

Poetry Series

Parray Shahid
- poems -

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Parray Shahid(27-09-1991)

To try to earn a living through writing alone makes a difficult life and career. The poet speaks to all ages and his language is the characteristic part of his composition.

••

Wilt thou recall my name
Throughout our resolute parting game
-And after?

Or will it deaden and die
As a melancholy murmur
Of sunshine laden winds of summer,
The passing haze of night,
Or chaste waves of springing delight?

-

And then- in passing hours of slack faith
Found fading upon your favourite page
My name, to behold its end stage?
Like an emmet having lost its way
From the spectre of love's tempting bay.

-□

If 'tis so - let be it
Let it leave you not,
Any sweet lingering impression
And upon thy beauties wicked ground
New, tempestuous passion be found.

-

But-
When an hour of agony
Has you fret, tormented
Wilt thou not recall my image?
And pray for my heed one fold
And ask if 'He still remembers me? '
'His heart still pays me homage? '.

Parray Shahid

•••

Your love for me brings
A world beyond consciousness
And swooningly infallible
Searing away the repentant vows
That, in themselves, stand firm
But - How can they?
If the knots on my brow
Aren't firm and strong
Indeed! Happy are the times
When I think of day and night
And the image of your face
Has my eyes indebted
So deeply and vainly.
- I call it night now
As your somber hair
Slinks up and robs the night of dark
O Moon!
Do not rise before my eyes
For, with her face
I seek your presence no more.

Parray Shahid

As Poetry Is Born Within Me

Strenghtlessly melted:
I find my senses reeling
And turned into a slave
'tis might of my pen
Truly potent and grave;
Thoughts flock me in droves
Benign and salutary over my brow
And amid the haze of riddled groves,
Such dulcet quietude restive grow;
While in hard-driven, benevolent plight,
My fingertips charge in strange tenderness
For they seek some ink, some paper, some light
To fill in verses, render and impress;
'Tis time again, 'tis time
One rolling stream of moments
Shall follow another and rhyme;
'Tis time again, 'tis time
For tumultuous thaw of notions
To endly melt into prime:
As poetry is born within me!

Parray Shahid

Bereavement

I stay bereaved
By a past so indelible,
Knowing no single interstice to escape,
To guide a soul out of misery;
That surrounds me like a savage tempest
Locking every other door that exists;
Deafening every single voice that arises
From the conscience of intimate shadows;
That shall not leave me
Betrayed, forsaken
Single, against the whole...

Parray Shahid

Bereft

Look me in the eye
Look where I've been
Follow me, follow all the trials
Follow, for I long to be seen;
There's no helm I behold
Or 'least fancy once a while
That shall carry me ashore
Unselfishly, seeking not any trade
Out of any part of me - or bargain;
While this inly-muttered voice of plight,
Might not rest till it has me scared
With this ingrate lull that rests
Before my waning ear;
But- for all then and now, abides
This unfathomably spread horizon
That I look upon-
While it looks upon me
With its innumerable gleeful eyes,
Extending unto its vastly spread lineaments
That rest on the curl of the sea
With an indefinite beckoning look
Enticingly bewildering me
As if it were to draw
A bereft soul!
Out of a prolonged seclusion.

Parray Shahid

Dear Butterfly

Come with me,
Pour me your trust;
For I cannot see,
See you dart,
In the deserted fields;
Dead everywhere,
Everywhere they start;
The flowers thou adore,
Are dead and no more;
Dead in their beds,
Thence came a musk ere;
Ere a while,
For now they pile,
With their morose heads,
Lolling in the sheds;
No hummingbird,
But decayed sound;
The verdant mound,
Turned barren ground;

So I can't behold,
You to be forsaken
Lorn in this land,
Amidst dust and the sand;
So pour me your trust,
And come with me!

