
My Murshud, "Pray to bring the statue to life"  
'Nothing is impossible for a true lover;  
Sprinkle your blood in the name of Love  
And wait for miracle, ' Said the Murshud.  
He sprinkled blood; transformation took place.  
He saw sculpture turning into a woman.  
Looking at moon-like face, star-shine eyes,  
Swan's elegant neck and blonde hair,  
Muhabat yelled, 'More beautiful than imagined."  
Aphrodite looked at him with abhorrence.  
A rude smile curved her lips, she left the room.  
As she left, a torrential rain started.  
Shepherds singing ballads with bleating sheep returned.  
They saw white angels descending from the heaven  
To chaperone Muhabat's soul to The Most Beautiful.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Au Re Voir My School

AU RE VOIR MY SCHOOL

Matloob Bokhari

May the gentle wind send fragrance in your campus!

May your sports grounds be full of yelling crowds!

May the delicious sunbeams warm your happy houses!

May the rays of moon peep in your balmy classrooms!

May the stars of the sky shine in your echoing corridors!

May the rainbow colours blossom dreams in young souls!

May the breeze play with tender cheeks of young dreamers!

May the refreshing rain fall on cream-white rose petals!

May the songbirds serenade Pak Waten in your gardens!

Sweet is the memory of the time, my school, we were together!

Your reminiscence brings joy, forgetting you in life is hard!

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Badar Jamal

BADAR JAMAL

Matloob Bokhari

In the peace of a luminous summer night,  
I was sitting on a small silent rock all alone,  
Watching the sky, radiated with glowing moon  
Trailing behind the small fleecy clouds.  
The stars were shining like lovely gems.  
Overwhelmed by the serenity of night,  
The vessel of my imagination began to sail  
On the green sea under the ethereal sky.  
I felt transported into a valley of flowers  
Where mountains rose majestic in their might,  
Where sun kissed hills, aglow with mellow light,  
Where rippling streams went purling through the glen,  
Where the scent of flowers had filled the breeze.  
In the midst of singing birds and fragrant shrubs.  
There was a silver lake, glistening in the vale.  
Saiful Malook on Malka Parbat was playing flute.  
Badar Jamal - a gentle and beauteous maid  
Was caged by a demon in the middle of lake  
Ah! the married demon and unmarried Badar Jamal  
Ah! without love, wed is sunless sky, a garden of faded roses  
In utter depression, Badar Jamal prayed to lord  
With sighing trees for freedom to fly.  
Saiful Malook who was in love with Badar Jamal  
Prayed, longed and yearned to set her free.  
For years, he wandered lonely as a fleecy cloud  
Praying with the countless stars from dusk to morn.  
One day, he spotted yonder a White Milk Light  
Who offered Saiful Malook the water of faith  
Which made him walk on quiet mass of lake.  
Then sprinkled his blood on the door of the cage.  
The bars of golden cage were broken; she soared cloud-high  
Floating in the air; soaring over the mountain top  
In rejoice, she and Saiful Maluk sang a song of love  
'Happy union is full of joy; forced bed is moving on fire

'Together, we shall burn the light of love in the dark alleys  
Together, we shall sing the glory of love in the broken hearts.

Eternal joy is the beauty of Badar Jamal  
Eternal joy is the love of Saiful Maaluk  
Truth is Jamal; All faith Saiful Maaluk.&quot;

COMMENTS: BADAR JAMAL

Deepak Choudhary An amazing poetic odyssey which records the poet's tireless quest for the invincible and everlasting spirit of freedom. What is truly remarkable about this poem is the fact that despite its profound mystical hue, it has a chiselled earthy diction, palpable symbolic underpinnings, imaginative excellence adapted so closely to our empathetic understanding of it (contrary to the eerie flights of fancy without even nuanced subtleties in an intelligible quantum) , neat execution and balanced rather than unbridled or impetuous overflow of thoughts which a great many masters of narrative and mystical poetry (I have read) are tempted to ride on at times. In all, the poem matches some of the best pieces written by the Early Romantics, G M Hopkins, and probably Dylan Thomas. I'm truly fascinated by this grand, sublime, and ecstatic celebration of freedom.... Thank you so much for sharing this poem, dear siJ UnitedPoets AndArtists; Love those last 5 lines. What a tale this is! You are absolutely brilliant at writing like this. Really lured me into the read, and didn't let go until it was over. Nicely done.

Jann Gail Jones: That pretty well sums up the history of the world! Let's return to the temple of truth.. Our hearts full of love. Excellent as usual!

Fazeela Mollick: After I read Matloob's words my heart began to pound. I felt every word to the core.

Sylvia Frances Chan: xA most beautiful about love so honest and true9n all its you for sharing these most beautiful love poem.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Come, Aye Come

COME, AYE COME!

Matloob Bokhari

Come, aye Come!

O the beauty of heaven!

Night in richly coloured dress is welcoming, come!

O the glory of stars!

Night stars like diamonds are welcoming, come!

O the ornament of moon!

In your absence, bright moon is welcoming,

Come!

O the queen of sky!

Scented air in night freshness is welcoming, come!

O the north polar star!

Moth orbiting round light has utterly consumed

Without form or body, is a part of beauty, come!

O the queen of light!

Carol of birds is playing melody sweet in tune.

My heart beating; cold callous gust started blowing.

Night has rolled hours away; moist has dampened my heart.

Deep in darkness, I am all-alone, weak, weary and dreary

Come, aye come! !

Come, Aye come!

Sylvia Frances Chan Your mesmerizing poetry is in full bloom presented in its flowery language. By using these metaphors, you have created again another archaic poetry. My great compliments, dear poet friend! This is so heart warming in this time where everyone uses rude language. I have enjoyed and am overjoyed your captivating write! ! ! !

Barbara Wühr Matloob- you are "Priest of the moon"; your love poems have strong influence ... lunar effect on the minds of those who can see and feel

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Dance

DANCE

Matloob Bokhari

He who listens the music,  
But does not dance in his heart is deaf.  
He who sees the light,  
But does not dance in the sun is blind.  
He who teaches,  
But does not dance in the class is a tot.  
He who receives the pleasure of heart,  
But does not dance is not a Farhad.  
He who soars on the wings of poesy,  
But does not dance is a fluttering bird.  
He who sees the Eternal Light,  
But does not dance has not discovered Truth.  
O my friend, when the intellect dies,  
Then the soul flies to live in the house of Lord  
Where everything moves in perfect love;  
Everything dances in perfect harmony.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Dance Of Life

DANCE OF LIFE  
MATLOOB BOKHARI

Clear prattles of rain were falling on trees  
White birds flying in the clean blue air  
Lovers wearing white dresses were sitting on green grass  
Sunshine in ecstasy was playing with simple leaves of nature  
In delight, I lost myself in pathless woods and on lonely shores  
In the depth of solitude, loneliness taught me first lesson of love  
And I went on a spiritual pilgrimage of Mecca, Medina and Najaf  
I heard Muhammad pronouncing Man Kun Tu Maula  
I saw all lovers singing Ali, Ali, Ali Maula  
King of all lovers is Ali Maula, Ali Maula  
Rumi, Shams were dancing, qalandars, saints were singing  
Yalali yalali yala, yala yala re man tunko maula  
All flowers of valley were smiling, I was dancing in mad joy  
Then wonder opened the inward eyes of my soul  
Finally, I communed with my beloved, listened her talking to me  
Allahho Allahho, La Ilaha Illahoo, Allahhoo, Allahhoo, hooo, hoo

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Do You Remember

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Matloob Bokhari

Do you remember the night, we walked hand in hand?  
Do you remember the sound of your rhythmic steps?  
Do you remember the hearts filled with loving dreams?  
Do you remember the midnight stars glistening and singing?  
Do you remember the fragrance of sandal trees in the air?  
Do you remember souls uplifted- walking upon stars?  
Do you remember souls wandering away from worries?  
Do you remember jackals howling at mid night?  
Star of stars, I remember millions of memories.  
I remember your fluffy hair, rosy lips, your sparkling looks.  
I remember your soft blushes; face quivering in the moon.  
I remember your white arms round my waist; your sweet dimpling smile.  
I remember your lily- white cheeks rouged by kisses.  
I remember your solace embrace under odorous tree.  
I remember your words sweeter than heavenly music.  
I remember the silent language of love muted all the music.  
I remember your gazing in the air; dragging steps; Ah, depart.  
I remember your sullen cares; greed of your father.  
I remember the stormy night; your marriage with wealth.  
I remember your sighs, weeping with sea-eyes.  
I remember your lonely journey through sadness.  
I remember the wan depression had dimmed your radiance.  
I remember your suffering from tuberculosis.  
I remember your counting days to meet your Creator.  
I am on your grave with withered flowers in my hand.  
My life is a vale of tears, full of thorns of sorrows.  
You are in grave, but still smile in my dreams.  
You are my first thought in sunrise, last in sunset.  
In realm of rest is written on your red coffin with pearls shining white:  
'No maiden shall ever be given for money. O! My dear, dear father.'

COMMENTS: DO YOU REMEMBER?

Veronica Benson Mullins: Such an impactful piece of so many emotions and so

descriptive. I really like your work.

Sandra Delussu: what a beauty and what a sadness this crazy rule!

Madan Gandhi: A poignant heart-touching poem, competently crafted.

Laura Bailey: So very sad yet brilliantly evocative!

Habib Abodunrin Zakari: This is sure a masterpiece.

Laura Grillo Laveglia: Excellent my friend! ! This is a beautiful poem, but my heart cries for you!

Alma Delacruz Gossman: Well done, evocative and loving ~ crafted with care and engaging...

Sand Tucker: May I just say this floored me? So much emotion and passion, such sadness and indignation. Most excellent, Matloob.

Tod McNeal: The circle of life in poetry...with a sidebar on arranged marriage seems. 'You are in grave, but still smile in my dreams.' Hope you will tell us more about the inspirations for this poem Matloob! ?

Gloria Rodikis: Oh it's a lovely romantic poem, as beautiful as a clean air!

Kristy Raines: Nicely expressed, Matloob. Very Sad. I could feel the pain. It's a wonderful write Matloob! !

Michele Vizzotti-White: Wow this is intense, You are an amazing writer like Ernest Hemingway

Farzana Altaf: Brilliant Matloob Bokhar Sahib, you have unique way of expressing yourself in poetry. I look forward to your poetic endeavors because I know that they'll be fascinating quality read.

Isabelle Black Smith: Wow! What a truly touching and heartfelt write, Matloob. Such a sad, yet poignant tale. I love this line most especially...

'I remember the silent language of love muted all the music.'

Your closing imagery coupled with your final words is so very powerful: An amazing poem you have woven here, my friend. Bravo! ! Blessings

Zeest Khan: Made me speechless. I have no words to praise it. It's heart

touching indeed sir first time aik naye andaaz mein baap sy mohbt k ezhaar ki jalak daiki aap poetry ki book ku publish nhe krawaty?

Jennifer Long: oh my... what a write... such passion and purity... love it so much! It brings tears to my eyes... so passionate and filled with love.

Gloria Rodikis: It's lovely and enfolded in woeful romanticism!

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Dream

DREAM

MATLOOB BOKHARI

In a dream, I am where meadows are in  
bloom,  
Where days are full of spring flowers  
Nights are packed with incense burning  
tables  
Where gentle breeze exhales his sweet  
breath,  
Where silky girls with long necks are dancing  
in arms  
Where women, brilliantly white with shining  
skin,  
Are weaving necklaces of narcissus flowers  
Boys are wearing garlands of white violets  
Tender girls, wearing royal and rich perfume  
Are speaking honey-coloured words with  
sweet lips  
All are happy, laughing and drinking  
Singing, dancing, embracing and kissing  
Where enemies are killed not by bombs but kisses  
Here, everyone speaks sweetly, laughs attractively  
With shining faces and joyous hearts

Karyn Walker Brother Matloob,

Love conquers all is what you honestly express,  
in lines that deserve the best and nothing less.  
Wishing you happiness sweetness and a pen  
that continues to compose with vigor and zest!  
Reaching always from the North,  
south, east, and west!  
Sending all my love,  
? Karishmananda

Michele Vizzotti-White Heavenly, thats cool that the boys r wearing flowers. I love the laughs attractively line... people w/ unattractive laughs bother me a little more then they should...well versed or should i say dreamed...

Connie Hofacker Hemmerich Senter You dream of peace, my dear friend...I too dream of peace. Beautiful poem, Matloob, thank you, for sharing....perhaps one day, our dreams will become reality. I pray it will be so, in our lifetimes.

Sandra Delussu where is this place, Matloob? ...it's worth a visit, isn't it?

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Durkhanae

DURKHANAE

Matloob Bokhari

Faraz, on a hill top in the wooden dell,  
Saw Durkhanae, shepherding a herd of sheep.  
Her green robe, a veil of red linen round her head,  
Her curly hair, lily-white skin and rhythmic gait  
Touched the very heart and soul of Faraz.  
With inexpressible sweetness, she spoke to him.  
In flowery mead, you turned my solitude into a song.  
In glen, days passed like dreams; nights like weddings.  
One night, stars were in full splendour round radiant moon.  
Brighter than white goddess, she was lying on grass like a jewel.  
The thick dark clouds had covered the sky.  
The howling wind broke the spell of amorous love.  
In sunshine of life, Faraz forgot days of dismal rain.  
He turned over a new leaf, leaving Durkhanae in pain.  
In the valley of gloom, she passed the days in grief.  
Wearily lying in the masses of tangled weeds,  
All the girls born under the unhappy star  
Sang a song in the dismal rain.  
&quot;Those who deceive, God will throw them in nether hell.&quot;  
Crawling on his hands and knees, Faraz chanted:  
&quot;Durkhanae, O Durkhanae, keeps yourself away,  
Man on this planet is a monstrous beast indeed.&quot;

picture of LaSoaphia QuXazs

xYou are the real poet, have a great imagination. Love your poem.

17 Oct 2013 by LaSoaphia QuXazs DURKHANE

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Ecstasy

ECSTASY

MATLOOB BOKHARI

Clear prattles of rain were falling on trees  
White birds flying in the clean blue air  
Lovers wearing white dresses were sitting on green grass  
Sunshine in ecstasy was playing with simple leaves of nature  
In delight, I lost myself in pathless woods and on lonely shores  
In the depth of solitude, loneliness taught me first lesson of love  
And I went on a spiritual pilgrimage of Mecca, Medina and Najaf  
I heard Muhammad pronouncing Man Kun Tu Maula  
I saw all lovers singing Ali, Ali, Ali Maula  
King of all lovers is Ali Maula, Ali Maula  
Rumi, Shams were dancing, qalandars, saints were singing  
Yalali yalali yala, yala yala re man tunko maula  
All flowers of valley were smiling, I was dancing in mad joy  
Then wonder opened the inward eyes of my soul  
Finally, I communed with my beloved, listened her talking to me  
Allahho Allahho, La Ilaha Illahoo, Allahhoo, Allahhoo, hooo, hoo

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Eid Mubarak

EID MUBARAK

Matloob Bokhari

I am a hungry, naked, homeless boy,  
Unloved, unhappy is the story of my life.  
My father lives in layers of misery.  
His heavy heart with pillow moans.  
I cannot see this saddest sight.  
So, in terrible loneliness, I sob.  
Grieving vilely day and night,  
My mother finally thanked her Lord.  
Then my sister, in distress, rested in peace.  
I thank God for their delighted depart.  
With empty pocket and empty hands,  
I beg and steal in the busy streets.  
In the land of injustice, stand in front of palaces,  
And stare at the misfortunes of my life.  
O materially rich, spiritually poor countrymen,  
I wish you Eid Mubarrak,  
Simply, waiting for pale death,  
In helplessness and hopelessness,  
Your poor son.

picture of Mykawaii Leader

xSometimes we are not fortunate to save the ones we love..cruel is fate and tough is love. Goodwrite sir! ^-^

13 Oct 2013 by Mykawaii Leader | Reply

picture of Miss B

xLovely.....although eid has passed, eid mubarak my friend

13 Oct 2013 by Miss B | Reply

picture of Just Arun

xThis is quite good we need to think on and fix these things. But something that amazes me about poverty. I have seen a group of Indian children living in a room built of 2by4 and boxes but they have a clean shirt and pant on maybe only one. Bring them a soccer ball and their eyes light up. In the west with our play stations and X-boxes our sports cars and toys I have never seen quite that level of joy at all brought on for them by a simple soccer ball.

13 Oct 2013 by Just Arun | Reply

picture of Mykawaii Leader

xThey don't have much because their knowledge is limited to religion..they need more science and less religion..it's good to believe in your dreams..but reality comes first..we allknow this.

13 Oct 2013 by Mykawaii Leader | Reply

picture of RAJ NANDY

xFriend wishing you Eid Mubarrak too! I think Bakri Eid is on the 16th of this month!

13 Oct 2013 by RAJ NANDY | Reply

picture of Miss B

xReligion is wonderful if you follow it's teachings of love and kindness to other people in the world.....i tend not to follow any of the organized kind but I have faith in the goodness of people and I find beauty in the message.....so I wish all my Muslim friends wonderful days to come, and for u as well Matloob! :)

13 Oct 2013 by Miss B | Reply

picture of Sandra Martyres

xeid Mubarak to you...

13 Oct 2013 by Sandra Martyres | Reply

picture of MATLOOB BOKHARI

xThanks my dear friend. my purpose of writing this is to remember the poor on all festivals

13 Oct 2013 by MATLOOB BOKHARI | Reply

picture of Lidi Mendelsohn

xA very touching poem. Thanks for sharing.

14 Oct 2013 by Lidi Mendelsohn

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Everything Is Mine When You Are Mine

O Allah, enthroned in the highest high sky

Living in the deepest depth of my heart

Your palace is in the highest heaven

But You reside in the expanse of earth

You are remote spectator of the world

But You are imminent in every creation

I cannot see You, You are invisible

But You Unseen are seen everywhere

I need not call You for help

You are my ever ready helper

You smile in the lily flower

You shine in the dewdrop

O All-seeing One, nothing can hide you

You know every thing crossing my mind

You can find in the depth of my heart

You are ruling the realm of endless light

You created the light of the sun

Filled every object of the earth with light

You are light, rest everything is darkness

You are moving everything

But you are moved by none

You are Changeless, You are Unmoved

You are Endless, You are Deathless

You are Boundless, You are Ageless

I surrender myself to You

I submit myself to Your will

I have everything when I have You

When You are with me

I am rich in poverty

I am strong in my weakness

I am happy in my misery

Guide me when I lose my track

Or wander away from You

Everything is mine when You are mine

True Faith is said to have moved mountains! Love of God is reflected in the love of humanity! For He dwells in each one of us! Thanks, -Raj

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Eyes

EYES

MATLOOB BOKHARI

When you looked at me  
The fire of your eyes created  
Deep waves in the sea of my soul  
I am drowning deeper and deeper  
In the wide ocean of infinite love  
These eyes, these beautiful eyes  
Made me see deep in the ocean  
And imbibe wisdom from starry sky  
These eyes, these beautiful eyes  
Painted kindness on my mind;  
inscribed love on my heart

Gbolu - Wow!

Title / intro is: Really inviting!

Something to work on is: Nothing. It's beautiful as is.

My favorite line is: Painted kindness on my mind; And inscribed love on my heart

It's a good poem. These eyes of mine really loved reading about those eyes; those beautiful eyes.

Nice job

Stormy22 - Something to work on is: Capitals at the beginning of every sentence.... (A personal dislike) .

My favorite line is: All of it actually...

Very beautiful words, full of passion and emotion.

Great post

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Fairy

FAIRY

Matloob Bokhari

Like a star you shone in my life  
And filled my heart with joy.  
Intellect, beauty and soft words  
From you, I imbibe wisdom, thoughts sublime.  
Like jewels, gems, rubies your style sparkles.  
Rare and unique, sure you are.  
Not just one person but world to me.  
When you depart, O symphony of my heart,  
I pray you may remain sweet as you are.  
I know that one day we all will die,  
Streams of dreams of light and songs  
Of love will flow on and on.

This is really s true divine song, . dear Matloob. Thank you very much for sharing.

29 Apr 2014 by Sylvia Frances Chan

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Fancy

FANCY

Matloob Bokhari

I listened the sound of refreshing rain,  
And heard the dearest song of nightingale.  
I saw Baby walking in the gentle rain.  
Fleecy clouds laying arms round her neck.  
Silver drops in pure delight kissing her lips.  
Sweet breeze blowing through her hair.  
Rainbow by raindrops studded on her rosy cheeks.  
I woke up when she called my name.  
My soul knelt down to thank my Kind Lord  
Who blessed me fancy – the greatest artist.  
O! When the door of my soul is opened,  
Ideas descend as soft rain from the sky.  
Sitting alone by the fire in my study, I hear  
Whistling wind and symphony of rain drops.  
I smell wet soil, perfume of meadow flowers;  
See Baby appearing as a column of light  
And the sky with rainbow in her hand.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Fine Madness

FINE MADNESS

MATLOOB BOKHARI

Whenever I am all alone

My feelings runs deeper than ocean

And faster than a fast flowing river

My heart walks in your memory lane.

I smile for no reason

People call me mad.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Flute

FLUTE

MATLOOB BOKHARI

In a full moon night, I saw a Darvash,

He was in love of the love of Love.

Wearing a flowers crown; flute in his hands,

Playing in ecstasy from the soul his soul song.

All those dissolved in love were in pleasant glee;

Deer entranced, stones illumined and flowers danced.

Shining moon, twinkling stars flowed in a river of joy.

Flute notes mingled with the music of universal love,

Babbling brooks, whispering pines, singing wind,

And gushing rills played the flute of universal love.

