

Classic Poetry Series

Parvin Shere
- poems -

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Parvin Shere()

Parvin Shere is a poetess, artist and musician. She was born in India, then migrated to Canada where she has resided for over thirty years. She is married to Professor Syed Waris Shere, a product of Aligarh Muslim University (. 1956).

Parvin Shere has been painting for over thirty years and formally developed her talents at the University of Manitoba (Canada) Fine Arts program. Her extensive travel throughout Europe and particularly in developing countries triggered in her a need to enlighten her audience about the dualistic nature of this world. The oppressed has a profound effect on her work. Parvin's visual art has been exhibited in Canada, United States of America, England, France, Germany, China and India. Her work is displayed in many prominent public and private collection internationally. She has won several awards internationally. Previously the selection committee of "Adabi Culture", Varanasi, India has awarded Parvin Shere's "Kirchian"("fragments") as one of the two best books for the year 2008. She was one of five nominees honoured during the prestigious "Woman of Distinction Awards" for her contribution in Art, Culture and Heritage in Winnipeg, Canada. She has composed CD'S of poetry and music for UNICEF to help raise funds for underprivileged children globally. In addition to organ and banjo, she plays the sitar, one of the most ancient and difficult instruments.

She currently works for the Film Classification for the Government of Manitoba, Canada. Parvin Shere was also awarded the prize for "best book" in 2010 for her latest publication titled "Raindrops on Parched Land" (Nihal-e-Dil Par Sahab Jaise), 2010 edition by Urdu Markaz International, Los Angeles, USA.

Parvin's book was recently launched in India, Pakistan, the United Kingdom and Germany. Her book is also in the collection of the British Library in London and the University of Heidelberg.

Between Sound And Hearing

It is the heartwarming sound of song
Betokening the living throbs of this house
Which is but my whole universe
It is my self-same friend - speaking for me
In each breath it shares my breathing
Whenever my melancholy heart
Forgets to throb
Loses its poise with the pain of separation
My ship of life flounders on high seas
As if it would capsize
And in my dreams and wakeful moment-
My dear ones beckon to me from thousands of miles
Then this my pal, my bosom friend
My boatswain
Brings them to me riding on air waves
Kills distances.
Its one little wire connects
Distances between sound and hearing
It is the one friend left in my life
Who's my confidant.

The thing on the table
The phone that's ringing now...
My life ties with its one frail wire.
God forbid
If, at all, for some reason
This little wire snaps with rumble!

Parvin Shere

Gazal -1

My life without your company,
I do not mind the pangs,
For cactus has inspired in me
The dreams of spring and you.

My shattered heart and so much light!
I do not know the cause.
Was it the shooting meteor
I saw lighten the night?

The city lies in darkness
Even when day has come.
The sun with hope defeated
Is living an eclipsed life.

The world in lurking mirage trapped,
And deceptions all around,
The lapping waves in lakes beyond
Are nothing but sandy traps.

A bunch of thorns in heart concealed
A bouquet held in hand,
A master of deception but hard to detect.
He lurks in our midst.

Spring has descended
On withered boughs of memories
And brought along its wake for me,
A bouquet of light for weary sight.

Dreams that keep the trees alive
Through all the changing seasons,
Are that the birds would come some day
To build their nests and sing.

To fend the mirrors against flying stones,
To keep them safe from hazards all,
Give them a shield of the very stones,
That threatens mirror's life.

Let us venture out and look together
For lands where clouds are blessings
Where clouds can bathe our thirsty souls
In life nourishing rains.

Parvin Shere

Ghazal

A life free of hazards is hard to conceive.
A mountain came against my way
The first step I took,
And what I found at end of toil-a wild deserted place.

As evening sets in, tears flow
And fuel the lamps to glow.
They make you think of gatherings
Candle-lit and gay.

Splendors of your image
I see in sands enriched
And spring in all its colors
I pick from the sands.

A thousand songs sweet and dear
Repose, concealed in heart,
If ever they venture out to lips
They wail in bitter complaints.

How to locate and find now
The trace of shore devoured by storms,
The monster winds have now advanced
and swept away my hope.

O Parvin!
Can ever I fend my heart
When stones I see
In rosy hands?

Parvin Shere

Iraq

Shrouded in stark shadow of death,
Sleepless cities awash with gloom;
Minarets, domes, bowed down,
Stifled sobs,
In a mist of pain and suffering.

Shattered homes in crumbling surrounds,
Smouldering flames from shrubs and flowers,
Crackling sound of burning twigs,
Stains of blood, scars of fire,
Imprinted on the shawl of night,
Debris abounds.

And staring down,
In sheer amazement,
At the raging seas of doom, destruction,
All around,
Is the gloomy sky
Of famed Arabian Night.