Parray Shahid

Despair

Hit on the head
Once in a while
Once in a day
Every day;
I find but naught
As a reason to exult
For a soul with scars
That shall not pacify
A self, ever-evolving;
A conscience un-resolving;
Weeping incessantly
For a sin that burgeons
Once in a day-
Every day;

Parray Shahid

Let It Rain

Let the rain splash incessantly,
And wash away with its flow;
These pangs of sorrow that linger,
Resting upon my brow;
Let it splatter upon the furrowed skin,
And bestrew these lines of grief;
Drenched by the ceaseless bout of tears;
Flared, deepened chasms tho' brief;
Let it flood the rivulet bellies,
And in their swell, shall sink the trunks;
Unto the level of beveled apices;
Therein swims the dense foliage,
Whereas the flowery beds flare their cleavage,
To gulp and slake a longing thirst;

Let it not surrender to the biffs of the gust,
Let it pour me a life full of lust,
Let it cleanse the haze over my eye,
And indulge me into dreaming;
Daydreaming - Once Again!

Parray Shahid

Life

A ceaseless struggle
Deftly weaves us
Into a mess of manipulation.

Parray Shahid

Loved, Hated, Dominated.

Loved, Hated, Dominated;
I seek an answer,
For I am created-
Why? With a skin
That reflects naught
But a false reflection
Upon a mirror; stained,
Leaving dreary contrails
Knowing no transparency
But whispers to me
In a babel of voices,
That truism has dulled
In polished faces
And innocence has faded
In fabricated souls
Foraging for glory
In a vague two-some appearance
But to a denial,
Of the salvation hereafter
That shall be attained
Not by a destitute being
But thy merest consent...!

Parray Shahid

My Desolated Land And I

Centuries are done!
But my land and I exist yet,
Under the visage of desolation,
Camouflaged by an arrogant power;
Bloody soldier, assassin, executioner
Amending, mastering it;
While I stay in abstract hatred,
Robbed of my cream of youth,
Whose blood has left no stain;
There, on the blood-saturated land,
And set up, halted in mockery,
I watch the mockery of time prevail;
While my clamors rise and die,
From waning throats void of charm;
Yet, claiming to breach the walls,
These labyrinthine walls rosy-red!
Painted by the blackened blood of innocence,
Leading a stair of my ancestral stair!
Persecuted by that savage beast,
Still, famished, void is their gut!

And to my rueful disaster,
I slumber!
Cushioned by my half-dead people
Walking in the procession of death;
Towards their safe haven.
But I exist yet,
Brooding upon my mute calamity;
That brings naught but humiliation,
Before my soul; Crestfallen;
Plagued every day and every night,
By dint of a dawdling tempest,
Lingering upon my lamely eye,
Lamenting upon my beleaguered land,
For my heaven has come to a stroke of doom!

Parray Shahid

That Secret Hour

Long, long shall my thoughts lean
Uptill that secret hour
The sacred array of moments
That, in time, have passed
But barely dulled
Lingering with pomp and pleasure
To my rather distilled memory palaces
And to the nothingness of every moment,
Bringing reprieve only
As on I toil from day to day
Wearing out life's evening grey.

-

Long shall my unsteady mind
In its feeble wanderings
Piercing, look back, each scene
O'er what you left behind
'Your taunts, a garden of mouthings'
'Eyes, coronal to her queenship'
'That scent, dilating circle after circle'
'The tainting touch, death to taste'

-

All this, enlarges my life, yet
With multitude of days in health
Though I see no bliss, no more the way
Wheresoever I turn my view
While my overburdened memory
Still hovers in lost pieces of time
Seeking yet its last repose in thee.

Parray Shahid

To Me Only

To me only
You must return
From all world's enmity
Come, and you'll find
A friend, unlike all, honest
But mad indeed!
To have lived in only hope
That his tender love might touch your heart
Ever!