Heavenly music silenced the rumble of dark clouds,

The rhythm of rain washed away the noise of violence

Souls purified, hearts softened in the valley full of melody

All sung in the praise of beauty, love, truth and peace.

joy was in the air; , calmness in blue sky and peace in the valley.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Freedom

FREEDOM

MATLOOB BOKHARI

O the lowest low of my nation  
O thousands locked up unjustly  
O the poor with empty stomachs  
O sleepers of long, lonely, helpless night  
Here is no food, ignorance is everywhere  
Here money, power, status are ruling  
Come out singing "Freedom, freedom"  
Let us break the unkind laws  
Let us bend the iron bars  
Let us gash the stone walls  
Let us see not destination  
Let us cry freedom, our freedom  
Let us welcome the rising sun

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Full Moon

FULL MOON

MATLOOB BOKHARI

I saw a moving full moon over the sea

Then I saw the face of a maiden in quiet night

I stopped and said, 'O beauty of the moon! O beat of my heart! O magic of my soul!

Moon tries to imitate your face and

Rose tries to copy your lips in vain! '

My friends!

When I saw her; I lost all the paths of life

I forgot the shine of the twinkling stars

Nor remember the beauty of the moon

Fire of love is burning now in my heart

Hay, flowers and blue air are dancing

With me in the temple of my soul

Stars, moon and graceful night sky

Are praying with me in my whole pious heart.

Maudzen15 - Enjoyable

Very nice ode to the Moon, nicely penned, pleasant to read, thanks for

persiankhushi - Very sweet, lovely piece

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Hussain

HUSSAIN

Matloob Bokhari

Spiritual struggle continued against despots;

Declaring all humanity one source, one God.

Abrahamic prophets rose against tyrants.

Father of Islam jumped into Nimrod's fire

And wielded his mace to destroy his idols.

Moses with staff stormed Pharaoh's palace

And brought down the powerful Croesus.

The prophet of Islam was friend of paupers;

Friend of those nobody greeted with salaam.

A slave stood in front of nobles in Ghoba.

But ignorance, soon, replaced revolution.

Under black ashes of defeat, smouldered

Red threat of a potential explosion.

Those who sold their souls, used religion

As an instrument to suppress humanity.

Ideas were paralyzed; beliefs destroyed.

Man started suppressing in God's name.

Man started killing in the name of religion.

Power of the tyrant with sword, deception,  
Brought a pall of stifled silence upon everyone.  
Income from taxes from Rome, Iran and Arabs,  
Spent on Green Palace fairer than in fairy tales;  
On Iranian musicians with Roman dancers.  
The great revolutionary had died in Rabazeh.  
Remaining brought under lashes of dominance.  
In this age of suppression and black dictatorship,  
Some crawled off into the niche of the mosque,  
No hoot of an owl was heard in the ruins of faith.  
Hussain emerged from sorrowful home of Fatima  
And rebelled against the most dissolute oppression.  
Struggling through glorious power of faith,  
Inheritor of the movement, launched by prophets.  
With no army, no weapons, no wealth, no force  
Left Makkah to meet death - ornament for mankind.  
Death as beautiful as necklace around neck of a girl.  
Quran his arms, Prophets' customs shield, faith defense.  
Hussain, heir of Adam, sacrificed his friends and sons  
On the threshold of temple of freedom and altar of love.  
Holding blood, flowing from throat of his son in hands

Requested his Lord to accept this sacrifice.

This innocent death protected great Revolution.

On evening before Ashura, Hussain- a lonely man

Washed himself, put on best clothes, used perfumes.

Requested his sister to remember him in prayers.

Inheritor of patience from Prophets; valour from Ali

Finally embarked on a voyage to meet his Lord.

Hussain, victim of revival of 'Neo-ignorance' age,

Has been concealed by the greatness of Hussain.

Logic paralyses, mind perplexes to read the sacrifice.

In flow of river, flowing on is the movement of Hussain

Yazid died, his rule ended, Hussain died, his rule began.

#### COMMENTS: HUSSAIN

Isabelle Black Smith: Wow! Such an intriguing and powerful write you have composed, Matloob. Your words are so rich in history, courage, wisdom and a legacy of undying truth. It is sad, but a fact of our history nonetheless, that so many have used religion throughout the ages as a means to further their own agenda... an agenda of oppression, mistruths and sadly sometimes of violence. These usurpers fail to realize that a higher power ultimately will come to an end and their hold upon 'truth' will deteriorate, disintegrating into dust and blowing away in the winds of change as the righteousness of the Supreme Divinity prevails. I love your conclusion... 'In flow of river, flowing on is movement of Hussain Yazid died, his rule ended, Hussain died, his rule began.' Even in death supreme truth will prevail. A brilliant write. Bravo! !

Farzana Altaf: This poetry brings tears to my eyes every time I read it, it's powerful.. So much in so few words so much passion in choosing of each words, so much pain in the words unspoken... Really I have a lump in my throat...

Rukiah Annuar: Awesome write... profoundly inked, beautiful inspiration.. syabas

Cindi Silva ?: Wow! Very powerful write... thought provoking. It makes me sad that humankind still hasn't evolved enough to find strength in our interconnectedness and work together to eliminate at least a part of human suffering. Great write!

Em Meile: Inspiring story and poetry, Matloob,

Jennifer Long: wow.... prolific powerhouse of prophetic poetry!

Michele Vizzotti-White: I have said before, but I will say again you are an excellent writer!

Gavriel Navarro: Wow! ! this is an amazing write! ! I am in awe.

Satyender ParkashAas: Thoughtful, humanitarian, progressive, existentialist.

Laura Bailey: A very interesting write - Full of historic importance and very well delineated with your writing.

Sandra Delussu: I love this with all my heart....your beautiful style of writing...and forgive me not knowing about Hussain. Now I know him more, I know an old story, reminding me, the Sinedrio and Jesus....crazy patterns repeating in history. Darkness gaming on darkness...always rebirthing! I am thankful to know something about this wonderful era!

Frances Anna Ayers: Hazrat Imam Hussain and his followers made the supreme sacrifice to fight the oppressor and win justice. Touching write. You told his story in vivid detail and have a good sense of history!

Madan Gandhi: Superb, a powerful poem that rings with spirit of rebellion against tyranny and injustice, a heart-felt tribute to invincible spirit of man, recounted through the saga of Hussain's sacrifice/martyrdom. It is one of the best poems, well crafted, smooth flowing rhythm, wizardry of words, interspersed with apt images, informed by intensity of feeling.

Jann Gail Jones: A sad testament to the cruelties of man to man in the name of God. And a wonderful testament to those are heroic enough to stand tall in their beliefs.

Alma Delacruz Gossman: What an epic and formidable piece you have shared with us....My heart goes out to you and I know with your good intentions and following, you are bringing relief to many and I have faith that eventually...we as kindred spirits will eventually find it in our hearts to ascend as One, I will hold the faith to support all for that so needed and so deserving peace.... I am in awe

of such a powerful piece.

picture of Miss B

xYou know, Matloob, I respect so much the extent to which u stick being ure faith. It's really a beautiful thing. Keep doing ure thing my friend! 29 Oct 2013 by Miss B | Reply

picture of marvinbrato

Jan G. -

A good poetic account of the Shi'ite approach to the history of Islam. Another Hussein might be required to correct once again what came of the Islamic Republic. Oppression loves to speak in the name of liberation it once embraced.

- Surely a masterpiece Sir..

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Hypocrisy

hypocrisy

MATLOOB BOKHARI

O hypocrite, wearing many masks  
Fond of judging others, not yourself  
Liar, treacherous, jealous and mischief maker

Your good deeds are with wicked intentions  
Preach modesty but live in the cradle of luxury

Preach mortal fear and have immortal desires

Preach moral and pass an immoral life

Hands full of blood, tongue full of violence  
Praying for paradise, making world a hell  
O vain talker, you love God but kill your brother  
You love the prophet but slaughter his flesh

Your permanent abode is in the lowest circle of hell  
My friends, I have learnt this lesson from my life  
Drinking wine and praising beauty is far better  
Than drinking innocent blood and plucking beauty

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# I Am A Fighter Pilot

I AM A FIGHTER PILOT  
MATLOOB BOKHARI

I am a fighter pilot  
I am born to fly.

High and swift

Alone and serene

Up in the silky sky

With majestic beauty,

I fly to the rising sun

I ride on fleecy clouds

I live in the blue sky

I am a fighter pilot  
I am born to fly

I am gentle, brave, awful,

I soar above unclimbed peaks

I talk with the whistling wind

I play with morning breeze

I dance on the mountain top

I roll and glide, wheel and spin,

I roam in heaven with grace

Where eagles never dare

I fly with fire and steel

I am a fighter pilot

I am born to fly.

I am light in the darkness

While others sleep

I watch in the night

Only those who dedicate their lives

Should join my profession bright

I am a fighter pilot

I am born to fly.

My enemy salutes my courage

They are afraid of my might

Nothing equals my skill

How brave I am,

The stars will tell

I am a fighter pilot

I am born to fly.

O Allah who for their country stand

Soar above land and sea and in space

Kind God guide them all who fly

Grant them thy mercy and grace

Guard them, our guardians of day and night

Protect them we love them very much at home

I am Pakistan Air Force

I am pride of Pakistan

.

I am a fighter pilot

I am born to fly

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# I Am A Lonely Traveler

I AM A LONELY TRAVELER

Matloob Bokhari

O my sad heart, I am a lonely traveler  
I have secret sorrows, which no one knows  
My soul is wandering in silence, aimlessly  
I am a sable cloud, shifting and drifting  
I am a flowerless garden, without nightingale  
I am a pale moon, walking in the darkness of sky  
I am an eagle, soaring over the snowy peaks  
I am a lofty oak tree, facing the flames of sun  
I am the son of white storm,  
I am an oak tree, standing on the peak  
I am a tired dreamer  
And a lonely traveler

COMMENTS

xHow can a poem titled, 'I am the most lonely person, ' sit here without a comment? Hello Mr. Lonely. I'm sure your heart is as lovely as your poem here so may good company join you soon.30 May 2015 by honest harriet | Reply

picture of MATLOOB BOKHARI

xThis is not a poem This is moaning. heavy heart is heaving 30 May 2015 by MATLOOB BOKHARI | Reply

picture of RAJ NANDY

xRead your poem after a long break, and do identify myself with what you have said! For the last 6 long months I am with 'Hello Poetry'! I find you have stopped posting too! Hope all is well. Take care, -Raj,14th July 201514 Jul 2015 by RAJ NANDY | Reply

picture of Sylvia Frances Chan

xVery touching poetry. But excellently worded, what you wish to tell us, is here clearest. Thank you for sharing this saddest piece. We still have God to talk to or ask to solve the problems IF you have any. God is Greatest and Mightiest.29 Jul 2015 by Sylvia Frances Chan | Reply

picture of Stiltskin's Gold

xOh my Matloob how I feel your pain my old friend...in my search for inner truth I have had to separate from my wife and give up the bulk of my worldly

goods....I am adrift in an unknown future but I am at Peace inside. That Peace has come at the cost of everything. The conflict I had was not between good and evil...that would be too easy! No, my conflict was between my inner goodness and my inner truth....I had to face the consequences of misplaced good intentions and move forward in truth....or I would have gone mad! The pain is strong but the Peace is worth anything....how are you....lol..... :) 7 Oct 2015 by Stiltskin's Gold | Reply

picture of Sylvia Frances Chan

xWhen you are feeling lonely, pray to God or Allah. He will hear all your stories, yearnings and complaints. Sure, PLEASE, DO IT. If you don't do it, it is a logic case that you will feel lonely and ARE LONELY ALL THE TIME. You are smart enough19 Nov 2015 by Sylvia Frances Chan | Reply

picture of Sylvia Frances Chan

xYOU ARE lonely? Please PRAY TO God or Allah, but START TO PRAY. You are smart enough to know this. IF YOU are still complaining, gthen I know that you HAVE NOT PRAYED YET. The choice is yours.19 Nov 2015 by Sylvia Frances Chan | Reply

NiklussiX - """"I am a sable cloud, shifting and drifting

I am a flowerless garden, without nightingale

I am a pale moon, walking in the darkness of sky""""

GORGEOUS! ! ! ! ! ! ! i

""""I am an eagle, soaring over the snowy peaks

I am a lofty oak tree, facing the flames of sun

I am the son of white storm, """"

AMAZING! ! ! ! ! ! ! i

I am a tired dreamer too and this poem is utterly BEAUTIFUL in it's sadness. I hope everything is well with you and you are HAPPY, WEALTHY and WISE! ! ! ! ! i

EXCELLENT WORK! ! ! ! ! ! ! i

PEACE BE EVER WITH YOU

MY FRIEND! ! ! ! ! ! ! i < Less

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# I Am A Teacher

I AM A TEACHER

Matloob Bokhari

I am a light giver - a luminous sun - a liberator.  
My thoughts unchain rebels from Zeus' lock-up.  
I dance in time in the domain of thoughts.  
My clock dictates the rhythm of my life.  
I burn a candle in the dark caves of minds.  
My ideas shatter chains of slavery.  
I listen voice, coming from rills and leafs.  
My thoughts wander in wonder and fancy.  
I am mysterion, a nameless poet and a lover.  
My eyes can see in darkness within darkness.  
I am an artist, painting seven colours of rainbow.  
My room is flowery, balmy, artistically pleasing.  
I invent a world of stars and moons in souls.  
My ideas grow flowers in the garden of learners.  
I am an ocean of compassion and river of love.  
My heart is more tender than a lotus-petal.  
I ponder over darksome fate of those who weep.  
My students sing hymns of equality and justice.  
I work with devotion to bloom flowering dreams.  
My aim is to distribute joy, joy is my reward.

## COMMENTS: I AM A TEACHER

William Manson: welcome, a great piece full of imagery

Chaya Rosen: Much thanks for writing a poem on the most inspiring work.

Teaching! ! Lovely poetic visionary write.

Daveda Gruber: It is wonderful to teach when you have beauty in your heart. A wonderful poem

Terry C. Lewis: Great write, we can all be teachers of wisdom and be great characters and role models.

Be blessed,

Helen McManus: Teachers are worth their weight in gold! !

Mary Ann Duhart: Well done my. A teacher indeed. I enjoyed the rhythm and

flow of this lovely piece.

Rukiah Annuar: Magnificent ink... eloquently expressed verses.

Jann Gail Jones: OUTSTANDING Matloob! I simply must share with my son who is a teacher in a university. This is beautiful!

Em Meile Matloob: I really love this...you have captured the heart of a poet in words. Beautiful!

Gaudreault C Marie: That's what I mean. Your words are like flowers.. Bouquets of words, sweet!

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# I Am Lost When I Leave You

I AM Lost When I Leave YOU

Matloob Bokhari

O fountain of my life

O my ever present companion

You are sitting in the deepest depth of my heart

You are joy of my life; you are life of my life

The garden of flowers grows radiant in your presence

My heart pulsates with unspeakable joy to see you

I adore you with my heart, soul and mind

I wake up with your name on my lips

I sleep with your thought at night

You are my all in all, my sweet friend

We are from age to age together

We are from endless time together

I am lost When I leave you

Farzana Altaf Beautiful poetry and so true and touching. Thank you for writing something so many of us feel but can't quite put it so eloquently..

My dear Matloob, how divine is this poetry of you, devotional wholly, how balanced is your faith in HIM and I sense here a constant love and belief in HIM, how lovingly rendered, my friend. I am proud to have a friend so deep in own belief. Thank you for your constant love for HIM and indeed you are lost when you are leaving your God.

28 Jul 2014 by Sylvia Frances Chan |

Here readers have interpreted this poem as a love poem for the beloved, but I would like to treat this as a Sufi poem for the Divine, with 'you' in capital! Hope that is alright? Thanks friend for sharing! -Raj

28 Jul 2014 by RAJ NANDY

You are my all in all' - a beautiful phrase among these tender expressions of love. A grand read my friend.

27 Jul 2014 by Fay Slimm



# I Love You

I LOVE YOU

MATLOOB BOKHARI

I sing in the rain and snow

Only because I love you!

Only because you looked at me sweet

Only because you held me in your long arms

Only because you kneeling kissed me

Only because you live in the chamber of my heart

Only because your velvety skin intoxicated me

My lips and skin yearn for you

Come back, take hold of me again in summer night

I cannot get you out of my mind, I miss you!

I think of you from first morn ray to the last star

Do not say sad good bye, don't say! I love you

You are the light of my night, I love you

You are the light of my eyes, I love you

You are the beat of my heart, I love you

We are one soul in two bodies, I love you

You are my everything, my life! I love you

Marilyn Ann Francis Ahhh...What a perfect love poem, Beautiful, excellent, MAF

Connie Hofacker Hemmerich Senter A beautiful poem, Matloob,

Joe Cole So different love poem

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# I Love You Madly

TamI LOVE YOU MADLY  
Matloob Bokhari

Let the whole world know it,  
I love you madly!  
You are not here,  
But with me!  
When I sleep, you are in my dream!  
When alone, you are my company!  
I can touch you, kiss you!  
Amidst the flowers, I embrace you!  
You are in the tender rose,  
You are in the perfume of breeze,  
You are in the tales of my songs,  
You are in the glass of wine,  
It is not the moon, but your face,  
Eternal is our love, forever our friendship!  
We will depart, but our love will never die!  
Unless we say goodbye.  
I am insane, let the sanes laugh at me!  
I love You! I love you madly!  
i Lee W This is a very passionate & powerful poem, filled with such deep emotions. Enjoyable.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# I Love You, I Love You All

I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU ALL  
Matloob Bokhari

After crossing a wilderness of ignorance,  
I met a pure and an unimaginable beauty.  
"Oh lover, where are you going?  
Who are you looking for? I am here."  
Said she happily with her smile.  
Birds of valley sang a harmonious songs  
And the sky was lit by her resplendent face.  
Moon and stars joined this festival of love.  
Every moment was frozen with her beauty.  
I forgot all my learning, lost all my strength.  
My pens and books rendered me speechless.  
Words unable to capture splendour of scene.  
Blessed by love; illumined by beauty, I spoke:  
"You are an idol and I am your worshipper,  
Ready to leave the earthly life for you.  
I live for you, I love you. I love you all! "

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# I Shall Never Die

I SHALL NEVER DIE

Matloob Bokhari

I shall never die,  
I shall live for ever.  
Wandering with clouds,  
Singing with nightingale,  
Smiling with flowers,  
Changing with sky,  
I shall never die,  
I shall live for ever.  
Shining with moon,  
Twinkling with stars,  
Dancing with rainbow,  
Whirling with lovers,  
I shall never die,  
I shall live for ever.  
Sighing with slaves,  
Crying with orphans,  
Standing with powerless,  
Working with labourers,  
I shall never die,  
I shall live for ever.  
Voicing against oppressors,  
Articulating against exploiters,  
Writing against lords,  
Fighting against bigots,  
I shall never die,  
I shall live for ever.  
In the pages of my book,  
In thoughts of my readers,  
In memory of my students,  
In company of my friends,  
I shall never die,  
I shall live for ever.  
When hate will kill the dead,  
My love will shine like a sun.

When there will be death without art,  
My dreams will please tormented souls.  
When envy will blaze the garden,  
My flowers in flames will burn the fire.  
I shall never die,  
I shall live for ever.

COMMENTS: I SHALL NEVER DIE

DrSatyender ParkashAas: Great write as always, -Your love will shine like a sun'

Laura Grillo Laveglia: This is a beautiful piece! ! ! Yes, we never die, for we all become a part of Mother Earth! !

Amb Jann Gail Cole-LeBleu: Mmmmm! I love it! And certainly your flames of love shall warm this planet forever!

Poetess Fran Ayers: Beautiful message Matloob, and spoken as the true humanitarian and visionary that you are!

Flora Vasconcelos: . Keep on sharing your work. Your poetry pleases my tormented self.

Yangchen Thapa Rawat: Soulful write..... Death is just a door to new Life

Rukiah Annuar •: Beautifully inked...nothing is immortal yet our writes will live on as memoirs to the future generations.

Sangeeta Talwar Suneja: A kind thought of a sensitive heart..

Demelia Denton: Much thought given to this poem Matloob.....beautifully written with care and emotion in thought

Babale Maiganda: Wonderful writing that draws out the Divine in me

Arkay Evans: Love this, Matloob. Entertaining, motivating and truly inspiring. We shall live on forever through our art. Brava!

Adediran Peter O. Grandnum: as interesting as it is educating...we all wanna live forever

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# If I Do Not Love, I Have Nothing

If I Donot Love, I Have Nothing

If I worship more than arch angel but don't love

I have nothing

If I give all I have to the poor, but don't love

I have nothing

If I have faith which moves mountains, but don't love

I have nothing

If I give gold in alms as big as Ohad but don't love

I have nothing

If I die circumambulating the Kaaba, but don't love

I have nothing

If I die fighting in the holy war, but don't love

I have nothing

If I die and buried in the tomb of prophet but don't love

I have nothing

If I get land larger than Solomon's Kingdom, but don't love

I have nothing

If I receive God's healing power like Christ but don't love

I have nothing

If I am given un paralleled patience like Ayub but don't love

I have nothing

If make sacrifice like Ismael and Hussain but don't love

I have nothing

If I am given the kingdom of whole world, but don't love

I have nothing

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# In Fine Frenzy

IN FINE FRENZY  
MATLOOB BOKHARI

O pious man, waste not your words of advice on me,  
I am a drunken poet, I detest your knowledge, your piety.  
I am a nightingale singing in the garden, dancing in clay abode,  
You are an actor singing and dancing on the pulpit of gold.  
Come! I want to tell you the love story of my infinite love  
When my beloved removed the veil of her face in paradise,  
In a rapture of love, I left nymphs of heaven, garden of Eden,  
And became a slave of her curly locks; long eyelashes,  
Her cage freed me from the snare of fortune and fame,  
Her aromatic flower memory is candle flame of the room of my heart,  
Her beauty-mole, radiant face, rose-bud lips blessed me with bliss.  
I am like a candle burning in fire; I have torn to threads my shirt,  
I am now a beggar of the king of saints, whole earth is my state.