And it wonders
Will Adam`s progeny ever change?
Its lust for power, yearning for wealth;
Traditions of murder, rape and pillage,
Inflicted on fellow beings,
And Mother Earth.

Parvin Shere

Mom

Clinging to your finger, mom,
I ventured my first steps:
Learned to make difficult turns,
On the tortuous walks of life;
And when I stumbled you gave me the will,
To raise my self in a hurry.
A deep sea of love you are,
Delightful, energizing
A shade tree in the midst of desert
Soft warmth of life's sunshine,
Like the cloud providing shade
From the blistering summer sun,
Beneath the comfort of your beautiful branches
I closed my hurtful eyes and rested,
Your cool shadow felt like a raindrop's kiss
On a body burning in the sun.
Many a phase of life I have traveled,
Disguised by changing times,
My feet are blistered,
The journey long,
Am tired beyond exhaustion,
Hidden in a body like a tattered shell,
I still feel like your little child.
Hold on again to my finger,
Plant a kiss on my burning lips,
Sing a sweet lullaby,
Embrace me in a warm snuggle,
Around me wrap your shawl.

Parvin Shere

No Exit

All windows are sealed shut;
All doors leading out are padlocked.
Somewhere in my Ville of Gloom,
there're treasures of my woes buried.
Those treasures of teary pearls;
rubies, jades and diamonds of blighted dreams.
In my Ville of Gloom -
there're lanterns of my forsaken memories,
that flare off and on.
Their flames flicker
as if they'd be snuffed out soon.
My Ville of Gloom has ramparts high,
no cries, my cries, could rise that high
to scale 'em, and escape.
All doors are sealed tight;
All exits barred.

Parvin Shere

Pale Blue Moon

(Ode to the lost memory of a lone child)
Like a pale moon in a circle of painful gloom
With knotted hair and harassed eyes
He leads a gypsy life.
One by one all those close to him
Have left him alone in the mist of times.
He lurches and straggles on a foggy path.
All've forsaken him
And he has lost himself,
forgotten who he's,
where is he headed for.
A wounded, bleeding past is splattered
Like blood on a blank white sheet.
The future is fractured too,
like ghastly shadows haunting the memory lane.
From the halo of grief
Comes up a pale blue moon.

Parvin Shere

Self Deception

A crowd of dry-lipped poeple
Wanders in an arid desert.
And then,
Unable to find water,
Deceive their thirst
By chewing on sand:
Trying to live and impossible life.

Parvin Shere

Silent City



Wrapped in the shroud of eternal life,
Huddled in the bosom of mother earth,
Free of the world's noise and hustle,
In longing arms of peaceful slumber,
Lost are they in the world eternal,
Dwellers of the silent city.

Gone is the worry, begotten of doubts,
Or fear, of dreams turning sour,
No streaks of pain,
No weariness from travel,
No wrath from sorrow,
No pain of living,
No worries of time,
No quarrels for power,
No struggles for money,
All links are broken.

The movers and shakers of their times,
Are now oblivious to the world around.

Parvin Shere

The Coffin

In the torn mantle of dense clouds,
The tired sun has snuggled itself to sleep. '
A bird is lost in its thoughts
On a branch of a tree.
The arctic wind hiccups outside.
The closed room appears
Confined like a coffin.
Only the window reminds me
That I'm still alive.
In the shackled sad-house of night and day,
I've been staring into the space for a long time.
The boundless fog of my thoughts
Spreads far and wide.
The sand of pain-filled time slips by.
Stone tears rain on the cup of my heart!
God, let someone take me out of my coffin.

Parvin Shere

The Towering Ego

A lost and lonely wayfarer she was;
bereft of destination, no shelter over her head;
no cloud to give her cover.
Her ears strained for a familiar sound;
a gentle whisper of a friendly voice;
or lilting tune of a gentle song.
But nothing there was in that haunting void.
No song, no whisper, no friend.
She was like a victim of her own;
a captive to her haunting ego.
Her towering, torturing ego,
forbade her from making friends;
lesser mortals weren't her cup of tea.
She must, now, pay the wages of her ego;
and be content to live in the wilderness of her self.

Parvin Shere

Yearning

A pale dry ailing leaf,
Shorn of a branch of the tree,
Is holding on to gusty winds,
In aimless wandering spree.
Listening to the beat of its sinking pulse,
Struggling through narrowed veins,
These wrinkled drying lifelines,
Once host to the gushing blood.
And instinctively, it wonders:
O! How would I love to suckle,
From veins of the lively wind,
Some drops of fresh blood
To reclaim youthful vigour.
Life could change again for me,
To a youthful dance with glee:
A fresh journey of eternal bliss,
Through smells and sounds of spring.
But the taunting autumn wind, knew best,
The fate of dry old leaves:
Burial beneath a mound of dirt,
For eternity.

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