Spent nights rehearsing
Words poured forth from heart
Of utter aliveness and soft love
And of prolonged upbringing;
Longing for an honour
Unworthy of, maybe
That they might rise someday
With soft caresses upon your earrings
Glittering!
And along their glitter exchange
A melody so strange
Yielding rarest of the passions
To play upon your heartstrings
A music one of a kind;

But then, if need be
I would not dare to move my lips
In repetition as you speak
Of life's grave vicissitude;
Rather, watch you reverently,
From a distance only;

And even at your feet beg,
That I fear to listen to you
Every time you talk of parting;

I ask for nothing
Only, if life be,
I must continue to behold you

'cause there's no other joy in life,
But to see you.

Parray Shahid

To My Mourner

Turn not deaf to the stern clamor,
Frozen upon my mourner's lip;
Whose cry has weakened the desire in me,
Desire to rest in the arms of slumber;
Greeting my open eyes, tired;
For an infinite slumber!
That shall transcend the limits of serenity,
And whisper to me the music of eternity;

Turn not blind to that covetous bosom,
Holding haplessly to a mocked heart;
And a deluge of despair
Down his pale cheek streaming,
For who shall dry his abrasive skin?
With tears, filling one lipless grin!
And I lay muted in my hallowed bier,
While the fists of oblivion upon my wreath,
Have me acquainted with this calamity in spare
Following the era of my departure;

But to my mourner, I ask
To mourn me not with an apparel of black;
To lament me not with such brooding contrition;
And shed not tears upon my bed;
And chant not of my departure;
Rather look for my closure forevermore;
With a closed eye and open heart;
And let me look upon the bride of death,
Till I engulf her waves of tranquility;

Come close and bid me farewell,
And go back to thy dwellings and life;
For thou shall not be the sufferer,
And bear this faith with thee;
That even in my muted conscience,
I haven't turned deaf,
I haven't turned blind upon thee!

Tonight

Tonight,
As I lay, pretending
A deep pleasant sleep
The pang seems to abandon me not
I grieve your loss, once more;
Again the wasting pain
Clings to my breast
And hangs from my vying countenance;

Tonight,
Come, wake me up, Will you?
And grieve with me again, pretending!
My Rafiiq!
My Confidante!

Parray Shahid

True Human Art

Ere thou claim from ancestors and birth,
A place in heaven, a piece of earth;
Thou shall re-invent in much nobler thought,
The true human-art, the true human-worth;

Few know hope other than a vanity affair,
Others to accumulate the gaping fear;
Of light, of darkness, of delusive fortune,
Through listless cadences, their voices declare;

Lest blossoms the grove, that falsehood incubate,
To fester every hue and blight every state;
Deseed all the germ, thy bosoms cultivate,
And revive all mirth, for it mocks every debate;

For conqueror is not 'the heir to the throne',
But he who claims truth for another and own.

Parray Shahid

Tussle

The lull lays hither
Haughtily burgeoning
Staring into me, thus,
An unruly enough quiet
While I lean vyingly
Crimping my wrinkled fists
Incandescent; Honing scrupulously
These unripe words
So scant, so inconsequent
At their vivid first fall.

The wait's begun again
Hush! The scene stands stubborn
Tussle - the pen, lull!

Parray Shahid

Who Runs This City Now?

Who runs this city now? -
Is it God? - Or God no more?
He cares not - asks not - sees not -
As the hymns flush out in death's sight -
As does mourning for the dead -
The speech of men on the shore of evening, death -
To-day - strange to the crowd - speaks comfort no more:
"You are too soon, " they cry, "You are too late, "
Who runs this city now? -
Is it God? - Or God no more?

Parray Shahid

Wicked Youth

Ever since arrived the days
Of wicked youth and folly
And did sicken, irk me
The thought of love;
Refusing to myself I kept
The possibleness of a mate
And choosing, for these many years
To live alone and just
'Cause 'tis bitter, aching madness only
-To pervade love
Love- A jestful sentiment!

Parray Shahid

With You..

With you,
Shall my worldly rest be gone
And shall I be passed
Like the dead are passed on;
Into the dark moons of weariness
With a lifeless body
And a consummated soul
Alone! To a world of moan.

Parray Shahid