A very impressive poem, as oft you do and you did. Thank you for sharing this lovely Song of the beggar of the king of saints. Mesmerizing! ! 9 Jul by Sylvia FC  
Appreciated most your great honest words full of devotion. I like sheer poetry very much.9 Jul by Sylvia FC

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# In The Garden Of Eden

IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN

Matloob Bokhari

In the garden of Eden

Days were full of spring flowers

Nights packed with incense burning tables

Tender girls, wearing royal and rich perfume

Were speaking honey-coloured words

All were laughing and drinking

Singing, dancing, embracing and kissing

Kissing - countless like the stars of night

Boys were wearing garlands of white violets

Girls were weaving necklaces of narcissus flowers

All had gone mad with the sting of love

Everyone was like an angel

Speaking sweetly, laughing attractively

With shining faces and joyous hearts

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# In The Memory Of Aps Shuhdas

N THE MEMORY OF APS ATTACK  
MATLOOB BOKHARI

I read with sorrow the pages of history  
The stories of atrocities by cruelest men  
History is weeping like rain in telling me  
It is not new innocent blood, it is very old blood  
Yesterday they killed little boys with big arrows  
Today they are killing babes with deadly bombs  
Eternal is the glory of the memory of Hussain  
Deep desires of Yazeed are despaired in darkness

SoloGio -

It's a tragedy what happened. My love is from Pakistan, so you can only imagine how grateful I am that she wasn't harmed. I admire you so much for writing this dedication, my friend. Well done

NiklussiX - ""History is weeping like rain in telling me  
It is not new innocent blood, it is very old blood""

EXCELLENT! ! ! ! i

yes my friend the world is out of control but may Love win in the end! ! ! i

GREAT WORK! ! ! ! i

PEACE MATLOOB! ! ! ! i

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# In The Name Of God; The Compassionate

IN THE NAME OF GOD, THE COMPASSIONATE  
MATLOOB BOKHARI

O Most Gracious and Most Merciful God  
Who raised up the heavens without any support.  
Who forgave our first parents, Adam and Eve  
Who listened cries of Younus from depth of darkness  
Who rescued Nuh, and drowned who denied His signs  
Who ordered the fire to be cool and be safety for Ibrahim  
Who kept Yousuf away from the seduction of Zulaikhah  
Who blessed Musa a radiance white hand and a staff  
Who made Mary and her son a sign for the worlds  
Whose signs are the night and the day; the sun, the moon  
Glory be Thee! O totally forgiving God, I repent to You  
Ask forgiveness in the name of Muhammad and his progeny  
I am most meek, I am most humble, I am most obedient  
O God Who pardons like a mother, I made big mistakes  
I am worst sinner, I confess my sins, I ask big forgiveness  
I have wounded my soul; I have gone astray, forgive me!  
Please forgive me! To err is human, to forgive is Divine  
Surely, Your compassion overcomes Your wrath!

Michele Vizzotti-White Awesome, I like the repetition of who then the glory be  
thee...that follows, magnifies the already strong words..

picture of Sara Fielder

xSurely God adores your most faithful and loving heart my friend. Your prayer of  
repentance brings years to my eyes. Be gentle with yourself.

picture of Sylvia Frances Chan

xIN GOD'S NAME, THE COMPASSIONATE MATLOOB BOKHARI, I AM TOUCHED  
AFTER READING ALL THE NAMES YOU WROTE HERE. THEY RESONATE WITH THE  
BIBLE. SUCH A PASSIONATE POETRY YOU HAVE CREATED, DEAR POET FRIEND! !  
GBU ABUNDANTLY. AMEN

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# In The Name Of Peace

IN THE NAME OF PEACE

MATLOOB BOKHARI

Fleeing from the wind of terrible terrorists' world

Where stupidity and ignorance are howling.

Where they worship a king, sly fox

Who scared people with poison and sword.

I took refuge in the pages of a book

Whose highest word of wisdom is tolerance:

Where God, Most Beneficent, Most Merciful, said:

One murder is equal to the killing of whole humanity.

Where Moses, the possessor of mysteries, said:

Live in peace, O my brothers, O my sisters.

Where Prince of peace, who created a bird from a mud, said:

Mounts may move, hills depart; peace never sways.

Where Muhammad, mercy for all creation, said:

O sons and daughters of Adam and Eve,

Disturb not the earth peace if you believe in God.

picture of Sylvia Frances Chan

xI knew all about it, dear friend, please read my posting just now. I know all about this world. A good poem, well worded, lovely! !

31 Jan 2014 by Sylvia Frances Chan | Reply

picture of Sylvia Frances Chan

xREALLY MAGNIFICENT, MR. MATLOOB! ! I THANK YOU, THAT YOU MENTIONED  
FIRST OF ALL the name of GOD, then MOSES, CHRIST, He who can make  
wonders, then MUHAMMAD, ADAM and EVE in ONE SIGH! ! SO GOOD TO KNOW  
that WE ARE IN PEACE! ! ! SINCE WE ALL DO BELIEVE IN GOD we do need such  
poems, especially from a person like you! ~~~~~your Solomon  
sister, Sylvia

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Jihad

JIHAD

MATLOOB BOKHARI

Let us start jihad to light power of love in hearts  
To make world as beautiful as slopes of paradise hills.

Let us start jihad to make ourselves as truthful  
As a child to make our souls clean and hearts pure.

Let us start jihad to kill the ruthless and faithless  
Enemy sitting in our hearts to wear ornament of peace.

Let us start jihad to work hand in hand with every one  
And become a sea while still being a drop of water.

Let us start jihad to liberate the fellow men  
From narrowing minds, impaired souls and evil hearts.

Let us start jihad against ignorance, illiteracy,  
Poverty and be friends of the poor, helper of helpless.

Let us start jihad to shake off the yoke  
That chained our thoughts and imprisoned our ideas.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Karbala

KARBALA

Matloob Bokhari

Love is more beautiful than the rising moon.  
Love scent is far sweeter than all perfumes.  
Love conquers all the storms of hate.  
Love conquers all the winds of fear.  
Mountains can be shaken, hills removed;  
Love never passes away, love never ends.  
All the rivers cannot drown the name of lover.  
All the oceans cannot wash the name of lover.  
Love is not arrogant, love never boasts;  
Love is total submission to the will of Lord.  
Those who love not in word but in deed  
They know death in love is better than life.  
King of all who love Allah is Imam Hussain:  
Place for reverence for all lovers is Karbala.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Kingdom Of God

KINGDOM OF GOD  
MATLOOB BOKHARI

Where God builds a house of prayer with mud for peace  
There Satan makes a house of prayer with gold for war.  
Where a prophet ` words of religion are to free the slaves  
There a hypocrite uses religion to enslave the simple souls.  
Where angel of light burns a candle of love and peace  
There demon of darkness digs a lake of fire and sulfur.

Where lover of God makes this world heaven with fast  
There follower of Devil throws earth in hell with feast.

Where a saint heals wounds with gospel of love  
There a logician sows discord with sermons of hate.

Where a man sacrifices his life for love, truth, justice  
There a monster kills with deception, envy and wrath.

Come! O servant of Allah; O son of Messenger of Mercy  
To deliver the Kingdom of God from domain of darkness.

Can I say it is a haunting read? May I say that? Really I want to enjoy reading this, but I am disturbed by the words that ends in evil constantly, may God Bless You Abundantly, Mr. Matloob. The words you create are just wonderful, but those other words are disturbing me, so I flee. Thank you so much for sharing.

1 Feb 2014 by Sylvia Frances Chan | Reply

picture of RAJ NANDY

xLoved the symbolism in this composition!

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Kiss

KISS

POET LOVE

My sweet beloved, my tender rose,  
You are the fairest flower of the vale,  
Beautiful, sure you are beyond comparison!  
Come her, let me kiss your tulip cheeks and rosy lips,  
O kiss in the rain! dance in the rain! kissing and kissing!  
Made your milky cheeks whiter than the white tulips,  
And pink lips redder than the glowing flame of fire!  
All logic between earth and sky blown away;  
O eternal joy in the loving embrace of kissing lips!

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Lashes Of Flames

LASHES OF FLAMES  
MATLOOB BOKHARI

With a heavy heart without heaving,  
With sorrowing eyes without visible tears,  
I walked out in despair with sad pale moon,  
And black stars in absolute darkness of night,  
Thinking about orphans, widows, destitute,  
And seeking the secrets of life and death.  
While walking in the dark sleeping sea,  
I heard the moaning of hungry a babe,  
With his helpless mother, disheveled hair,  
Stream of tears descending from her eyes,  
Finally, their souls left all cares and concerns.  
While crossing stars and sky; soared to Hope,  
Pious souls, from heaven of heavens, welcomed them.  
Singing in chorus "O hard hearted and tight fisted,

O golden cloak, using religion as a honey pot,  
Nor gracious to those who are in clutches of rich,  
Nor share apparel with those who have none,  
Nor give them crumb fell from your table.  
Remember, camel can pass through the eye of a needle,  
But you cannot see the garden of milk and honey,  
In the lofty paradise, with high thrones and rich carpets.  
Aye, miseries are for you in the agony of lashes of flames."

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Layla

LAYLA

MATLOOB BOKHARI

Stars like jewels of the night are shining  
Friends are meeting in the street corners  
The night sky is beset with stars  
Lovers are talking each other, looking at moon  
Fragrant air is playing with musky cedar branches  
My Layla dressed in silvery silk is coming  
Beauty of earth is smiling under the sweet light  
O Layla! shining brighter than the milky way  
O my friend!  
Crickets are singing songs, frogs are calling their mates  
I am sitting in intense blackness of dark room, darkness

O tearful stars of the sky, eternal is sunset  
I am all alone; all my heart is waiting for you  
O Layla  
So stricken, sadness is without end for Layla

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Let Us Celebrate The Festival Of Love

LET US CELEBRATE THE FESTIVAL OF LOVE

Matloob Bokhari

Let us celebrate the festival of love

By burning the candles of love in the streets of hatred,

By cultivating happy thoughts in the minds of our boys,

By requesting professed holy men to stop preaching schism,

By growing blossoms of forgiveness in others' souls.

Let us give debt to God

By adopting the boys who are naked and homeless,

By treating everyone with kindness and care,

By kissing the hands of the aged who are in want,

By helping the lonely widows who are in pa

Let us bring peace in the world

By eradicating hunger from the face of earth

By feeding the ones only have air to breathe

By painting peace with thoughts on world canvas

By learning to live and live to love on the soil

Let us spread awareness in the world

By creating critical consciousness in masses

By making passive souls transformers of globe

By liberating the oppressed from the oppressors

By purging planet from the kings and queens

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Let Us Dance On The Moon

LET US Dance ON THE Moon

Matloob Bokhari

O my loyal friend!

O friend of my silence!

Come! Let us dance on the silent moon.

Let us play with silent moon shine

Let us commune with silent stars.

Let us sing with silent sunshine.

Let us meditate with silent sky and sea.

Let us talk with silent flowers.

Come! Let us listen the silent music of our hearts.

O my companion of light and dark moments!

Let us join the procession of silent lovers,

Let our souls meet in the holy silent zone,

Where truth rules forever, time is endless, love is infinite!

O my loyal friend!

O friend of my silence!

Come! Let us dance on the moon.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Let Us Feed The Poor

LET US FEED THE POOR  
MATLOOB BOKHARI

My love  
I am in unbearable pain  
Mix not water  
Pour the pure wine to the brim  
Play sweet melodic music  
Sing the song of love  
And lay your white arm as a soft pillow  
So that I may sleep serenely  
In the deep darkness of dead night  
And may not see the suffering of unjust world  
Where murderous poverty has opened its jaw  
Where sick and pale babes are without food  
Where widows are moaning from sunrise to sunset  
Where graceful maidens are raped and betrayed  
Where orphans are weeping in the roaring wind  
Where poor children are wandering without shoes  
Where artistically cruel men are suppressing the men  
My love  
You are the only lamp in darkness  
Let us say farewell to arms!  
Let us feed the poor!  
Let us feel the bliss  
Kevin M. Hibshman Wonderful work my dear Matloob! !

Karyn Walker Bless you dear Brother Matloob Happy Week  
Lovely poem

&quot;Resolve to be tender with the young, compassionate with the aged,  
sympathetic with the striving and tolerant with the weak and wrong. Sometime in  
your life, you will have been all of these.&quot;

? Gautama Buddha

Connie Hofacker Hemmerich Senter Matloob, I pray earnestly to mankind and all  
Divine Powers, for these same things and healing of all and all situations, giving  
gratitude for all healing, in progress. Your poem is both beautiful and powerful,

dear friend.

Rebecca Longan Ty for sharing this you are so gifted Matloob Bokhari

Michele Vizzotti-White Where murderous poverty has opened its jaw, this is brilliant...the ending is so uplifting

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Michele Vizzotti-White Where murderous poverty has opened its jaw, this is brilliant...the ending is so uplifting

picture of heather wilkins

xvery touching poem and I agree

7 Sep 2014 by heather wilkins | Reply

picture of MATLOOB BOKHARI

xTHANKS DEAR HEATHER

16 Sep 2014 by MATLOOB BOKHARI

picture of ??? ????? ??? Parhizgar (???)

xhow can we help there is 3 kinds of people: the first one doesn't believe in evils.(Stars may be) the second one love the evil believers. (dark angel) . the third one is the enemy of evil believers. (another angel) with out evils every thing is good no poem is needed. thy, use poem for joking and killing time. and

nice feelings. No this kind of poet for me is wasting time. dear brother. I am waiting for the evils, (I can feel their hate) to kill them all. dear help people with poems this is your job not me.

7 Sep 2014 by ??? ????? ??? Parhizgar (???) | Reply

picture of ??? ????? ??? Parhizgar (???)

x? ??? ??????? ????? ?????? When evils hate me I am the happiest man in the world, I hate all kind of are so weak thy they can be ten feet tall. but weaker than a rabbit when you believe in God. they are so funny.

7 Sep 2014 by ??? ????? ??? Parhizgar (???) | Reply

picture of ??? ????? ??? Parhizgar (???)

x?? ?? ?????? ??? ? ????? ??? ??? ?????????? ? ????????? ????? ??? ?????? ??????? ?????? ?????? ?? ????????? ??????

7 Sep 2014 by ??? ????? ??? Parhizgar (???) | Reply

picture of ??? ????? ??? Parhizgar (???)

x'My Modern Surrealist Mind', 'they all need the bankers', they cant understand your heart. don't teach them your religion dear brother, they cant understand it, they are really poor they just need the bankers. just pray for them they are all your brothers and sisters, they are just systematizing their religions against us and, wait. until its time.

7 Sep 2014 by ??? ????? ??? Parhizgar (???) | Reply

picture of ??? ????? ??? Parhizgar (???)

xtoday was my birth day, dear brother, the day, it was the birthday of Imam Reza my Great Ancestor too. I don't need any body but Imam Reza today.

7 Sep 2014 by ??? ????? ??? Parhizgar (???) | Reply

picture of ??? ????? ??? Parhizgar (???)

xcan you make a poem about Imam reza? It can be so Good.

7 Sep 2014 by ??? ????? ??? Parhizgar (???) | Reply

picture of ??? ????? ??? Parhizgar (???)

xplease! I am asking you today was my birthday.

7 Sep 2014 by ??? ????? ??? Parhizgar (???) | Reply

picture of MATLOOB BOKHARI

xDEAR REZA I JUST WOKE UP AND READ YOUR WONDERFUL COMMENTS. I WILL SURELY WRITE ON IMAM REZA.I NEED LITTLE TIME THEN SURELY I WRITE AND WILL ALSO SEND TO BIRTHDAY, MY FRIEND REZA

8 Sep 2014 by MATLOOB BOKHARI

picture of asdarkeyesclose...

xa poem that expresses the sorrows of the world. poverty is a great sadness that is often ignored. you are right we should reach out and help. fantastic.

8 Sep 2014 by asdarkeyesclose... | Reply

picture of MATLOOB BOKHARI

xthanks dear Asdarkeyesclose

8 Sep 2014 by MATLOOB BOKHARI

picture of Sara Fielder

xI love the line ' lay your white s arm as a sofr pillow'. It is in the arms of those that love us that we can somehow bear the world when it seems to make no sense to us. I pray for peace with you.

9 Sep 2014 by Sara Fielder

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Life

LIFE

MATLOOB BOKHARI

I was sitting on a seat of a stone in a valley  
Listening the sweet music of life in green hills  
And reading verses on love, peace and beauty  
I was in perfect bliss in the company of beauty  
Seamless harmony of the pleasing scenes soothed my soul  
Worries of life disappeared in the flowing water of stream  
I tried to undo web of life and death, weaved so secretly  
Life which comes in cries, grows in worries, ends in cries  
The lesson taught me by sunlight, mountain lines, air and rain is:  
"Better is to dance with lilies, play with breeze, sing with shepherds  
Better is to listen the words of God instead fighting God's wars  
In temples, in mosques, in churches, and in synagogues."  
Heather Burns nicely written Matloob and I agree with your words  
Michele Vizzotti-White Worries of life disappeared in the flowing water of  
stream.....i have felt this way before in front of a stream..they r magical....sunny  
and delightful..

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Lily In The Valley

LILY IN THE VALLEY  
MATLOOB BOKHARI

I saw a baby in a valley wet with dews  
Standing in the wholesome herbs  
And flowers of fresh hues  
Plain air was ruffling her hair  
She was honey sweet and a pure chaste flower  
No bee has sucked her; no wasp has stung her  
The valley was alive with the music of stream  
With flowers so various, so beautiful, so new,  
So stunning sunlit blue sky, so sweet cool breeze  
In the valley, the baby was the most delightful flower  
I praised her with all my heart and with all my mind  
O sweet heaven, lucky will be the one  
Who would taste her before his death  
Few moments in the valley have made a forever memory  
I still smell the perfume of her beauty when I lay awake at night  
The baby even to date brightens up my soul with her smiles

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Lines Written With Love

Lines Written With Love

Matloob Bokhari

O pious man, waste not your words of advice on me,  
I am a drunken poet, I detest your knowledge, your piety.  
I am a nightingale singing in the garden, dancing in clay abode,  
You are an actor singing and dancing on the pulpit of gold.  
When my beloved removed the veil of her face in paradise,  
In a rapture of love, I left nymphs of heaven, garden of Eden,  
And became a slave of her curly locks; long eyelashes,  
Her cage freed me from the snare of fortune and fame,  
Her aromatic flower memory is candle flame of the room of my heart,  
Her beauty-mole, radiant face, rose-bud lips blessed me with bliss.  
I am like a candle burning in fire; I have torn to threads my shirt,  
I am now a beggar of the king of saints, whole earth is my state.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Lines Written With Tears

LINES WRITTEN WITH TEARS

Matloob Bokhari

In the midst of corpses without arms,  
In the midst of corpses without heads,  
In the midst of corpses, drenched in blood,  
In the midst of corpses, without coffins,  
In the midst of corpses, stood the pride of Islam.  
On a corpse pierced with arrows, Zainab screamed:  
'I cannot identify, are you my brother Hussain? '  
My friends, Have you read a tragedy darker than this?  
A sister unable to recognize her brother, so ruthlessly slain!

COMMENTS: LINES WRITTEN WITH TEARS

Farzana Altaf: Very touching indeed, a poet who can feel, taste, weep, laugh his poetry in his reader's heart and soul has accomplished much...

Kristine Nicholson: This is a poignant expression of sorrow, Matloob. War is always ugly. Sincerely, Truth survives, although human life is ephemeral. Ken Arkay Evans: This is truly beautiful; it reads as a river of tears begins - flowing and healing to the sea...I pray you are well, lifted and comforted on your journey. Blessings

Xpuua: Indeed lines written with tears. Moving! and congrats this poem needs courage and sincerity to be written! ! ! !

Iulia Gherghei: very touching! ! ! ! ..that is the measure of humanity! ! !

Kristen Scott: Zainab suffered and bore it with strength and dignity. it's amazing and heartfelt Matloob ~ K.

Sandra Delussu: Matloob. you go on touching my heart..

Michael Edward Clearman: May the message of this poem water the earth with its truth.

Sandra Delussu: a knife in the heart! and it is but a drop in the ocean of suffering what we try to feel... dear Matloob the figure of such a great woman comes shining in the souls of those who didn't know her! go on telling us! Enmity starts in frustration. frustration starts in ignorance! taking along pretending serving God's will! ! ! ! ...such blindness only can speak to blindness...but we're not blind!

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed: REEEEEAAALLLL! ! ! ! This is no joke, WORLD! ! This bloodshed, carnage got to stop! ! How can the world turn their back and shut their eyes? ? akhi This piece and others addressed to this critical issue are vital to raising awareness in a preoccupied world who are 'Numb, deaf, dumb, blind to genocide until it knocks on their door! Jazak Allah Khair for raising consciousness! !

Alma Delacruz Gossman: We are not blind! We just simply refuse to really see! Excellent your compassion and dignity are unshakable...and I so admire your conviction and belief in the greater good...we mustn't ever give up...and the messages of those who truly see, like you, must continue and we ALL need to hold that torch up high, as many remain in the dark by choice, often swayed in the wrong direction by those led by their ego, rather than their hearts and souls. Thank you for shedding your loving light and make so many aware that just refuse to see or who are shut off from the truth! Bravo! Thank you for writing the harsh reality, that many a man had truly blown it for far too many! You create an awareness that truly needs to resonate in each of us! If only more would take their blinders off and really see!

Sophia Brownie: I CANT EVEN BEGIN TO IMAGINE SEEING THIS.

Shahzia Batool: though i always think that the best comment on any poem is 'SPEECHLESS', but as i am the student and teacher of poetry so i always try to use words of appreciation and the just words...i read the poem twice and read the comments as well. it's a very consoling and comforting thing that you have a strong voice, and people listen to your voice...symbols and allegory are your tools and you know how to weave images. You are loyal to the promise of existence...matloob sb it is divinely ordained to expose the evil forces...by any substantial effort! May you be blessed and heard!

Isabelle Black Smith: Cannot even begin to imagine the depth of sorrow, loss and helplessness. You make us stop and think.

Maurin Alessandro: Good words my dear friend. So sad, but is a true history.. I am from Brazil and has a musical group. Can I sing this awesome poem?

Gail Wolper: terribly sorrowful. I am sad.

Gary Leikas: sounds like you were with Krishna and Arjuna at Kurukshetra.

Carole Semeniuk: NO.. I cannot imagine not being able to recognize my brother in life, or death..... very searing poem to the heart my friend. Your words cut through the heart... and make one appreciate the pain and agony of this moment..... well done. Such a tender compassionate Soul you are!

Karyn Walker: Beautiful lines, Matloob 'Why good suffers and evil prospers? ' It does for a reason Matloob. But you and I both have seen them fall. Sad part is that sometimes it takes so long. Evil provokes Evil that`s a paradox in itself. That`s why we pray so much because that is what it ends up taking: Prayer.

Jennifer Long: oh my..... So powerful the imagery and the punch of the rhythm,

and the words. this is a great piece of writing!

Satyender ParkashAas: Progressive, fine personification of darkness, cloud.

Matchless!

Lone-elisabeth Berg Jakobsen: I read it twice, and I love it so much I had tears in my eyes, I am very sensitive and it is very strong and beautiful.

Jeannette Mendoza Dalling: no words to describe the sadness this cause's me, that so many live like this.

Leo Riccio: sad. beyond words

Blessed-Heart - Hi my friend, may your day be filled with joy, peace, and much harmony. And your heart filled with love and kindness. Enjoy your rest of your day. Much moved to read these moving lines! ! ! Nancy

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Loneliness

LONELINESS

MATLOOB BOKHARI

Whenever I am all alone  
My feelings runs deeper than ocean  
And faster than a fast flowing river  
My heart walks in your memory lane.

I smile for no reason

People call me mad.

picture of Bat Man

xLike.

29 Jun 2014 by Bat Man | Reply

picture of MATLOOB BOKHARI

xthax dear

29 Jun 2014 by MATLOOB BOKHARI

picture of Leila Hadi

xinteresting piece, I feel like I know what you mean..

29 Jun 2014 by Leila Hadi | Reply

picture of MATLOOB BOKHARI

xthax dear

29 Jun 2014 by MATLOOB BOKHARI

picture of MIMI :)

xHahahaha! There was no better way to say this, you describe the feeling very well. Especially the line, 'My heart walks in your memory lane'-it made me smile. Beyond beautiful...

29 Jun 2014 by MIMI :) | Reply

picture of RAJ NANDY

xThe short and sweet poems can be interpreted in two ways! As a nostalgic love poem, or a Sufi poem expressing love for God! -Raj

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Love

LOVE

LOVE

MATLOOB BOKHARI

Our bodies like flower will grow pale  
Like grass, they will fade and pass away  
All glittering towers will tumble down  
Owls will screech where songs are sung  
Snakes will creep on the thrones of kings  
When flowers of every perfume will wither away  
Only then hearts where flower of love is blossomed  
Shall remain ever alive, ever -green

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Love And Hate

LOVE AND HATE  
MATLOOB BOKHARI

Love is a bud blossomed on a twig of a green plant  
Hate is a faded leaf on a tree dried up from roots

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Love At First Sight

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT  
MATLOOB BOKHARI

When the first time I met you  
You were like a nymph from heaven  
I looked into your eyes  
And forgot everything else

Then I remembered  
I loved you many times before,  
Before coming here, I had promised  
You are all I ever wanted

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Love In The Valley

LOVE IN THE VALLEY  
MATLOOB BOKHARI

In the valley of love  
Days were full of spring flowers  
Nights packed with incense burning tables  
Tender girls, wearing royal and rich perfume  
Were speaking honey-coloured words  
All were laughing and drinking  
Singing, dancing, embracing and kissing  
Kissing - countless like the stars of night  
Boys were wearing garlands of white violets  
Girls were weaving necklaces of narcissus flowers  
All had gone mad with the sting of love  
Everyone was like an angel  
Speaking sweetly, laughing attractively  
With shining faces and joyous hearts

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Love Lyrics

LOVE LYRICS

Matloob Bokhari

O pious man, waste not your words of advice on me,  
I am a drunken poet, I detest your knowledge, your piety.  
I am a nightingale singing in the garden, dancing in clay abode,  
You are an actor singing and dancing on the pulpit of gold.  
When my beloved removed the veil of her face in paradise,  
In a rapture of love, I left nymphs of heaven, garden of Eden,  
And became a slave of her curly locks; long eyelashes,  
Her cage freed me from the snare of fortune and fame,  
Her aromatic flower memory is candle flame of the room of my heart,  
Her beauty-mole, radiant face, rose-bud lips blessed me with bliss.  
I am like a candle burning in fire; I have torn to threads my shirt,  
I am now a beggar of the king of saints, whole earth is my state.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Love No More

LOVE NO MORE

Matloob Bokhari

I met a lady in a boat of life, beautiful and light,  
Her grace and company attracted me sweetly.  
Her eyes lighted in me the lamp of love.  
Showed she me the infinite meadow of heaven.  
Explained the river of milky way flowing in the sky.  
Attentively, I listened what she said.  
Friendship is the bond that cherishes truth.  
My heart rejoiced with thrilling mirth.  
Rapture of love was beyond description.  
When the arc of love enveloped me completely,  
My eyes were on her face, she, looking elsewhere;  
I was talking to her, she thinking something else.  
Suddenly, frailty changed her heart, no light, darkness  
Tears, insanity, blindness, no path - love no more!

picture of marvinbrato

xLove has to be reciprocated...or else it shall eventually dies! Thanks for sharing.

19 Sep 2013 by marvinbrato | Reply

picture of RAJ NANDY

xYour poetic lines reminded me of Shakespeare's Sonnets to his 'Dark Lady' and her loves frailty! Thanks, -Raj

19 Sep 2013 by RAJ NANDY | Reply

picture of LaSoaphia QuXazs

xLook at this way: We meet people when we have to learn something from each other. Both person is teaching the other for something, let it be good or bad.

When they cannot give anymore, that is the time to separate. I see this, that is why I found true happiness within myself. Wishing you the best.

22 Sep 2013 by LaSoaphia QuXazs

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Love Story

LOVE STORY

MATLOOB BOKHARI

Last night, in the midnight, we were together,  
Walking hand in hand with tears of smiles.  
You were my flower, perfume of my heart.  
Looking at me with soft eyes with long lashes,  
With tears and smiles, kissing me with your ruby lips.  
Lying in your arms, I tasted a touch of your skin,  
Your pain, your hot tears in the jaws of darkness.  
Which broke the spell of my midnight dream.  
Now these love songs are the tears of my soul.  
Ah me! Broken moon is now without moonlight!

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Man

MAN

Matloob Bokhari

Volcano overflowing with lava  
Will cause dark ash and heat.  
Tsunami in its whirling, swirling rage  
Will destroy the lives and sweep the smiles.  
The rumbling earth in its angry mood  
Will shake homes and bury people under rubble.  
Man is the most cold hearted breed  
Man is the most ruthless when power in hand  
Man is the most ferocious animal on this planet  
Man has landed on moon but emotionally living in stone age  
The hate running through the man's veins  
Will start the war out of stupid fanaticism  
And will blow the beautiful world to end'  
A Palestinian boy slaughtered by a bomb bigger than him  
Told the story to the kind lion before breathing his last

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Matloob Poetry

MATLOOB POETRY

Matloob Bokhari

My secret sufferings, secret joys,

My secret sighs, secret love,

My secret tears behind the lips,

My secret wars in the heart empire,

My secret magical world of dreams,

My secret trips in inward streets of eyes,

My secret music sung in tangled branches,

My secret prayers in the realm of pure heart,

All silent figures transfigure in divine madness.

Then inner voice dictates to paint all on my wall.

Words shining in aureole, lighted with blood.

My words are music to those

Who have tasted heavenly ambrosia.

After morning prayer and secretly singing,

In my lawn, song of Allahhoo with cuckoo,

Open Matloob Poetry to receive bouquet of love,

Bouquet of prayers, bouquet of praising words.

My friends, companions of my beautiful life,

Are flowers in the drama of thorn bush of time.

They motivate me to sing again for them

And grow flowers of love in the blazing desert.

picture of Lidi Mendelsohn

xBeautiful! :) I love your reasons for joy in poetry. Thanks for sharing!

25 Sep 2013 by Lidi Mendelsohn

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Meditation

MEDITATION

MATLOOB BOKHARI

When the candle of love burnt in my heart,

Then I became familiar with the path of Allah ho.

When I played the beautiful game of love all night,

Then perfume of booming night flower chanted Allah ho.

When I lived in harmony with the objects of universe,

Then meadows, shores and hills sang with me Allah ho.

When I broke all the sinister boats of sects,

Then the water of ocean greeted me with Allah ho.

When I roamed in the realm of my Beloved,

Then, in the joy of clear wine of love, I said Allah ho.

When I kissed Black Stone, saw Kaaba, but not Lord of Kaaba,

Then I kissed hands of an orphan, hummed in my heart, Allah ho.

When I passed away into nothingness, I vanished,

Then I saw All-Living with my heart eyes, Allah ho.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Melody Of Love

MELODY OF LOVE

Matloob Bokhari

In the twilight of morning

Wandering thoughts with aroma of tea

In your milk white hands

Touching of the beat of hearts

Meeting of the loving souls

In the floating clouds in the sunset sky

In the raindrops like diamonds

In the garden full of full blown roses

I wrote love lyrics written with tears of joy

On the balmy page of my soul

Being sung by the beauty of rose

And the soft music of rain drops.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Midnight Tears

MIDNIGHT TEARS

Matloob Bokhari

When the moving moon waned away,  
When the singing stars stopped their song,  
When the night in despair wore black cloak,  
Thought of moments when Christ was all- alone,  
When Ismail was taken to the sizzling desert by Ibrahim,  
When Hajira was tearfully running between the hills,  
When Ayuub suffered loathsome sores without a sigh,  
When Hussain tearfully visited grave of Muhammad,  
When Hussain picked the pieces of his nephew's body,  
When Hussain removed spear from the chest of his son,  
When three-headed arrow pierced the neck of Ali Asghar,  
When Abbas was tossed on the sizzling sand of Karkala,  
When Muhammad tearfully visited the grave of Hussain,  
When Fatima cried 'O My Father' where is my Hussain?  
When Zainab in the dreadful night fell in prostration.  
In the appalling darkness, tears fell from my tired eyes.  
My weeping mingled with ink on the page of my prayers.  
Then said from the darkness, the Light of lights.  
These are visible signs of Allah's Invisible presence.  
Your tears will water the soil of Allah's love in your heart,  
And blossom flowers of joy in the garden of your soul.

COMMENTS: MIDNIGHT TEARS

Carole Semeniuk: God catch every single one of our tears..... yr a true writer.. words dripping from your pen.. flowing through your heart n soul. Stay Blessed my most amazing friend n brother in the world  
Maurin Alessandro: You have a gift of the words....Im glad to have a friend so

smart and with a lot of poems like this...You're amazing my dear friend...You have a magic pen in your hands...And good ideas in your head...Congratulations. I'm your fan.

Shahzia Batool: great moments captured in wonderful rhetorical device...

Michael Edward Clearman: May the message of this poem water the earth with its truth.

Sandra Delussu: that's only gold to me. touching my heart..

Leah Maines: So, we have a mix of people here enjoying your poetry.

Isabelle Black Smith: Oh my, this is so moving... such a powerful conveyance of a depth of emotion, imagery, illumination and hope. Remarkable poetry, my friend. Well done!

Gail Wolper: This is beautiful! You are becoming extremely masterful with your English!

Arkay Evans: This is truly beautiful; it reads as a river of tears begins - flowing and healing to the sea...I pray you are well, lifted and comforted on your journey. Blessings

Narendra Rai: Wonderful indeed! Reading nahjul balagha. If I follow it, I will never deviate from right path.

Debra Webb Roberts: from lamentation to hope. lovely

Charles Darnell Wow: Matloob...very moving and, I think this is the best poem I've read by you.

Chaitanya Dorwat: Beautifully melancholic & divine.. I agree with Charles sir..

Heather Burns: this is very touching. I'm sure many tears were shed. the ending of your poem is beautiful.

Annie Hilwani: it's very beautiful lines, it brings us back to the islam history.... I love the way you write this poem, thanks for tagging..... Jumma bubarak.... Allah bless you

picture of RAJ NANDY

xYes, I do agree with Heather Burns. True faith and belief can move mountains my friend! Thanks, -Raj

27 May 2014 by RAJ NANDY | Reply

picture of MATLOOB BOKHARI

xthanks Raj

28 May 2014 by MATLOOB BOKHARI | Reply

picture of Sylvia Frances Chan

xI love most your concluding line, it is most mesmerizing, dear POET LOVE. All are beautiful lines, but the concluding line is the most mesmerizing

28 May 2014 by Sylvia Frances Chan

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Miracle Of Muhammad

THE MIRACLE OF MUHAMMAD (PBUH)

Matloob Bokhari

Lord of faithful, incarnation of courage,  
Gateway of knowledge; treasurer of trust.  
Roman Kings had his photos in palaces,  
Warriors great engraved his name on swords.  
In Badar, Uhad, Khandaq, Khyber, Hunain,  
Entire faith rose against entire infidelity.  
With speed of lightening, the lion of Allah,  
Dashed out dazzling; cut off Marhab's head,  
Removed from hinges, the door of Khyber,  
Was first, second and last line of defense.  
The king of the Kingdom of Laa Fataa.  
The apostle of Islam kissing him praised:  
My lieutenant, as Haroon unto Musa,  
Beau ideal of chivalry, Bayard of Islam  
Manifestor of wonders, appointed Wali,  
The king of the brave, share -e- jali,  
The mystery of Allah, the master Ali,  
Hate against Ali, hate against Ahmad,  
Amity with him is amity with Ahmad,  
Flesh of Muhammad is flesh of Ali,  
Blood of Muhammad is blood of Ali,  
All who obey Muhammad, will obey Ali.  
Muhammad lovingly called him Maula Ali.  
Truth remained on his tongue and in heart,  
Never uttered a lie or feigned deceit.  
Pious, warrior, teacher and orator,  
Hard barley his food, bare earth his bed.  
Flowed from him many streams of wisdom.  
A lamp, many lamps lighted from him.  
Prophet was his master and guiding star.  
Pearls in his sermons strung in a fine chain,  
Liked, loved, acclaimed and adored alike  
By Muslims, Christians, Jews, Sikhs, Hindus.  
Sold self in Laylat al-mabit for His pleasure.  
Ali is Rope of Allah; the Ship of Salvation.

On his prayer carpet drenched in blood,  
Slackened rope of murderer, gave him blow.  
Declared: "Ask, lest you may lose sight of me."  
Born in House of Allah, died in House of Allah.  
Glory to God, Who created miracle of Muhammad,  
Made me know between Allah and Allah's hand.  
I am a slave of his slave and his slaves' slave.

picture of Sylvia Frances Chan

xI like your third line from below: Glory to God, Who created miracle of Muhammad, one note from me: Jesus was there too before Muhammad, but Jesus the same as Isa in the Kur'an, did miracles happened, as you can read these miracles now in the Kur'an. Beautiful Divine poetry, Matloob, really lovely poem about Muhammad.

4 Oct 2013 by Sylvia Frances Chan

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Moon Lake

MOON LAKE

MATLOOB BOKHARI

Far away from the cruel land of kings,  
Far away from the unfair land of gold,  
Far away from the gloomy land of silken robes,  
Is a calm lake of dervish dressed in rags,  
Singing love songs in morn, noon and night,  
Where breeze offers prayer, flowers read psalm,  
In ecstatic love, moon swims in pure joy,  
White clouds float on the water of grace,  
When lines of seven sins cleaned, my heart dived,  
And bloomed like a flower by the moon lake.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Mussafar

MUSSAFAR

Matloob Bokhari

Wandering, I landed in a city of a state,  
Floating in the shore less ocean of desire,  
Cruel and unsympathetic exploiters  
In the bosom of luxury and aristocracy  
Were oblivious of suffering of the poor.  
Hunger- stricken in the humble cottages,  
Passing weary nights without blankets  
And sorrowing days without bread.  
Roaming, I beheld a woeful sight.  
A sorrowing mother sitting by her son,  
Lying on a bed of yellow leaves,  
Using a small stone as his pillow.  
He was ill enough to need a doctor,  
But the doctor was busy in his prayer.  
When came, refused to check the boy.  
As mother did not have cash to pay his fees,  
Picking up her son with trembling hands,  
She was forced to leave the clinic.  
Sitting near white-marble gate of hospital,  
She was waiting for Allah's help.  
Some laborers whose roof was sky  
And earth as only bed gathered there.  
Feeling pity on her distress condition,  
They contributed money to pay his fees.  
And took the boy to doctor, but, ah! too late.  
The boy briefly looked at the doctor's face,  
And closed his starving eyes forever.  
The pious soul joined the Eternal Soul.  
Shrieks of mother pierced my heart.  
Mussafar was buried in the blackness of night.  
I left graveyard dragging my feet on the ground.  
Thinking about the boy, his mother and the doctor,  
I tried to meddle in the affairs of Divine Wisdom.  
Tongue of my Murshid whispered in my ear:  
'Value of this world to that of the Hereafter,

Is like a few drops of water to the Ocean.  
When Trumpet be blown; earth be swoon away,  
When nursing mother be distracted from her child,  
Who does good equal to an atom shall see it,  
Who does evil equal to an atom shall also see it.'

#### COMMENTS: MUSSAFAR

Sandra Delussu: hey! huge soul! Matloob..when you can't find any comfort but in widening your soul, you widen your soul...and...maybe, that's the way God wants us to walk...the fact is, being a mother, this is hard to swallow, but you definitely help to swallow, dear

Ekaterina Polischuk: I love it! I love it! I love it! The wisdom in the end! ! ! ! !  
! the poem is sad but our reality is sad....sometimes we cannot understand God`s thoughts, the wisdom of this world... not because we are blind, but maybe we just don`t want to understand. I look at the mysticism of the poem. good done

Vensan Kamberk: A window opens to the reality of life from the point of view of humanity, exposing the apparent vanity of a prayer doctor, ignoring the cries of a tortured mother and a starving child. The poet reaches out to karmic justice and spiritual values to point out that the greater truth is in the , pain and suffering reinforce faith, whereas pleasure is very seductive when healthy and money is no obstacle. Money can buy politicians (government) also arms and armies. Money can buy power, pleasure and love in life. All these are temporary and superficial but still a matter of fact. Vensan Kamberk: Lord all Mighty, Lord all Money, Lord all Might be, I represent the later one, all points of view have relevance from their particular perspective. I bring the Quantum dynamics into this, perception is the trigger of the reality captured at a particular moment in time. Are not those in charge on Earth today, creating and printing money, digitally in trillions at one go, while you slave all day in a miserable job, you have been lucky to get, for a hand full of rupees to coat your stomach with, where is the justice of that, if God and faith did not enter the picture this would be intolerable, so money also buys religious leaders who become idols of one religion or another. We do not have to become too cynical now, we want to reinforce higher ideals than that, so let us be true to ourselves first, you are many things and also what you eat, see and think.

Nathan Hassall Awesome, this is a fantastic piece.

Stefan Borenstein wow,,, beautiful, and much about ot times,,, sad but true,,, thank you Matloob Bokhari for sharing this wonderful piece,,,peace be with you Diwakar Pokhriyal There are several families which breaks due to money.....there are several parents which lives away from their family just for



# My Beloved Prophet

MY BELOVED PROPHET

Matloob Bokhari

Neither words nor wisdom to praise Rasulallah,  
I have a heart with loyal love for Rasulallah.  
Ahmed, Taha, Muhammed, Yasin, Mustafa,  
Truthful, trustworthy, my beloved prophet.  
Lived in a mud house; swept his floor;  
Slept on mat; mended shoes; milked goats.  
Lived for days all together on dates.  
At prayer mat, tears like rain fell from his eyes.  
Noor, Nazeer, Muneer, Naseer  
Denounced distinctions; ate with slaves.  
He did not hate anything except falsehood.  
Avowed his followers can be coward, not a liar.  
Devotion to learning distinguishes him from all.  
Taught tolerance to a nation sunk in ignorance.  
Aleem, Kaleen, Siraj, Muneer  
Declared, ink holier than the blood of a martyr.  
Considered teaching the best of all professions.  
Muhammad -e-Mustafa, Ahmad-e- Mujtaba,  
Taught lessons of brotherhood and humanity.  
Made world a better place with message of love.  
Mercy for mankind taught us to stop bloodshed.  
Ya Hashmi, Ya Hadi, Ya Murtaza,  
Gone astray from Siraat al Mustaqeem.  
Leaving behind Quran, Sunnah and Ahlul bayt,  
Wandered off in the silence of, Maula, barren land.

picture of Kasia Fedyk

xBeautiful!

23 Sep 2013 by Kasia Fedyk | Reply

picture of Sylvia Frances Chan

xLoved to read about Your Beloved Prophet Rasulallah. Impressive poems, because all those names from the Arab language. I bet I know one you mentioned here, if I know the Latin names for them, like Miryam or Maryam= Maria, Yusuf= Joseph and so on. But your poem remains impressive, my friend.

4 Oct 2013 by Sylvia Frances Chan

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# My Hero

MY HERO

MATLOOB BOKHARI

Man is God's masterpiece, His crowning achievement.  
Some higher than angels, some worse than beasts.  
My hero is God's friend, gives charity in his prayer.  
No one is like him in legends or in land of spirits.  
He is pure, gentle, learned, an intellectual being.  
Truly virtuous, without fear, without reproach.  
Brave as a lion, yet with a grace, a gallant warrior.  
A generous foe, a poet, a soldier, and a saint.  
In a state of Divine ecstasy and bewilderment,  
Reflects upon universe and its ordered structure.  
Sets splendid example of character to the world.  
Always eats and dresses in a simple way.  
Detests the world with all its pomp and show.  
Spends all he earns to help the poor and needy.  
Loves Allah, for His sake loves His whole creation.  
Does not go to excess, moderation is his guide.  
Doesn't refuse a man food even if to his foe.  
Does not use a can even on his camel or on mule.  
Doesn't strike a man, unable to defend in the arena.  
He scorns everything that is false and low.  
Identifies his happiness with honour and virtue,

God granted him wisdom, so sheds tears in His fear.  
In God's fear, his body becomes as stiff as a wood.  
Considers, death sweeter than honey, a reality  
And life merely a shadow of a cloud- a dream  
picture of RAJ NANDY

xA meaningful composition my friend! In man lies embedded the power to become the creator or the destroyer, the 'shaitan' or the saint! Through good thoughts and good deeds let us promote that God-like power embedded within, to make this life worthy of living! Thanks for sharing, -Raj

4 May 2014 by RAJ NANDY | Reply

picture of MATLOOB BOKHARI

xThanks God bless You my dear brother

4 May 2014 by MATLOOB BOKHARI

picture of Bat Man

xWhy wait for God's blessing when we can bless ourselves? (;

4 May 2014 by Bat Man | Reply

picture of PRdO...

xLike

4 May 2014 by PRdO... | Reply

picture of Sylvia Frances Chan

xDear POET LOVE, I love the way you describe MY HERO as: He is pure, gentle, learned, an intellectual being. Yes! That intellectual being, that we (since we are created alike His Being) are and less understood by fellowpoets, especially the ones closest are most oftentimes the most offended persons in our life. HOW is this possible? This is a stupid habit in a most cleverest situation. instead, we ought to be most happiest. Ah, it seems that we as mortal human beings have never enough and oft spits dirt to each other because of great jealousy and that we never deserve that spitting. Let us be as YOU, sportive man, a true lover of poetry and know WHO are the most smartest and you can appreciate them too, as I have seen in your comments to all poets. But some beautiful poetesses possess the inner soul like the devil himself, they deny every honest true word we possess and blow us away with their greatest fantasy and lies. But we could not do anything against this worst devil'd habit, so we just go further with our busy creations: writing poetry or painting some impressionistic paintings. I repeat here dear POET LOVE: these lines of you I like most: He is pure, gentle, learned, an intellectual being. I love GOD the creating One and the One Who love us most unconditionally. GREAT POEM here, dear Matloob, smart worded and use of wise words. Thank you a very lot for sharing. YES, dear, THE DEVIL HAD SOUGHT ME LAST NIGHT, BUT I KEPT PRAYING TO GOD that that evil creature BE DISAPPEARED FOR GOOD OUT OF THAT PERSON's LIFE. Persons are always good and innocent, but the devil is most of the times the reason for the useless quarrels. MAY THAT PERSON NOW OFT SLEEP TIGHT every night. It is for me very easy to get rid of such a person, but then GOD IS VERY ANGRY because I am harmed just like that. THANK YOU MATLOOB FOR THE TIME and place given. I am proud to be a good poetess, who never harms a person and loves to create. Sorry if there are some typos, since typing is not my strongest side.

5 May 2014 by Sylvia Frances Chan

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# My Love

MY LOVE

MATLOOB BOKHARI

My love

You are the rising morning star  
You are a red fish swimming in the pond  
You are the fairest in the land  
Your shining skin, your lovely eyes  
Your sweet lips, your fingers like lotus buds  
Your narrow waist, your graceful steps  
My love, richly clad in white linen  
Your beauty is beyond comparison  
My love, come to me again  
Your love has penetrated all within me  
I want to rejoice to see your beauty  
I want to be your forever and ever  
My love  
Joy of world has he who embraces you,  
Touches your breast, kisses your thighs  
My love, you are my joy, you are my life!

Tina Farnworth What a beautiful poem Matloob, you must be truly in love with a very lovely lady to be able to write something like that!

Semeniuk Carole wOw. I now remember how powerful your words are my dear friend.. have not heard from you in oh so long.. it is so good to see you again.... nothing but LOVE for you.. and yours. always. have the best weekend.. thank you for the lovely poem..'3 PEACE

Connie Hofacker Hemmerich Senter Such a beautiful poem of love, Matloob, thank you for sharing with me, my friend.

Blessed-Heart - I really enjoyed reading this thank you for sharing. Love NancyMay joy and happiness accompany you throughout your day. And may your heart be filled with love and kindness to those you meet and know, enjoy your day. Love NancyYour message to matloob..

Sandra Delussu let me tell you there's no woman who wouldn't desire to be pictured like this, Matloob....master

Barbara Shoetaker Lovely.  
shymee - Your beauty is beyond comparison  
now see mine inside

Your love has penetrated  
all within me

Joy of world has he  
who embraces you,  
Touches your breast, kisses your thighs

now it's my time to be inside  
be ready for a penetration astride

your poetry inspires me tooo  
to have a ride broad and wide..

you may post it  
as a combine  
as basically you are the one  
first to ride..  
upon a hopeful bride!

you so beautifully nudeify a woman  
all men would love to do  
wish you well  
so first this one is for you < Less

Michelle Fouche - Again sensual, soft and beautiful. Great imagery and lovely

npuri - Woah sensational poetic romantics gah!

Belinda Subraman · 51 mutual friends  
Aw,

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# My Mother.'s Prayer

MY MOTHER'S PRAYER

Matloob Bokhari

Sleeping in slumber's soft embrace,  
Swaying in my mother's loving arms,  
In the Night of Decree, she prayed:  
O Loving One, wrap my son in Your Love,  
Make him to love Your creation.  
O Allah Who forgives; loves to forgive!  
I ask not for myself but for my son,  
May he lead a life, where milk flows  
And never have an ounce of pain.  
O the Highest and the Greatest!  
Grant him a life of prominence  
And all his dreams may come true.  
O the All-Knowing!  
Teach my heart to follow the blessed ones.  
May he not carry baggage of greed but books.  
May his words blossom flowers in barren land.  
O the First and the Last!  
Protect from ways that stray him away.  
Make him realize that life is only a journey.  
O Allah, O All-Merciful!  
Mercy on my son, my pride, my only joy!

picture of Mykawaii Leader

xOh..this is the best.. I adore this write.. I'm not religious..but it speaks to me.

Thank you! ^-^

24 Sep 2013 by Mykawaii Leader | Reply

picture of Elizabeth Squires

xA well written piece my friend. Thanks for sharing.

24 Sep 2013 by Elizabeth Squires | Reply

picture of Some Girl

xSo beautiful! Recommended

24 Sep 2013 by Some Girl

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# My Place Is Placeless

MY Place IS Placeless  
Matloob Bokhari

You are moonlight  
You are fragrance in the breeze  
I am bewildered to see you  
I am speechless  
In the frenzy of my love  
I am drifting in the sea of your love  
Now and then, joy and depression  
Dark thoughts and light of love  
I am senseless  
You and I are inseparable  
I want to kiss you with tenderness  
I am helpless  
I live for you, my love is timeless  
My heart, where you are living,  
Has become a room of prayer  
All I belong to you!  
I am a nameless poet  
My place is placeless!

Persian Khushi Sweet and touching

Deanna Caroline Bosworth How precious! ...Quite the romantic

Connie Hofacker Hemmerich Senter Wow, I feel the commitment of your heart...a room of prayer, so very touching, Matloob. Thank you, for sharing.

Fran Ayers So lovely! ! .I missed your poetry! !

Natasha Nabokov Thank you, . Kiss kiss

Barbara Shoemaker You write so passionately.

Demelia Denton A writer of many explicit romantic words Matloob Bokhari ~

Beautifully written

Lindy Michaels Really lovely...

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# My Religion

MY RELIGION

Matloob Bokhari

I was travelling in a lonely valley.  
I was drowned in the useless words.  
I was burning in the fire of desires.  
My hard heart received the words of devil.  
My humble heart received the voice of Lord.  
I started following the religion of love,  
I spoke to Him in the chamber of faith.  
In silence, I listened Soul singing.  
I heard unheard music, I danced with joy.  
I saw Him through His eyes.  
Burnt my prayer rug; forgot my rosary,  
You may go to church; you may go to mosque,  
Let me sit in the precinct of the Kaaba of my heart  
Where my Beloved's love is ruling like a king.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# My Sweet Home

MY SWEET HOME

Matloob Bokhari

Man invests efforts for a shelter.  
I saw homeless people, sighing,  
Bleeding, fainting, and dying,  
Making ceaseless efforts for a home.  
Perched in the cart of my abode,  
I glanced at the grassy lawn,  
Where pearls were shining like stars.  
Fountains of emerald and sapphire  
Looked more beautiful in the moonbeam.  
In the crystal clear water of pond,  
Ducks were floating with full freedom.  
Completely enthralled by the beauty,  
I soared back on the wings of fancy.  
Dreamt my elders struggling  
Against stone - hearted despots,  
Who were shushing them under iron heels.  
Saw my ancestors working in the heat,  
Sacrificing their lives and peace.  
Erecting edifice of my home,  
I also saw some evil creatures.  
Snakes, white ants, club-footed ghouls,  
Making mischievous and evil plans.  
Preparing schism in the cauldron of hate.  
The wall clock noisily struck twelve.  
I was frightened by the heart of darkness.  
Beauty of the night was marred by clouds.  
I knelt down to Allah; prayed for light.  
Thanked God for giving me a Sweet Home.  
Wished for my country men a serene abode,  
And decided to do for my posterity  
What my ancestors had done for me!

COMMENTS: MY SWEET HOME

Gloria Rodikis: Yes homeless and ducks floating freely...and then evil creatures

or evil men... your poem talks of the unfortunate well! !

Frances Anna Ayers: Very touching and descriptive write!

Em Meil: What a beautiful journey you take us on here, Matloob. The struggles of life, thinking of others, facing fears...and finding our peaceful solutions!

Charlotte Rose Hamby: This is a very deep and layered poem. Magnificent!

Charles Darnell: An unusual topic. One doesn't see very many poems devoted to the idea of shelter, the actual living structure. Most poems that touch on this are more esoteric, they deal with such themes as home rather than the concrete.

Sandra Delussu: You make my heart melt, precious Matloob...a huge thought sing along more the echo in this church is a beauty!

Gaudreault C Marie: ABSOLUTELY nothing short of awesomeness..... amazing poetry.. touched my heart..

Farzana Altaf: How well you have put this into heartfelt words. You are incredibly talented!

Marilyn Ann Francis: Now that is a poem of substance and reality, we must all be reminded of where we came from while we are in the land of milk and honey and fight to keep it sweet and free or we can be captured by those evil creatures again and be just another third world tragedy.... Excellent.

Emma Jane: Beautiful imagery depicted as I can see the whole world beginning again, with the big bang... the time-line of events BC and AD, Noah's arc beginnings, to prehistoric and ancestry times.... onto how we became.... We are reminded that everyone, and everything before us, has helped put us here.

Isabelle Black Smith: A wonderful tribute to your ancestors and to your determination to leave this world a better place for others.

Alma Delacruz Gossman: Sounds like a Utopi Such a tough read, and you pour your heart out so....I am praying for peace for all.)

Michele Vizzotti-White: You do such a good job w/ painting the picture w/ your insightful and colorful words

Arjad Hussain: Great... I have no words to express my views about this beauty... Such an adore able poem... Love it.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# No Cry, No Pain, No Remorse

NO CRY, NO PAIN, NO REMORSE

MATLOOB BOKHARI

Dark souls without the light of God  
Stung by the snakes of diamonds  
Are Kings, on golden throne, rolling in glory,  
Desire of flesh and pride in possessions  
Ascend above the heights of the clouds,  
And build their thrones above the stars of sky  
A dervish, in patched clothes, bathing in drops of rain,  
Dancing with petals of blooms, gazes up in heaven  
Plays with the reflection of moon in lake,  
Echoes his voice, eternal glory to God!  
O hard hearts, fixed eyes on seen, forgot unseen  
Your ambitions are in the sky, body in the grave  
We are all pilgrims on this earth, this is not our home  
Riding on chariot decked with blood, bones and flesh,  
O King! forgotten the blackness of darkness of grave  
Death will soon cut off your lofty ambitions  
And you will be in lake burning with fire and brimstone  
Blessed are those who are sleeping on dust of the earth  
No cry, no pain, no remorse

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# O My Baby; Let Me Say This!

O MY Baby! LET ME SAY This!

Matloob Bokhari

You are a dream in dream, so divine!

You are a recently sprung red rose, so fair!

You are a melody of love, so sweet!

You are a candle of hope, so bright!

You are a pearl of foaming arc, so fantastic!

You are a friend in darkness, so true!

You are peace and happiness, so soothing!

You are deep in my heart, so deep!

You are wine cocktailed with water, so yummy!

You are warm breeze, soft sunshine, so serene!

You are murmuring voice of midnight water, so sonorous!

You are dance on streams of sunbeams, so glorious!

You are cold water needed by wanderer of a desert, so blessed!

O baby, O my beautiful baby!

O my baby! Let me say this!

Those who know love, they know,

Love is a key to unlock the gate of Eden.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# O My Brother, Grow Flowers

O MY BROTHER, GROW FLOWERS

Matloob Bokhari

O my brother, sow the seeds of flowers,  
So the babes may rear in the lap of flowers,  
Not in the dark cold heart of gold,  
And youth of nation may fill their hands  
With white flowers, not stain with arrow blood.  
O my brother, plant flowers  
To grow sweet petals in your thoughts and minds,  
And preserve the pious culture of peace.  
O my brother, grow flowers  
Close the book of sermons of professional preachers,  
And enjoy the silent language of perfumes.  
O my brother, grow flowers  
So that the maiden, with long flowing blonde hair  
May spread aroma of her splendour in meadow of love  
And the lover may wear round his neck  
Wreath of flowers woven by the hands of love.  
O my brother, grow flowers  
So that thinking mind may gaze on Infinite Beauty,  
And the lover of Allah in his love delight  
Wearing flowers in his hair may dance in the sun.  
O my brother, grow flowers  
So the man must learn from rhythmic swaying of rose  
That the blissful joy is in looking up high and high!

COMMENTS : O MY BROTHER, GROW FLOWERS

Cindi Silva: Lovely write; as I read this I felt a flood of powerful raw emotion filled with love and hope coursing through my veins. Xoxoxo

Isabelle Black Smith: Reminds me a bit of the old song 'Where have all the flowers gone'. Beautiful rhythm of peace, hope and love in your words, Matloob.

Sandra Delussu: You give me goose bumps of joy with this Matloob! ..yesss

yesss..close book of sermons..and grow flowers...ahhh crazy high and high soul!

Farzana Altaf: You are incredibly talented, I really enjoy your writes

Christine Nash: Oh here it is :) My feed must be running slow. Love Love Love this. Truly captures the gentle and fragile nature of the flowers compared to peace. Hits on the main fuels too that build tension, religion and greed. Great write. And why must work towards a common goal. The kiddo's and our own inner peace. Gonna have me smiling all day remembering this.

Ivy Ford DeShield: Powerfully, passionate voice!

Porshyee Burton: A timely message! you are a sage!

Margaret Gudkov: You made me sway in beauty of your poem. Matloob...I think this the best I've ever read by you. This is very good.

Heather Burns: This is a beautiful work growing flowers. so many sweet similes here.

Isabelle Black Smith: Such a beautiful rhythm of peace, hope and love in your poem, Matloob. Reminds me a bit of the old song 'Where have all the flowers gone.' Lovely!

Laura Grillo Laveglia: This is a gorgeous poem Matloob! I hope it will come true some day soon! ! !

Heather Burns: beautiful flowers flowing in the breezes., sweet petals in your thoughts and mind. flowers woven by the hands of love.

Ketsy Rivera: ?'To grow sweet petals in your thoughts and minds, and preserve the pious culture of peace...' What beautiful metaphor of call towards peace....thanks for sharing Mat, God bless you!

Scott Utley: Very great write - oh brother grow flowers - how perfect can one sentence be? I wish to read your transcendent words to remind me to honor my mother and my father and the peace they sacrificed for..... for us thank you

Gail Wolper: Love the beautiful unwinding of this poem. And the line about the white flowers in particular.

Barbara Wühr: You really know what sort of paradise we are dreaming of, dear Matloob Bokhari

Gavriel Navarro: Nice piece Matloob! like all the connotations presented in a poetic way...

Alma Delacruz Gossman: Nothing is a greater rush than that of Divine's Nature gifts and how they in turn affect us. I admire our very positive view...and pray and hope the message continues and is fully embraced!

Ketsy Rivera: Wonderful prose, nicely written Matloob Bokhari!

Roselyn Sogano: Hello! beautiful, awesome poet., ..I appreciate it much, ..: -) I like it, more power, GODBLESS

Carole Semeniuk: Loving poet Matloob Bokhari ~ divine ~! ~. amazing.. your words..... truly.

Devada Gruber: Flowers are so beautiful to look at. May they be pure and grow abundantly. Beautifully written poem Matloob.

Helen McManus: The beauty of the flowers is alive and well within  
your words! !

Michele Vizzotti-White: Love ur thoughts, i think more people should like you as  
well!

Angela Davis: Wonderful Matloob! I needing this calming effect today!

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Ocean Of Love

OCEAN OF LOVE  
MATLOOB BOKHARI

The magical ocean of love is serene and calm,  
Those who hear the lyrics of the music of love,  
Their heart nerves answer the vibrations of beauty,  
So, they dance in the moonlight with ocean waves,  
Many an ecstatic lovers is drowned in the water of love,  
While happily drowning, they swim, they swim across.

picture of MIMI :)

xBeautiful, I could see and hear the magnificence of ocean waves and little, too  
poem is short and yet big things were told and that is the beauty within.

27 Feb 2014 by MIMI :) |

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Paradise

Paradise will not be a place with trees of golden boughs  
But with honey sweet fruit plants loaded with flowers  
It will not be a room decorated with platters of silver  
But a library with showcases full of good books.  
It is more than celestial virgins, stories of nymphs  
It is an abode with mossy beds by crystal streams  
Flowing music, place without tears; life without terror.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Parting Song

PARTING SONG

MATLOOB BOKHQAARI

Someone knocked at the door  
In the deep and dark night  
I saw a lady; light of all lights  
Brighter than shining stars  
Her eyes more beautiful than the mist of dawn  
Staring into space, she whispered  
' Where is my friend Matloob? where is he?  
We were two bodies with one soul  
In this house, we met to part away.'  
Kissing the echo of her voice, I replied  
'He lost himself to find his love  
In pain of love, he became wearied, ill and withered  
All alone; isolated from the world  
He left this house  
Forgot all the saddest paths of life  
Sadness taught him happiness  
Jasmine flowers opened the door for him  
Where sunbeams were playing with raindrops  
Raindrops were kissing sunbeams  
Flower twigs were swirling and dancing  
Air, hills, flowers- all welcomed him  
Now he plays with butterflies,  
Sings with musical murmurs  
Smiles with sunrise sky  
Still he thinks about you  
Still he dreams about you.'

How fantastic is this poem, Matloob. I have enjoyed very much your lyrics full of passion. A lovely Song full of melancholic tints, a saddest Poem. Thank you so much for sharing this radiating poetry.9 Jul by Sylvia FC

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Pearls Of Tears

PEARLS OF TEARS

MATLOOB BOKHARI

O my beloved, O pride of the moon  
O crown of the luminous sky  
He who sits beside you by a flowing stream  
And drinks a full cup from your hands  
His lips utter no other name but you  
His eyes see no other sight but you  
His ears listen no other voice but you  
His mind thinks no one else but you  
His heart embraces no one but you  
Moon, stars, birds -all sing your hymn  
When all the lamps of light are out at night  
Flares of the forgotten lore burn all around  
Pale with sorrow, flattering dreams descend  
O beauty of the rose, O my heart's secret  
Your sad fancy runs through my veins  
I weep even in my sleep for you

MATLOOB BUKHARI

## Poet Profile

Air Cdre Matloob Bokhari has done Masters in English Literature, Masters in TEFL and postgraduate from university of Birmingham. He has taught at PAF Academy, Risalpur and King Faisal Air Academy, Riyadh. He is a prolific writer who has a number of research papers on education and Human Rights to his credit. Also, he has authored two books, *The Luminous Love* and *Flowers in poetry* published in national and international journals. His poem *Woman* was published in the world oldest literary magazine, *The London Magazine*.

Air Cdre Matloob retired as ACAS Edu. In recognition of his services, he was awarded *Khitab e Shukar Wa Takdeer* by Royal Saudi Air Force and *Sitara E Imtiaz Military* by Pakistan Air Force.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Predator

PREDATOR

Matloob Bokhari

I was a naked bird fallen from tree,  
I was a ball of bone, seeking grave.  
Predator took me in a cramming factory,  
Chained my life for absolute compliance,  
Made me ostrich with giant body, no brain,  
Blocked my thinking with dogma,  
Built bigotry wall around my brain,  
Sewed my eyes with fables and sermons,  
Clipped my wings with cutters of rigidity,  
Closed window of fancy with layers of darkness.  
I was music of my mother, now a bomber.  
With no mind to think, no heart to feel.  
I burnt my body to burn predator' s hearth.  
My bones without coffin are in paws of predator.  
I am mother of the bird with unsung cradle songs.  
From the inflamed realm of silence, I pray,  
From the orphaned land of pain, I cry,  
O Allah, send a tornado with stones on predators,  
Destroy them like People of Nuh, 'Ad, and Thamud.  
They blew flutes made of my slain son's bones.  
My heart like water trembles to paint cries of pain  
On walls of flesh and bones, where everything is truth.

COMMENTS: PREDATOR

Gaudreault C Marie: yr a talented articulate gifted man..an honor to be amongst yr friends: D xo

Veronica Benson Mullins: The imagery here is so painful. An amazing piece.

Leo Riccio: Powerful poem telling a horrible truth.

Kristine Nicholson: Your poem is passionately voiced & well-informed, Matloob! You are right about the nature of war! It is always a scam, a fraud, a game played deceitfully mostly upon young people, whose lives & abilities are wasted,

whose minds are twisted into labyrinths of unclear judgment, whose bodies & effort are used to turn the internal wheels of some wealthier person's amusing slot-machines, whose hearts are literally broken & drained of love. By trickery, by our own fear, by our own lack of wisdom, we are again & again made to believe that they are necessary guests in our house, those two demon brothers: Religion & Government, whose father is Power & whose mother is Wealth. Of course we NEED them, only because we BELIEVE we do. Ken  
Jennifer Long: this write breaks my heart in two! ! in so many ways to pieces!  
Matloob!

FarzanaAltaf: Really felt your emotions coming through your words you are incredibly talented.I wish I had even a fraction of your creativity.

Cheryl Menell: Your muse has been found Very unique and well written; excellent words and quality flows well :) This sounds like it comes from the heart, not a muse.I know good writing when I see it; some may not agree, but I am entitled to my opinion. Good job, Matloob ;)

Kristy Raines: That poem went straight to the heart.. You captured pain and suffering in a wonderful way.

Carmel Mawle: This is a powerful tribute. I hope you'll share it on the Writing for Peace FB page. Also, please consider our DoveTales publication for your this original work.

EmMeile: Matloob, I believe this is my favorite of all of your poems. It speaks of the eyes opening in full to the hidden pain one could not see while the eyes were sewn shut....beautiful and very touching, to uncover so many hidden truths and in today's world, isn't this truth for most of us, if not all around the world?

Cindi Silva: Wow! Superb! Very powerful lent imagery.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Qandeel Baluch

QANDEEL BALUCH

MATLOOB BOKHARI

In a stern harsh land of greed,  
The flames of insatiable lust for power  
Opened the hell-gates of cruelty and avarice.  
In His name Who gave Divine gift of freedom,  
The power-lusty rulers with help of purists  
Established a holy land, named kingdom of God.  
Believing personal gain comes by crushing others,  
The slaves of gain yoked the poor in slavery.  
Silenced the free mind and rewarded the mean.  
Compelled others to believe and live as they said.  
Those who had concealed filth inside golden cloaks  
Decided to send all loose women outside the holy land;  
And forced them to settle in a desolate dale:  
Where sobbing babes asked: "What is our fault?"  
Their sorrowing mothers answered, "We are toys  
And you are victims of princes and purists' midnight crimes."  
In a valley, where tears of orphans were the only moist,  
"Forgive us! O our Lord" - all chanted in unison.  
Pure breeze cured their devastated hearts;  
Moon consoled their tormented souls;  
Rain washed the sins of their bodies in sin.  
Ferocious wind and swirling storms destroyed everything  
Except those chanting "Forgive us! O our Loving Lord.  
We are Qandeel, thrown in the darkness by man  
We are innocent dolls, we are wives, we are mothers  
We confess our sins; victims of the lust of men."

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Religion

RELIGION

MATLOOB BOKHARI

The problem starts when those who proclaim to love God  
Think that their religious cap is made by nymphs and angels  
And start hating children of God, wearing caps of different shades  
    Seven oceans have different names but contain the same water  
    All the water of rippling rivers flow in cadence to one ultimate whole  
Science, history, art and literature are twigs of same tree  
When all paths lead to one and only God then why we should fight  
Message of Muhammad, Budha, Moses and Jesus is one and same  
Let us pray in mosque, kneel in church; love, forgive and be kind  
All killing and holy wars were waged by kings, Allah wants peace.

Nice expression, one God so many different you wonder why? ? When we all believe in the same God; ]

8 Jun 2014 by Weeping willow | Reply

picture of Salim R Javed

xIts beautiful.....i like it so much :) ...cent percent agree with u dude

8 Jun 2014 by Salim R Javed | Reply

picture of Another Believer

xI have an unpublished that is similar to this but brings up different ideas as well. Great write, it does make u question if religion is the real cause of war.

8 Jun 2014 by Another Believer | Reply

picture of eleanor prince

xI appreciate your observations about where the bloodshed starts - with humans and their hostile, divisive drives - not with the God of this beautiful harmonious globe and universe

8 Jun 2014 by eleanor prince | Reply

picture of MATLOOB BOKHARI

xTHAMKS, THAMKS AND THANKS MY DEAR FRIENDS

8 Jun 2014 by MATLOOB BOKHARI | Reply

picture of RAJ NANDY

xWhat you say my Friend is so true! You may be amused to know that there is someone here who feels that what you & me compose is not poetry! May be that

person is missing the 'third eye'! Thanks, -Raj  
8 Jun 2014 by RAJ NANDY

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Remembering You

REMEMBERING YOU

MATLOOB BOKHARI

O my beloved, O pride of the moon  
O crown of the luminous sky  
He who sits beside you by a flowing stream  
And drinks a full cup from your hands  
His lips utter no other name but you  
His eyes see no other sight but you  
His ears listen no other voice but you  
His mind thinks no one else but you  
Moon, stars, birds -all sing your hymn  
O beauty of the rose, O my heart's secret  
Your memory runs through my veins  
I weep even in my sleep for you  
Farewell my love, I am walking  
Down the memory lane with tears  
Like diamonds rolling down my cheeks  
Asking about you! Where are you?  
Where are you? Aye, Where are you?

COMMENTS

Welcome back, dear Matloob! ! You are missed on PF so true. You have created a great poem for this event. True mesmerizing read from your compassionate heart. Thank you so much! ! 9 Jul by Sylvia FC

xNice sounding poem.18 Jun by craig moore

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Rose

Matloob Bokhari

Let me drink rose - coloured wine

From your tulip - white hands.

Let me look into your eyes so luminous

To bloom my longing heart into a bliss.

Let me kiss your rose-petal lips only once!

O fiery touch, my soul dances in the rain!

Had they seen your smile with tearful eyes

Trojans would have never gone to Helen of Troy

O grief of my heart, O joy of my soul,

Let the flame of love remain ablaze.

The petals of rose are falling one by one;

Once withered, will never blossom again!

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Sargodhians'song

SARGODHIANS' SONG

Matloob Bokhari

God bless our school  
God bless our souls  
A place of learning, a candle of light  
Where we spend our early days  
Pass all the ups and downs in joyous ways  
Start our work with prayer, study all the day  
Sing and sway, end the day with play  
Our teachers teach us rainbow secrets  
Their thoughts lead us on our way  
Here we learn to live together, work together  
Nor lie, nor steal, never shall we cheat  
Strive for higher standards, we shall rise  
Accept the challenges, we shall shine  
Our wings are above the valleys green  
Our thoughts are above the mountains sheen  
Born to fly, we are flying men,  
Our parents are happy, our people are proud  
We are light of their eyes, we are their joy  
Let us sing together, let us pray  
Up in the sky, fly high!  
Soar in the sky, dream high!  
Roar in the sky, Aim High  
Aim High! Aim High!

picture of MIMI :)

xI loved the middle part when the commands started it's like we shall never accept defeat.I could sing along but I am a reader, I read along and great lyrics or vocos.

29 Aug 2013 by MIMI :)

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Solliloquy

MATLOOB BOKHARI ☐28 February 2014 [Edit]  
SOLI LOQUY

O breath of my life

Leave these rotten eggs, demons disguised in angels,

They have one thing on tongues, another in hearts.

They drink human blood and eat bones in dark night.

Leave their talks and listen the melody of violin.

O beautiful wine-bearer

Tell me tale of love of immortal Waris Shah,

Walk amidst rose garden in a ruby dress,

Where perfume unlocks your long locks,

Darker than thick dark clouds in bright night.

O moon of the glorious night

Sing hymn of peace with twinkling stars,

Teach forgiveness to wolves with your smile,  
Spread love with the light of your gentle look,  
Pray for dawn with the sounds of midnight.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Song Of Angels

SONG OF ANGELS

MATLOOB BOKHARI

I know one day the great wheel will turn over  
Just as I came into the world, I will pass away  
My body will be buried in the endless darkness  
Flowers will sing hymn of grief,  
Morning breeze will mourn  
Lovers will sing mournful lyrics  
Rain will drop its tears on my grave  
Angels flapping their wings  
Will come singing on my tomb  
"He will have no fear  
He will never be alone  
He is a lover of Allah's beloved  
He is Majnun al Hussain.

All the lovers left a memory

No one could steal it,

Arrows could not kill Hussain

Knife could not kill Ismaeel

Fire could not burn Ibraheem

Whale could not eat Yunus

Sea could not drown Musa

Crucifixion could not kill Christ

They are all still bright stars in the dark infinity

Their shine is endless; their names are immortal.&quot;

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Song Of Love

SONG OF LOVE

MATLOOB BOKHARI

Let us sit on the grass

And smoke the pipe of peace.

Let us go in the dark, silent alley

And light lamp with gentle smiles.

Let us walk on the sand of Karbala

And conquer hate with love.

Let us learn from sparrow and nightingale

Sit in chapel, sing in mosque, stay in mandar

The world is a sweet smelling rose,

O! why to fill it with bombs and blasts?

picture of Oliver Little

xNice poem, great message

30 Mar 2014 by Oliver Little | Reply

picture of Sylvia Frances Chan

xMarvelous poetry, my Great Poetfriend. Yes, if hate can be conquered by

Love\, that would be PEACE ON EARTH ALL THE TIME AS LONG AS WE LIVE! !

Thank you so much for sharing this poem.

30 Mar 2014 by Sylvia Frances Chan | Reply

picture of MATLOOB BOKHARI

xThanks dear friend Sylvia

30 Mar 2014 by MATLOOB BOKHARI

picture of Sylvia Frances Chan

xLike

30 Mar 2014 by Sylvia Frances Chan | Reply

picture of ijm 777

xLike

30 Mar 2014 by ijm 777 | Reply

picture of MIMI :)

xPrecisely, the world is such a lovely place and why do we fill it with those

unnatural man made things.I love how at first we are introduced to the beauty

and wonders of earth and then the question comes at the ht provoking indeed

and this is persuasive enough, outstanding write

30 Mar 2014 by MIMI :) | Reply

picture of MATLOOB BOKHARI

xThanks Munashe

30 Mar 2014 by MATLOOB BOKHARI

picture of Mirna Morgan

xLike

30 Mar 2014 by Mirna Morgan | Reply

picture of yelena..

xwow...so glad to have discovered a glorious poet like you today. this just breathes with light and peace. absolutely beautiful.

31 Mar 2014 by yelena..

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Song Of Silent Graves

SONG OF THE SILENT GRAVES

MATLOOB BOKHARI

O the slave of greed,

O you who kill the innocent,

O you who bomb the babes,

O you who destroy the holy ground.

Your nameless bodies will ever live here;

Here where there are only cares.

The eternal souls will move to the kingdom of heaven

Where they will shine endlessly like sunshine.

Where they will have a life of Christ!

Where they will have a name of Hussain!

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Sunbeam

I was sitting on a rock in a valley of flowers.  
Intoxicating fragrance of flora was in the air.  
Birds perched on trees were singing so lovely.  
Stream flowing was speaking softly so sweet.  
Morning dews on leafs were sparkling like gems.  
Flowers were swaying to the whistling of breeze.  
All of a sudden, saw a maiden half awake, half asleep,  
Her beauty exalted the loveliness of vale flowers.  
Behind the clouds a sunbeam crept  
And wrapped valley with the wings of gold.  
Addressing to all these gifts of God,  
Sunbeams asked to teach the best creation of God:  
'I am sending heavenly rays on the earth for joy.  
Please don't send with nuclear shells  
Faces smiling in cradles to graves.'

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Sweetness Of Love

SWEETNESS OF LOVE

Matloob Bokhari

Your trailing behind the clouds,  
Played a music in the orchestra of my life.  
Flower-white face with crescent-moon eyebrows  
Made my heart drunk without drinking ruby wine.  
Your large hazel eyes unravelled mysteries  
Of the sky in the darkness of summer night.  
Smile flowed a silver-sparkling stream of love.  
Your love made me listen songs of nightingale,  
And eyes to see the hidden beauty.  
Your goodness bloomed a garden of flowers.  
Your thoughts lent beauty to my dreams.  
Your closeness taught me to lead a delightful life.

picture of Priyanshi Dass

xAbsolutely beautiful imagery and metaphors. The intensity of your love bleeds from your words. A stunning write.

28 May 2014 by Priyanshi Dass |

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Arab Pagan

THE ARAB PAGANS

MATLOOB BOKHARI

The Arab pagans were plunged in the depth of ignorance,  
Barbarism; adored idols, lived in unchaste life,  
Ate dead bodies, disregarded every feeling of humanity,  
Allah raised among them a man, honest, and pure;  
Who called them to Oneness of God, forbade idol worship.  
Enjoined them to speak truth, be faithful, merciful.

Muhammad taught them rights of neighbors; kith and kin:  
Forbade them to speak evil of women, or to eat orphans' stuff.  
Ordered them to flee from the vices, and to abstain from evil.  
Offer prayers, render alms, observe fast and respect elders.

The Arab pagans rose against him to cease his preaching.  
Muhammad with a bloodied face, a busted lip, a broken tooth prayed for them  
When they mutilated Hamza's corpse; burnt off his nose; cut off his ears;  
Muhammad, the messenger of peace and love, forgiving prayed for the pagans  
But the shadow of the dark clouds of hate totally eclipsed the moon of love  
The Arab pagans ruthlessly massacred the whole family of Muhammad  
Hussain, picking up the body of his young son, an image of Muhammad, prayed:  
Praise be to Allah Who is the hearer of prayers and warders off anguishes  
Hussain, gathering pieces of the dead body of his nephew trampled by horses,  
prayed  
O Allah! The All-gentle, the All aware! I willingly desire for You and testify Your  
Lordship!

Hussain, burrying his six month martyr with his own hand in the sand of  
Karbala, prayed  
Praise be to Allah Who is raiser of ranks and suppressor of tyrants  
Hussain standing on shifting sand-dunes of Kerbala, smeared with blood. of  
Abbas, prayed  
O All-merciful, O All-beneficent.! All glory be to You! Verily Originator and  
Reproducer

The grandson of Prophet Muhammad, left all alone, called for help  
But the pagans threw his headless body on the plains of Karbala  
Leaving Prophet's daughters in raging flames of tents, they celebrated victory  
O God Who gladdens the hearts that mourn, dries the eyes that weep  
I cannot write the whole story of love and hate, My heart cries! My pen bleeds!  
Matloob, sky and stars weep upon such sacrifices, angels bow, they don't die in  
vain!

Every soul shall have a taste of death: We test you by evil and by good by way of trial!

Praise be to Allah, Hearer of prayers! From God we come, and unto Him is our return.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Beautiful Face

THE Beautiful Face

Matloob Bokhari

I saw a moving full moon over the sea

Then I saw the face of a maiden

I stopped and said, 'Moon is fair

But the sweet magic of her face is

Fairer far, which attracted my eyes

Captured my heart and won my soul.'

npuri - Wow sir great shairi! Sensational exquisite poem. Thanx 4 makin me read it. Allah blesses both the good and bad gals with beauty. Some are thankful n make lawful use of it while other gals put beauty to unlawful use. It's a test and i wish to pass it always. Regards sir.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Beauty Of A Woman

THE BEAUTY OF A WOMAN

MATLOOB BOKHARI

Wearing a white flower in her black hair  
Beautiful diamonds in her snow white neck  
In ecstatic air, was sitting a lady, roses on her table  
My spirit bloomed on seeing her precious stones  
I praised her facial mole, pearly teeth, curl of lips  
Honey smile, stride of gait, flash in her black eyes  
My murshud said look deeper than her physical beauty  
Her soul be purer than the purest water of rain  
Her thoughts be more pious than fragrant breeze  
The light of her character be more beautiful than moon

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Blessed Mothers

THE BLESSED MOTHERS

Matloob Bokhari

The ladies who crossed shore less ocean of love,  
While ages run, their memory is still a fragrant rose.  
Their wisdom is light and faith, a guiding star,  
Their thoughts created ripples in the conscience of time.  
Immortal glory be to You! O blessed mothers!  
Your sons are shining stars on life's dark ocean.  
Hagarah, mother of Ismael, is the first lady of faith  
Whose imitation is the greatest form of worship.  
She was first who taught love, patience, martyrdom.  
In a barren valley; no food, no water, no sign of life.  
He Who created man from a sperm-drop mixture,  
Made Mary conceive with the Light Divine.  
Mary, mother of Christ, is the lady of virtue;  
Is a mother of fair love, a lady of hope and all grace.  
Grew up in the temple of prayer is mentioned in Quran.  
Most Gracious made Mary a lady of purity and beauty.  
House of Muhammad is destination of every heart,  
Which understands beauty, majesty, freedom,  
Justice, love, sincerity, devotion and strength.  
God purified the house with perfect purification.  
Fatima is the leader of the women of paradise;  
Fatima is the light of the Blessing for Universe;  
Fatima is the lady of the lion of Allah;  
Fatima is the life of the leaders of paradise.  
Muhammad is blessing for the whole mankind,  
Fatima is a blessing for Muhammad.

picture of Sylvia Frances Chan

xYou are a very Blessed poet, to have created these different Mothers.

28 May 2014 by Sylvia Frances Chan

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Book Of Fate

THE BOOK OF FATE

Matloob Bokhari

I was rowing on the water of sea  
Without a tide and a without wave.  
Infinite joy on the boundless expanse.  
Dance of soul on the windless ocean.  
Calm sea, sea breeze, blue sky, silver dreams,  
No tempest fear, fair winds, merrily sailing.  
While floating on lonely sea, I learnt:  
My soul is shore less like the endless ocean,  
My boat is small and the ocean is wide and deep.  
He Who rules earth, sea and sky, moves the boat.  
All people combined together can grant no benefit,  
All people combined together can do no harm,  
The water of seven seas cannot wash a single line.  
What God has determined in the book of fate.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Broken Guitar

THE BROKEN GUITAR

MATLOOB BOKHARI

When the storms of life rolled in with ocean of tears  
When the tides of grief created restless sensation  
When the road of life became tiring and tiresome  
When every thing disappeared, When I was in curl loneliness  
In the darkness of night, Musa and Omer played guitar  
Their music solaced my soul and gave calmness to my heart  
My soul smiled through the shine of their dreamful eyes  
Both friends made me smile, both made me laugh  
Their brilliant minds were fountains of high thoughts  
Their sweet lips prayed to kiss the stars  
They put their heart, soul and mind in their thoughts  
And pursued their paths with no loss of will and resolve  
Both accomplished what they had dreamt in their paths  
One became a business success, other excelled fighter flying  
Omer in his peak moments soared high in the vast sky  
Where he prayed for his martyrdom, God listened his prayer  
So suddenly, all the colourful strings of guitar were broken  
The music of his guitar mixed in the sounds of universe  
Sweet melody of his life flowed in the blue sky  
God blessed him with the death of a martyr  
And gave him a glorious abode lighted by the glory of God.  
We are left with beating of our loving hearts  
Verily! verily! sooner or later, we all have to depart!

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Broken Wing

Faraz, on a hill top in the wooden dell,  
Saw Durkhanae, shepherding a herd of sheep.  
Her green robe, a veil of red linen round her head,  
Her curly hair, lily-white skin and rhythmic gait  
Touched the very heart and soul of Faraz.  
With inexpressible sweetness, she spoke to him.  
In flowery mead, you turned my solitude into a song.  
In glen, days passed like dreams; nights like weddings.  
One night, stars were in full splendour round radiant moon.  
Brighter than white goddess, she was lying on grass like a jewel.  
The thick dark clouds had covered the sky.  
The howling wind broke the spell of amorous love.  
In sunshine of life, Faraz forgot days of dismal rain.  
He turned over a new leaf, leaving Durkhanae in pain.  
In the valley of gloom, she passed the days in grief.  
Wearily lying in the masses of tangled weeds,  
All the girls born under the unhappy star  
Sang a song in the dismal rain.  
"Those who deceive, God will throw them in nether hell."  
Crawling on his hands and knees, Faraz chanted:  
"Durkhanae, O Durkhanae, keeps yourself away,  
Man on this planet is a monstrous beast indeed."

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Divine Love

THE DIVINE LOVE

Matloob Bokhari

I met a lady bewitched by her beauty,  
She made me sit on a speedy steed;  
And escorted me to a wonder-land:  
Where hills were mantled with lush green trees.  
Amidst wooded area, on the mountain-top,  
Perched the most beautiful building of rare wood.  
There, hanging lights were blazing bright.  
Through golden-rimmed windows,  
Maidens were looking at the foam of waterfall.  
There walking on flower bedecked path of a rosy garden,  
She brought me food sweeter than manna dew.  
Serving me food of love, she vanished like a dream.  
Her kiss sucked my soul, her locks enthralled my body.  
Totally haggard, all - alone, woebegone,  
I took refuge in melodic birds and musky herbs.  
Here, I was greeted by an Echoing Heavenly Voice:  
'You are after a shadow; I am Love in your heart.  
When abandoned, my Love will show you what to do,  
When dismayed, My Love will be your therapy,  
When lost, My Love will show you the path.'  
I am now draped and steeped in All- love.  
Providence has delivered me of all the earthly woes.

COMMENTS: THE DIVINE LOVE

James Robert Myers: Romantic Matloob...taken the world by storm! !

Kristy Raines: Well that really took my breath away... A beautiful story with a beautiful scenery. I could picture that. Took my breath away.....

Vincey Delaney: very beautiful, so unique and radiant. love it! !

Brian Wrixon: Great imagery - has a fairy tale sense about it. Interesting!

Domenico Raco: life is a fairy tale, the woods, waterfalls, disappointments, luckily

there are fairies that fill your heart and make the fear less strong.

Angela Davis: The imagery is so incredible!

Satyender ParkashAas: Excellent write, sublime love, above sensuous love decent verse.

Sandra Delussu: Grandioso Matloob poet you're a gift to yourself and therefore to the world!

Em Meile: Matloob: this is a beautiful journey to the place to highest love, Divine love....soothing and magically woven!

Margaret Gudkov: Reading it is like reading beautiful fairytale 1001nights.

David Logan Graham: put me there in the world created by you.

Ann Carruth Donoghue: Gorgeous, very dreamlike.

Farzana Altaf: It is excellent poetry. I love your style of writing and how you walk us slowly, through to the end, I like poetry that makes me think and have to. Re-read a few times so I can come up with my idea of it's meaning AWESOME! ! .

Alma Delacruz Gossman: Such a romantic and wondrous write dear Matloob Bokhari, crafted so beautifully and full of such longing and love..

Isabelle Black Smith: Beautiful write matloob...yes flowers have power and ds me a bit of the old song 'Where have all the flowers gone'. Beautiful rhythm of peace, hope and love in your words, Matloob.

Tarringo T Vaughan: This graces beauty! ! You are a poet of beauty and romance.

Debra Webb Roberts: Hopeful sentiments. plant flowers, sow peace.

Jennifer Long: beautiful! ! reminds me of the song where have all the flowers gone... one of my favorites! !

Kevin M. Hibshman: WOW! ! TERRIFIC MATLOOB! ! ! MY spirit is sailing!

Ruth Philippa: So the man must learn from rhythmic swaying of rose! brilliant! .

Marilyn Ann Francis: I PLEDGE MY ADHEARANCE TO THIS POEM MORNING NOON AND NIGHT AND PRAY ALL THE WORLD DOES ALSO, WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD IT WOULD BE, EXCELLENT

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Eternal Love

THE ETERNAL LOVE

Matloob Bokhari

In a summer night, radiated with moon,  
Thinking about seven skies and earth,  
I was talking with scintillating stars.  
Silence had invaded the silence of night.  
Flowers and shrubs were praising Lord.  
Suddenly, I heard a call of a fairy queen,  
Bewildered me she with her beauty.  
Then, offered a cup of wine, full of love.  
Her blazing beauty enlightened my soul  
And taught me a lesson of eternal Truth.  
Lesson that was taught to Moses at Sinai.  
I had a glimpse of Truth, beyond logic;  
Saw white pearl preserved in a shell.  
Where is my dress? where are my shoes?  
Where is my life? where is my death?  
Where is my body? where is my soul?  
Am I in red flames or in purple rain?  
No fear of hell, no greed of heaven.  
A flower bloomed in the desert of my heart.  
I am in love with Love more than love.  
In the nightmare of darkness, barking dogs  
Nor see beauty of stars, nor state of a lover.

Karyn Walker I love it when you return, dearest brother Matloob. Your words are indeed infinite; they`re expressions from the past and beyond. I wish you vitality with the ink, dear. Bless you.

Marilyn Ann Francis I PLEDGE MY ADHEARANCE TO THIS POEM MORNING NOON AND NIGHT AND PRAY ALL THE WORLD DOES ALSO, WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD IT WOULD BE, EXCELLENT MATLOOB, MAF PUTTING ON MY FRIG...

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Garden Of Love

THE GARDEN OF LOVE

Matloob Bokhari

The Gardner planted a fragrant garden,  
Cultivated flowers of every hue;  
Love, tolerance, peace and brotherhood.  
Forgive and forget was the perfume of flowers.  
When flowers were tossing heads in spirited joy,  
Under the cool blue sky, the gardener thanked  
Ar-Rahman for all His Mercy.  
Who pleasantly infused in it a soul  
And made it feed the mind and body both.  
Its fragrance was made a spring of solace  
And beauty a source of learning.  
Handing over this gift of joy, the gardener  
Went to the paradise of love.  
Soon after, jealousy chopped the kind  
Hands of the sons of the gardener  
And burnt their rosy faces on coals of fire.  
Then the ugliest fiend racked the whole  
garden.  
Ah! the mother of jealousy had gouged out the  
Liver of love, O Invidia, O blind envy  
Since then, the garden of love has become a  
Wasteland, a sizzling desert - A killing field!

picture of Gita Ashok

xA poignantly penned verse - thought-provoking, too.

13 Oct 2013 by Gita Ashok | Reply

picture of Eyan Desir

xSo sad, well written.

13 Oct 2013 by Eyan Desir | Reply

picture of words....

xWar shows no mercy: (

13 Oct 2013 by words.... | Reply

picture of Dan G

xTouching...love it...review mine if you dont mind.

13 Oct 2013 by Dan G | Reply

picture of Ben Gieske

xTruly an up-to-date version of humanity's state in today's world.

13 Oct 2013 by Ben Gieske | Reply

picture of MATLOOB BOKHARI

xThanks my dear friends

13 Oct 2013 by MATLOOB BOKHARI | Reply

picture of MATLOOB BOKHARI

xthis is story of Prophet Muhammad who taught forgiveness but his whole family and his grandson Hussain was ruthlessly killed in Karbala

13 Oct 2013 by MATLOOB BOKHARI | Reply

picture of heather wilkins

xa beautifully written poem Matloob.

13 Oct 2013 by heather wilkins | Reply

picture of heather wilkins

xa beautifully written poem Matloob.

13 Oct 2013 by heather wilkins | Reply

picture of.. magnolia

xEven the garden of Eden was desecrated...a profound poem which touched me immensely, thanks

13 Oct 2013 by.. magnolia | Reply

picture of LaSoaphia QuXazs

xYes, because the sex love can turn into hatred in a second, and definitely all those sins come too. Very good observation.

17 Oct 2013 by LaSoaphia QuXazs |

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Happy Haven

THE HAPPY HAVEN

Matloob Bokhari

The Happy Haven, beaming with blossoms.  
River meandered through it, bedecked with trees,  
Whose branches hung down like locks of damsels.  
River, with petals, sent forth fragrance all around.  
Boys played sports; girls whirled with lyre.  
Elders amused themselves with tales of youth.  
People worshipped together, dined together.  
The book taught them to shun seven deadly sins.  
Lo, there came three word magicians to preach.  
Spoke glory of truth to those who lived in truth.  
Then, interpretations of truth brewed differences,  
Which forked valley into three distinct factions.  
Sank it into quagmire of conflicting thoughts.  
Sectarian bouts became the order of the day.  
Play land turned into a fierce battlefield  
Where people thronged to bicker over trifles,  
And leapt at each other like angry wolves.  
Wounded men crying breathed their last,  
Leaving war-orphans to lead a lonely life.  
Gusty wind of hatred dried up the river.  
The Happy Haven became a killing field.  
Green hay faded; buds ceased to blossom.  
All this transformed valley into a wasteland.  
Then, came a spiritual surgeon to heal wounds.  
Who said: "Of all, religious impostors are worst.  
They talk lies, walk in lies and live in lies.  
Let love roll down here like a flowing stream.  
Lord appeals you all to hold the Universal Love.  
This brotherhood of yours is a single brotherhood.  
Bury differences; stop following interpretations.  
Restrain your desires. Live and let others live."  
Listening, they put all interpretations to torch.  
Clouds brought rain which put down fire,  
And injected a new life into the valley.  
Birds, men, animals wore a charming smile,

Love, sweet love was fragrant in the free air!

picture of Miss B

xThis is brilliant, Matloob! I really enjoyed all of the ideas you've touched on. Really had me thinking. Very intelligent piece. Cheers

18 Oct 2013 by Miss B | Reply

picture of Miss B

xAlso, recommended!

18 Oct 2013 by Miss B | Reply

picture of Kasia Fedyk

xWow, amazing, wonderful, brilliant! Recommending!

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Holy Sacrifices

THE HOLY SACRIFICES

Matloob Bokhari

Those intoxicated with luxury will be eaten up by worms.  
Those who made world a killing field will finally be killed.  
Where is Nimrud, mighty ruler, with high tower?  
Where are Pharaohs with mines of silver and gold?  
Where are Omayyads with palaces, fields and gardens?  
When the sun and moon will vanish into nothingness,  
Then the only name of the Master of Creation will be left.  
Together with Him will always flow the blood of holy sacrifices.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Light Of Liberty

THE LIGHT OF LIBERTY

Matloob Bokhari

Peace be upon you, O daughter of the Chief of prophets.  
Peace be upon you, O daughter of God's friend.  
Peace be upon you, O daughter of the lady of Jannah.  
Peace be upon you, who inherited bravery, fluency from Ali.  
Peace be upon you, who became a symbol of liberty.  
Peace be upon you, who is the lady of knowledge, patience.  
Peace be upon you, who practiced what she taught.  
Peace be upon you, who spoke against despotic institutions.  
Peace be upon you, who challenged miseries with a message.  
Peace be upon you, who remained entangled in tribulations.  
Peace be upon you, who was paraded from place to place.  
Peace be upon you, who completed mission when all were dead.  
Peace be upon you, who un-masked Godless regime.  
Peace be upon you, who sowed seeds of awareness.  
Peace be upon you, who delivered sermons on freedom.  
Peace be upon you, who rescued the spirit of Islam.  
Peace be upon you, who criticized terror in courts.  
Peace be upon you, who prayed; ' Lord! Accept sacrifice.'  
Peace be upon you, who in the sad night remained in prayers.  
Peace be upon you, whose speeches silenced crafty intriguers.  
Peace be upon you, whose name will remain eternal in history  
Peace be upon you, whose lifestyle inspires generations.  
Peace be upon you, who said 'God's curse on tyrants'  
Peace be upon you, who forced tyranny to take refuge.  
Peace be upon you, who said, 'Our memory will never die.'  
Peace be upon you, who won battle of human rights.  
Peace be upon you, who is a sun in history of humanity.

Michele Vizzotti-White: Hazrat Zainab challenged miseries with a message, if only more people had this gift eh there is always tomorrow: She is a sun in history of humanity, yea def.

God bless the smart, beautiful and brave spirits in the world. (na na three cheers to Hazrat Zainab :)

Kevin M. Hibshman: You are a light, Matloob!

Isabelle Black Smith: I have read parts of Quran. I need to read more. The Quran is indeed a holy text, filled with much wisdom. Thank you for telling about Hazrat Zainab. It is most interesting. I love the study of history. The story of where we have been as people is fascinating to me. I do feel that in order for us to be successful in our future and avoid repeating the mistakes of our past we must truly have an understanding of where it is that we have been. Such a courageous woman this Hazrat Zainab was to speak out so boldly against tyranny in her time. Truly inspiring! You've given me some more reading to find out more about this remarkable woman, I think. Thank you for the introduction of this lady. And such a wonderful meditation in your poem. A fitting tribute to this holy and inspiring woman of justice and peace.

Neil Perry: I'd never heard of Hazrat Zainab before, but she seemed an interesting person who was against injustice.

Em Meile: This is a beautiful story plucked from history...and you have paid great honor and homage to our brave predecessor Hazrat Zainab, with your wise and beautiful words. I stand beside you, Matloob, as we plant the seeds together.

Satyender ParkashAas: Peace be upon you, who prayed, mindful, idealistic, inspiring the human fully. I love this too.

Tina Farnworth: I am an atheist but Hazrat Zainab sounds like an interesting lady! A strong woman indeed!

Tod McNeal: Beautiful Matloob! Had a guy friend me and begin posting all kind of hateful spew against Muslims on my page. That sort of thing is divisive and not in Unity. There are Muslims who can't stand Christians and Christians who can't

stand Muslims. Both are not living in the light of LOVE that both religions place at the highest order of importance. Sadly both Holy books associated with the respective religions have plenty of quotable fodder (and even more sadly actionable fodder) for those whom wish to be divisive and hateful to others. ONE LOVE is not just Christian to Christian or Muslim to Muslim...it is UNITY with all. That is how I feel.

Ann Carruth Donoghue: Very powerful write, bravo x

John Castellenas: I like your thoughts and the purpose of this poem.

Kristine Nicholson: Yes, it is the people with goodness in their hearts who make Spirit shine through the words & institutions of religion! Your Ode to Hazrat Zainab is glorious! :) Ken

Flora Vasconcelos: Peace be upon the suffering flesh, the suffocated souls, the barbed-wired hearts, the walled eyes, the forbidden breath!

RAJ NANDY: Let this 'Light of Liberty' my friend, usher forth a peaceful world bringing greater joy for humanity! Th anks, -Raj Nandy.

Kriston Scott: I didn't know this lady. It is enlightening. Thank you so much for telling the story of Hazrat Zainab, Peace be upon her ~ inspiring and beautiful.

Sandra Delussu: Where are those bold people gone dwell?

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Miracle Of Muhammad

THE MIRACLE OF MUHAMMAD (pbuh)  
Matloob Bokhari

Lord of faithful, incarnation of courage,  
Gateway of knowledge; treasurer of trust.  
Roman Kings had his photos in palaces,  
Warriors great engraved his name on swords.  
In Badar, Uhad, Khandaq, Khyber, Hunain,  
Entire faith rose against entire infidelity.  
With speed of lightening, the lion of Allah,  
Dashed out dazzling; cut off Marhab's head,  
Removed from hinges, the door of Khyber,  
Was first, second and last line of defense.  
The king of the Kingdom of Laa Fataa.  
The apostle of Islam kissing him praised:  
My lieutenant, as Haroon unto Musa,  
Beau ideal of chivalry, the Bayard of Islam  
Manifestor of wonders, the appointed Wali,  
The king of the brave, share -e- jali,

The mystery of Allah, the master Ali,  
Hate against Ali, hate against Ahmad,  
Amity with him is amity with Ahmad,  
Flesh of Muhammad is flesh of Ali,  
Blood of Muhammad is blood of Ali,  
All who obey Muhammad, will obey Ali.  
Muhammad lovingly called him Maula Ali.  
Truth remained on his tongue, and in heart,  
Never uttered a lie or feigned deceit.  
Pious, warrior, teacher and orator,  
Hard barley his food, bare earth his bed.  
Flowed from him many streams of wisdom.  
A lamp, many lamps lighted from him.  
Prophet was his master and guiding star.  
Pearls in his sermons strung in fine chain,  
Liked, loved, acclaimed and adored alike  
By Muslims, Christians, Jews, Sikhs, Hindus.  
Sold self in Laylat al-mabit for His pleasure.  
Ali is the Rope of Allah; the Ship of Salvation.  
On his prayer carpet drenched in blood,  
Slackened rope of murderer, gave him blow.

Declared: "Ask, lest you may lose sight of me."

Born in House of Allah, died in House of Allah.

Glory to God, Who created miracle of Muhammad,

Made me understand between Allah and Allah's hand.

I am a slave of his slave and his slaves' slave.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Painful Fall

THE PAINFUL FALL

Matloob Bokhari

When ever I sit under the pleasant shady tree,  
I remember the delicious place and odorous shrubs.  
In midst of the garden of flowers and water springs;  
Where I met my love: we walked hand in hand  
And shared memories sweet with each other.  
She was the reason that made me happy.  
We never thought of losing each other.  
It so happened that we tasted the forbidden tree  
So it happened that the strings of dreams were broken.  
In the moist midnight of my inwards, I feel pain,  
Swallowing me as ocean swallows a grain of salt.  
O Lord, I drowned myself in infinite melancholy,  
Pleasure in inflicting pain is now my only pleasure.  
I am now surrounded by the hellfire of desires.  
Ah! foul revolt and vain pride always come before the fall.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Power Of Love

THE POWER OF LOVE

Matloob Bokhari

O lady! O my soul!  
You excel all butterflies in beauty.  
When you shine, O shining gloss!  
Stars around moon slow their glow.  
You are loveliest thing of beauty  
Whose magic spell enchants the heart.  
You are my worship, my sole desire.  
God planted seed of love in my heart  
And your beauty watered soil of my heart.  
O goddess of beauty! O my soul!  
In your blessed memory,  
I walk along sea shore and by streams;  
Sing with rising waves and flowing water.  
O blessed beauty! O my soul!  
With the perfume of your memory,  
Can hear song of trees and chant of river.  
With the power of the winged love,  
Like Shams, I soar in the air.  
Flying over the waves of resounding sea  
And the glistening mountain-height.  
Keep company with starry skies, grassy meads.  
Sail high to have communion with the Spirit  
Piercing through golden-rimmed dusky clouds.  
O blessed light! O my soul!  
With your magic light,  
Crossed desert of ignorance; shore of seven sins.  
O lovely lady! O sweet-smiling goddess!  
My soul is intoxicated with your love.  
I am far away, but can listen song of eternal joy.  
When I die, place me in loving arms of my mother,  
Cover mud with blossoms of lilies and jasmine,  
And sow seeds of spring flowers on my grave.  
O my very dear friend!  
Love and Beauty are my religion.  
I have been faithful to the love of Love.  
I am in complete comfort; in perfect peace.

The power of love

Michele Vizzotti-White: : I am in complete comfort; in perfect peace'.....and u r an out of this world poet...'O lovely lady! O sweet-smiling goddess'...what a fine vision, u put so much life into your writing literally from life to death it amazese me,

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Sacrifices You Love

## THE SACRIFICES YOU LOVE

Matloob Bokhari

O mankind from Adam and Eve

Let us pay homage to the lives of two star heroes

In the two morality plays, staged on this planet.

Both of them were tested with loss of lives

Both remained patient; blessed eternally

First play was staged on an ash heap in Uz

Where Ayub, with farms, riches and sons

And grand houses was tested like gold by God

Ayub remained patient with gracious patience

Came out successful from the furnace of afflictions

Ayub's herds were spread throughout the land

Remained faithful with ranches, sons and friends

God tried him with loss of wealth and health

Thieves looted all his farms; his sons died

Sheep burned up; servants slain with sword

His children perished by the stormy wind

Sores inflicted from foot to the crown of his head

With face full of ulcers, he endured piercing pain

When all left Ayub, Raheema stood by him

Crumpled prophet remained happy with His holy will.

And bowed with all his heart before Him

Ayub, with all senses and with whole soul, said:

&quot;Glorified be You! O most Merciful! Your might is right! &quot;

&quot;You gave, You took away; may Your name be praised! &quot;

He bowed and thanked his Lord with his parched lips

His painful journey ended on the spiritual road

When pure character Raheema sold her hair for food

Ayub sighed: &quot; O the most Merciful, mercy on me! &quot;

The All Forgiving redeemed him from distress

Clouds rained gold on his threshing floor

The Most Merciful of all, the Most Compassionate

Again elevated Ayub, the man of faith and patience

An other hero who won life over death is Hussain

Hussain, a plant of sweet Basil for Muhammad,

Who rode on the shoulders of the Apostle

Who is the prince of the Garden of Bliss

Was tested on the scorching sand of Karbala

When the insidious enemy poisoned faith of love  
 And shrank from no crime to secure power  
 With the help of sword, crushed all dissents  
 And chilled blood in the veins of peace lovers  
 Hussain rose to restore the qualities of Divine Message  
 He marched with his small band to supreme sacrifice,  
 All trials in the holy books since the creation of Adam  
 Were enacted on the hot sand of eternal love  
 The water of Euphrates was allowed even for pigs,  
 But the son of the Apostle was not allowed a sip  
 Hussain sacrificed his sons, kinsmen and friends  
 The beautiful small babe was killed in his arms  
 Arrows brought down the hero of love on arrows  
 Alone, weary and wounded Hussain yelled amid corpses  
 &quot;Is there anyone to help me? &quot;  
 His body was trampled by horses, head severed,  
 Most precious blood started flowing from his veins  
 Arrows in back, arrows in chest, Hussain offered his last prayer  
 Thanked the Most Exalted, the Most Forgiving in prostration  
 The wild murderers exhibited the beheaded heads on lances  
 A soft voice came from the sky: ' O the prince of the Garden of Bliss  
 I am happy with your sacrifices.  
 Your soul will attain eternal glory  
 You are a lord of all lords  
 You are a door from the doors of paradise.&quot;  
 Hindus, Muslims, Christians and Jews - all sing his praises  
 Hussain is the prince of martyrs; the leader of humanity  
 From his blood flowed the fountain of Islam  
 From his veins flowed the blood of all freedom lovers  
 Hussain - the pride of Ayub; the end of Great Sacrifice  
 Submitted to the Entirely Merciful and Entirely Kind  
 In the midst of corpses,  
 In the midst of babies' cries,  
 In a sad night in the red flames of burning tents  
 In agony; in the pain, Zainab bowed in prayer  
 &quot;I see nothing except Your beauty, O kind God  
 To strive for Islam is our duty.'  
 My friends  
 Those who sacrifice their all for the love of Truth  
 Waves of water cannot wash their names  
 Supreme beauty never dies; shines in the pool of blood  
 Spirit of truth glows in the welter of dust in the dark graves

These heroes practiced perfect patience  
Their souls attain eternal glory  
In our dark world, their sacrifices are light  
Lasting joy is for me in their memory  
Light of my thoughts will shine in my grave  
Boost Post  
15 people reached

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Chronological

Comments

Matloob Poetry

Matloob Poetry Kamal Jahan Begum: V Nice

God bless post is awesome indeed.I love Hussain

Your post has stirred my supreme sacrifice!

I appreciate your effort in writing so much and enlightening us.

Unlike · Reply · 1 · 29 mins

Matloob Poetry

Matloob Poetry Sylvia Frances Chan This is an amazing Tribute to ISLAM as a belief and not as the enemy of the Christians or any belief. How powerful poetry this IS, dear Matloob Bokhari &3, I have read just ONE TIME and know and understand all what this poem wants to tell, what this poem wants to say to all of us, what you as a fascinating poet wishes to SHARE with all of us. I am most thankful to you that our beliefs make friendship and no wars. IF all people WERE LIKE US, there would be NO WARS AT ALL. Wars are with the stupid. Yes, I know that myriad of people sacrificed for the Islam, as I have read Hussain's life and sacrifice, he sacrificed all and every of his beloved children and finally himself, what a super strong belief he must have, and Allah said that it was good what he had done, and so can I tell you, these occurrences look similar to all the tragedies happened in the Bible. IF we believe and trust the TRUTH then we have always eased, peace and greatest and serene calmness and our heart filled with passion for these things we strife. Thank you so much for sharing this enormous beautiful and powerful poetry. God's Blessings in Abundance, the Lord's Day, the 12th of March 2017 on PF IN FB. at 13.14 hrs WET p.m. ©Sylvia F. CHAN :)

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Story Of Love

THE STORY OF LOVE  
MATLOOB BOKHARI

Come on! O Hindu, Muslims, Christians, Jews  
Come on! All those who love all and hate none  
Let us sing together, let us dance together  
Heaven's music is playing, planets are moving in love  
O all those who dream to fly  
After seeing the beauty in full splendour  
The tide of love will rise above the high clouds

Come! Come! In the zone of love  
Clear prattles of rain are falling on trees  
White birds flying in the clean blue air  
Lovers wearing white dresses are resting on green grass  
Sunshine in ecstasy is playing with simple twigs of trees  
After bathing in the rain of love, we are all lovers  
No Hindus, no Muslims, Nor we are Christians nor Jews  
O Lovers! We are all in love with One God

O my friends!  
In delight, I lost myself in pathless woods and on lonely shores  
In the depth of solitude, loneliness taught me first lesson of love

Love gave me wings and I saw  
Adam and Hawa feeling guilty, seeking forgiveness  
Great mansions with wonderful towers of Ad  
Ibrahim and Sarah helping the poor  
Hajar running between mounts Safa and Marwa  
Ibrahim and Ismael going to Mount Arafat  
Ibrahim tying hands and legs, blindfolding Ismael  
The sun, the moon and eleven stars bowing before Joseph  
Younus being swallowed by an enormous fish  
Moses taking off sandals on the holy ground  
God talking to Moses face to face at Mount Sinai  
Saw Christ talking to people while he was in cradle  
Playing at the ford of a rushing stream  
Making sparrows out of soft clay, clapping and shouting

&quot;Be off, fly away, and remember me, you who are now alive! &quot;  
Healing the blinds and leapers and bringing to life the dead  
Saw the Holy Christ being nailed to a Cross  
Then I went on a spiritual pilgrimage of Mecca, Medina and Najaf  
I heard Muhammad pronouncing Man Kun Tu Maula  
Omer the great, in pure joy, felicitated Ali  
All companions were happy, prophet smiling  
Salman, Abuzar, Bilal, Miqdad singing with love  
Yalali yalali yala, yala yala re man kunto maula  
God completed His favour, approved Islam  
All flowers of valley were happy; I was dancing in mad joy  
Then wonder opened the inward eyes of my soul  
Finally, I communed with my beloved, listened her talking to me  
Allahho Allahho, La Ilaha Illahoo, Allahhoo, Allahhoo, hooo, hoo

Absolutely divine poem about highest divine love. You are such an ardent poet,  
Matloob! I oft enjoy your fantastic poetry about God. Thank you for sharing this  
poetry. GBU dear Matloob.

20 Jun 2014 by Sylvia Frances Chan

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The Super Moon

THE SUPER MOON

Matloob bokhari

Yester night, everyone was fast asleep.  
The winged air in winter night was still.  
No star was blossoming in the welkin.  
Moon which dazzles was also away.  
The sky was wearing a black cloak.  
The queen of the night and stars of the sky  
Have come from celestial sphere on our planet.  
Earth at night was brighter than the day.  
Helen, ringed by moon and stars, was sitting  
Like a fair sun in the company of a pale pumpkin.  
The twinkling stars were singing an echoing song.  
Man went on moon, it is not a wonder.  
The Super moon came to kiss Helon is a marvel indeed!

by MATLOOB BUKHARI

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# The White Rose

THE WHITE ROSE

Matloob Bokhari

My friends, close your eyes.

I want to tell you a fairy tale.

I saw a princess in a white palace.

She was wearing her long white robe.

Her milky face, silvery neck, pearly teeth

Were looking fairer far than a white rose,

Whose petals are bedecked with drops of rain.

Ah me! Starshine of her dark black eyes

Sucked my soul and made me mad.

She has gone but made me a beaten rose.

Oh! bring some herbs to cure this madness

I am drunk without drinking wine.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# To The Tyrants Of The World

TO THE TYRANTS OF THE WORLD

Matloob Bokhari

Once, I saw an old man, a portrait of sorrow,  
Hunger- stricken, shoeless, shabbily dressed.  
The man in pain sitting on a time- worn rug.  
Containing scenes of moments of a monarch.  
In scenery, a garden over looking a castle:  
A maiden, as an apple, sitting beside the king;  
Damsels, holding tambourines dancing in joy;  
In lily-cups, luscious blonde pouring wine;  
Some sapphire-blue casks of wine on a table.  
Finding me absorbed, the old man whispered,  
'Do you want it?' 'Yes, I adore it.' I replied.  
Presenting me, the man rose up in distress.  
On reaching home, I thought of washing it.  
As washed, colours went, revealing a grisly tale.  
Some maidens being dragged by sturdy soldiers;  
Specter-thin children were dying of thirst;  
An old woman wailing in a ruined house.  
The garrotter executing freedom fighters;  
Ah! Flogged in the name of religion and faith.  
A poet, a liberty lover, kissing gallows.  
Many a scalp scattered here and there;  
As looked deeper, tyrant was same old man.  
Horror-stricken, rushed to return the rug.  
Seeing, he said, 'knew you would not like it.'  
Asked, ' Why cruel man like you; poet to me? '  
He said, 'I am same portrayed in scenes.  
During my rule, I crushed everyone;  
Smoked pipe of peace; cared not for misdeeds.  
I am destined to languish until all the people,  
Killed come again and enjoy the fruit of life.'  
Looking at me, the old man said in pain,  
'You are same slammed to death on my orders'.

COMMENTS: TO THE TYRANTS OF THE WORLD

Kristine Nicholson..... The tyrant rules over all the waters, but the desert in his heart makes him forever thirsty! Yes, you have presented the picture within strong lines of truth. Very moving. Thoughtful - that a tyrant must undo the damage to all he harmed. Would that this were true for all tyrants and the all suffering could be undone so that those who felt pain could be reborn into the joys of life. Love and Light to You,, Matloob! You remain very humble. No need to be humble! Your works are wonderful!

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed: Assalaamu alaykum ahki rful piece rfully crafted. I visualized it as i read the piece. In reality i wish all those bastards never become 'Old Men'!

Marietta Mardirossian: I always read your poems, your words are always heart touching, I admire how your ink flows so beautifully, YOU ARE SHINING AS THE SUN. I LOVE THE WAY YOU PUT UR WORDS JUST IN THE RIGHT PLACES..

Matloob you seem to be god to create world out of love.

Matloob you seem to be god to create world out of love?

Farzana Altaf: Touching, endearing, honest and true are some words I could use to describe what you have written.. This is marvelous, and insightful awesome imagery. That makes other pay attention to your words.....(aDavina has said poetry is painting that is felt rather than seen

Scott Goodell: Wow! Matloob! What a multi-layered piece of poetic art! Beautiful and deep!

Jann Gail Jones: Whoa! Matloob,, this one is deep and thought provoking. Too often people read words of a poem, hear a sermon, read a book and put others in the place of the 'Tyrant.' I believe it is our duty to see ourselves in everything we read and hear. We all should examine the self and see where we have been the tyrant in life. We can change no one but ourselves. Peace begins with us

Cathleen R McCormick: Wonderful story and makes one really take stock of life.  
Cat

Isabelle Black Smith: Fabulous story. So enlightening. wonderful tale.

Tisha Emberton: You are a genius with imagery! I love how the poem begins with the facade of this beautiful imagery of a kingdom, then also as it unfold the truth of what the villagers must face at the rule of the king. This poem is brilliant! It is the best poem I've read in a while. You, my friend, are an amazing poet! This is my favorite poem by you. :)

Arjad Hussain: I have no words to express my views about this beauty... Such an adore able poem... Love it.

Michele Vizzotti-White: You do such a good job w/ pianting the picture w/ your insighful and colorful words :)

Vineet Mehta: Keatsian phraseology shows influence of the romantics.....

Kristen Scott: Always, moving imagery, picturesque and thought provoking ~ K.

Tod McNeal: Wow! Matloob! What a multi-layered piece of poetic art! Beautiful and deep! Washing out the truth or truth washing in? Brilliantly provocative...

Em Meile: A very worthy story to be told, Matloob.

Chay Silvermoon: Very deep and enlightening...well written.

Kristine Nicholson: The tyrant rules over all the waters, but the desert in his heart makes him forever thirsty! Yes, you have presented the picture within strong lines of truth :)

Ann Carruth Donoghue: love the deep meaning and vivid picture you paint with your words, terrific piece x

Ann Carruth Donoghue: love the deep meaning and vivid picture you paint with your words, terrific piece x

Chaitanya Dorwat: Very insightful sir, a very intriguing story... just cant get over the last line...I'm amazed by your genius. :)

Kristine Nicholson: Very moving. Thoughtful - that a tyrant must undo the damage to all he harmed. Would that this were true for all tyrants and the all suffering could be undone so that those who felt pain could be reborn into the joys of life. Love and Light to You,, Matloob! You remain very humble. No need to be humble! Your works are wonderful!

Author DiLinda Hill: I pray that we all take a moment of silence, to honor those that have gone on before us. To explain the pain of life lose and grief, graces me to know what a solider goes through. By reading this again, I pray for mercy. And I will keep reading it over again once again thank you for this honor. ~ God bless the gift of peace. Amen. If I could share this I would post it in every Arjad Hussain Great...I have no words to express my views about this beauty... Such an adore able poem... I only Love it.

Don Pettross: Awesome manifest...and true patronage...God bless oh brotha' poet for writing this peace!

Author DiLinda Hill: I pray that we all take a moment of silence, to honor those that have gone on before us, I pray for mercy.. ~ God bless the gift of peace.



# Volcano Of Hate

VOLCANO OF HATE

Matloob Bokhari

Volcano overflowing with lava  
Will cause dark ash and heat.  
Tsunami in its whirling, swirling rage  
Will destroy the lives and sweep the smiles.  
The rumbling earth in its angry mood  
Will shake homes and bury people under rubble.  
And blow the beautiful world to an end.  
Man is the most cold hearted breed  
Man is the most ruthless when power in hand  
Man is the most ferocious animal on this planet  
Man has landed on moon but emotionally living in stone age  
The hate running through the man's veins  
Will start the war out of stupid fanaticism  
And will destroy the whole beautiful world'  
A Palestinian boy told the story to kind lion before breathing his last

COMMENTS: I HATE THE HATE

Jann Gail Jones: You are so right Matloob! We must recognize the hate in our own veins and purify our blood most hastily. Hate is a terminal disease. Worse than any other known to mankind. Replace all hate with love.. and live in joy and beauty and bliss. Love wins, Matloob

Em Meile: Matloob, I agree! I believe without hate/fear in men's hearts, the atom bomb would never have been created...and yes I agree it is more dangerous,

because of the potential far more dangerous things....even greed is a form of fear, just hate is.

Poetry Con Garapan: Wow. I'm really glad I was able to see this. What a soulful and uplifting write!

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Wasteland

WASTELAND

Matloob Bokhari

The hordes of beasts loitering in ignorance,  
Made a deal with devil for their sinful sway.  
Then, entered into a city of crown of culture.  
Acquired worldly wealth, secured places high.  
Ruled people with the help of poison and sword.  
Hysterically hate of theirs chilled blood in veins.  
Subjected intellectuals to terrible atrocities.  
Terrorized, persecuted and humiliated females.  
Savagely and ruthlessly murdered challengers.  
Violence turned play land into an arena of war.  
Rigid dogmas gave a brutal blow to liberalism.  
Bigotry burnt volumes of logic and astronomy.  
Orthodoxy jeopardized freedom of reflection.  
Prejudice transformed gardens into wastelands.  
Hatred dried up all flowing rivers of land.  
Ignorance turned off all the lamps of light.  
Standing on stones of rusty ruins, I heard,  
Bats, rats and spiders cursing and saying,  
Where is your ill-gotten money, your courtiers?  
The stones here were speaking in a language mute,  
Shame on rulers cruel who oppressed humanity.  
Swirling mists, howling wind, ancient dust crying,  
Where is your splendor and glory; where cruel life?  
Pale death beating its wing was screaming loud:  
There is no room for hatred in the heart of truth,  
Lives in temples of hearts; reigns in castles of minds.

picture of Lidi Mendelsohn

xThis really is thought provoking and creative. The metaphors are just right.

22 Sep 2013 by Lidi Mendelsohn | Reply

picture of LaSoaphia QuXazs

xYes, you are right, however I see the lesson for everyone where they are. It sure looks like that the rich did not get their money on hard work or being honest, but be sure they will get what they deserve sooner or later. I saw these

before, but now I know everything happens for teaching someone. When we stop willing, wanting, became grateful what we have, doing our own mind, then we find the happiest life ever here and now.

22 Sep 2013 by LaSoaphia QuXazs | Reply

picture of Sylvia Frances Chan

xThis is amazing rich vocabulary for one poem, my dear friend. Rich metaphors too, my compliments for this wealthy worded poem. GBU Abundantly.

4 Oct 2013 by Sylvia Frances Chan

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# When I Remember You

WHEN I REMEMBER YOU

MATLOOB BOKHARI

O my beloved, O pride of the moon  
O crown of the luminous sky  
He who sits beside you by a flowing stream  
And drinks a full cup from your hands  
His lips utter no other name but you  
His eyes see no other sight but you  
His ears listen no other voice but you  
His mind thinks no one else but you  
Moon, stars, birds -all sing your hymn  
O beauty of the rose, O my heart's secret  
Your memory runs through my veins  
I weep even in my sleep for you

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Whispers Of Insanity

WHISPERS OF INSANITY

Matloob Bokhari

Why weep? Why cry? O love!  
If it is not in our hand to meet in the shadow,  
Come; let us shake hands in the world of eternity.  
In the land of madness, no end of spring.  
Here Rumi, Homer, Waris sing forever.  
Here truth shines, friendship eternal.  
Here you and I will live together!  
Here you and I will never depart!  
Why weep? Why cry? O friend!  
When the door of insanity is opened,  
The doors of mysteries are closed.  
COMMENTS: LOVE IS DESTINY

Barbara: Love is destiny, that says everything.. so let us live here and now, and sometimes a door opens and we can see it, but we'll reach it only in eternity.  
Ketsy Rivera: Pure emotion by way of poetic prose...deep archaic use and placement of words.. nicely-written Mat  
Laura Grillo Laveglia: There are no words proper, but Excellent does come to mind! ! !  
Eleni Mel: : Softly persuasive... love the references to past writers...acceptance of destiny... reconciliation, even if not in this life... Beautiful.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Wine Bearer

WINE BEARER  
MATLOOB BOKHARI

O wine bearer  
O wine-bearer! brighten my cup with your reflection  
Your face's reflection in cup is sweeter than my wine  
O moon of the glorious night, listen  
In the lonely, silent blue room  
You are my only single candle light,  
In the middle of Sahara desert high noon  
You are cool morning breeze, a lovely pearly drop  
O breath of my life!  
Walk amidst rose garden in a ruby dress  
Where perfume unlocks your long locks  
Darker than thick dark clouds in the sky  
O my sweet friend  
Tell me tale of love of immortal Waris Shah  
Lord of immortal verses in the halls of eternity,  
Sing hymn of peace with twinkling stars  
Teach forgiveness to wolves with your smile  
Spread love with the light of your gentle look  
Pray for dawn with the sounds of midnight  
I am your insane lover, logic laughs at me

Natasha Nabokov Oh, so sweet of you. Thank you for the pleasure of your verses. You are like my first love Tagore, gently and drunkenly adorable

picture of Priyanshi Dass

x'I am your insane lover, logic laughs at me'...Oh, this line was just beautiful. A stunning write penned, sir, with absolutely breathtaking imagery. Superb! !

30 May 2014 by Priyanshi Dass | Reply

picture of MATLOOB BOKHARI

xThanks Priyanshi or I should call you Pary.....nymph

31 May 2014 by MATLOOB BOKHARI

picture of RAJ NANDY

xLike

31 May 2014 by RAJ NANDY | Reply

picture of RAJ NANDY

xA great romantic gift indeed with embedded spiritualism in these lines too! The title reminded me of Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat; -'Come, fill the cup, and in the Fire of Spring, / The Winter garment of repentance fling, , , , '! I have a huge Kashmiri needle work depicting this scene where Saki pour out the wine to Omar under a tree, with a book of verse next to him & his quill pen! I have framed it & hung it on my drawing room wall! Very few can understand its meaning! Certainly not the youngsters posting on this site! Thanks for sharing, -Raj

Melanie Edwards - Hiya thank you for entering, quite a passionate write good luck friend.



# Wings Of God

WINGS OF GOD

MATLOOB BOKHARI

I saw a soaring and dancing bird  
Joyfully singing his Maker's praise  
The mid-air flying bird was soaring  
With complete faith and pure freedom  
I asked: 'how do you fly in empty sky? '  
The happy flying bird replied in humbleness:  
'My wings are in the air, eyes are on ground  
Fly close to God; God will be closer to you! '

NiklussiX - ""I asked: &quot;how do you fly in empty sky? &quot;  
The happy flying bird replied in humbleness:  
&quot;My wings are in the air, eyes are on ground  
Fly close to God; God will be closer to you! &quot;""

SO AWESOME! ! ! ! i

I really love this poem and this is TRUE wisdom my friend! ! ! i  
BRILLIANT WORK! ! ! i  
PEACE MATLOOB! ! ! i < Less

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Winter Night

In a melancholic wintry night,  
Howling wind, bitter darkness,  
Lying in gloom, dark dismay,  
No fire in furnace, no candle on table.  
Brooding deeply on her face,  
My heart yearned for beautiful friend.  
I saw a column of light in my surprise.  
In speechless ecstasy, I rose in haste.  
Breathless, trembling, burning,  
Without shoes, I rushed to her.  
Her smile illumined my heart.  
Her beauty brightened my room.  
O reunion bliss! O joy's aching pain!  
Blessed is flame of light, lovely and sweet  
Who struck chords of delight in my soul.  
Asleep, I listen the music in wakeful dream.  
The sun of logic and reason whirls away  
When sees a flame in a lover's heart.

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# Woman

Yester night, everyone was fast asleep.  
The winged air in summer night was still.  
No star was blossoming in the welkin.  
Moon which dazzles was also away.  
The sky was wearing a black cloak.  
The queen of the night and stars of the sky  
Have come from celestial sphere on our planet.  
Earth at night was brighter than the day.  
Helen, ringed by moon and stars, was sitting  
Like a fair sun in the company of a pale pumpkin.  
The twinkling stars were singing an echoing song.  
Man went on moon, it is not a wonder.  
Moon came to kiss a woman is a marvel indeed!

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# You

YOU

MATLOOB BOKHARI

You know I like the music of whistling wind and rustling trees touching my heart

You know I like wrapping up in the warm blanket in the frosty night  
And sitting beside the fire with hot cup of tea

You know I like sitting in the milk white splendor of the moon light  
And talking with you in the magical winter night

You know I like reading the words written by your looks on the cheeks of my soul  
My love

Scent of flowers is bringing back your memories and your memories are taking me to the fragrant garden of my youth

My life!

Years have rolled on but still I am tenderly treasuring the fragrance of your touch, your smile and memory.

My soul

When all go to bed in the velvety night

My soul, in full of sorrow, soars in the soft moonlight to find you

My sweet beloved

Your beauty is spreading in all directions of my room

And the holy water of love is flowing from my eyes

For years, I have not seen your heavenly beauty

For years, I have not heard your voice

Still, I am enjoying the melody of your memory

Still, I am hearing the songs of our midnight meeting

Come back! come back only for once in my dream

Come in my dreams! Come in my arms

MATLOOB BUKHARI

# You Were Dancing With Me

YOU WERE DANCING WITH ME

MATLOOB BOKHARI

When the music started playing in my soul

You were dancing with me

When innocent rain washed all my logic

You were with me

When I was In the midst of life's joys

You were with me

When I was in pain, in despair

You were with me

When I was walking in long, cold quiet night

You were with me

When I saw sweet moon became pale to see your face

You were with me

When I danced in moonlight with ocean waves

You were with me

When I left sermons and listened Lover's Lute

You were with me

When I peeped in my soul, I saw

You were with me

When I was writing tales of love and wine

You were with me

In the womb of my mother

In the dark walls of my grave

Luminous like moon

Smiling like rose

You were with me

You were with me

I was never alone

MATLOOB BUKHARI