

Poetry Series

**Shaukat Ali**  
**- poems -**

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**Shaukat Ali()**

# Confused Me?

Confused ME?

I turned it off, made it rough,  
Still same and still too tough,  
What it was? What it did? Not knew,  
The modernist's mind! ! !  
It might be me, confused,  
Human being, mythical being,  
I might not have the knowledge enough,  
Some told me, some asked me,  
But I listened not, not I answered,  
And suddenly I got the idea, it was I,  
Who created that hype, perturbing all?  
It was only confusion my pal.

Shaukat Ali

# Dejection

Blank eyes, static looks.

Horrible! ! !

Dangerous! ! !

Naming them is impossible,

As past is irretrievable,

But unforgettable!

Shaukat Ali

# Sparrow Bath

Sparrow bath, worthy to be watched,  
Carefree elemental, it needs no covers, soaps, shampoo, and towel,  
what it wants just water, and flaunt,  
shower using it feathers, leaves no space dry,  
And when it is wet, fly.

Shaukat Ali

# Ventilate?

Ventilate?

How much can I

Ventilate? □

Everything? It's but impossible.

Battalions of blues and I'm only one-

One with many axes to grind,

Many irons in the fire.

It's getting too stuffy inside.

Can I drain all this out

And vent it away?

Do ventilate dear!

How can I?

They are many, in fact:

Whence will I start?

My friends are fast

And kins are smart.

But go on nonstop,

Ventilate my dear!

Share your sorrows

To shave them off.

Spare yourself some space.

□

Living in the blues doesn't do,

And there's no braving it if you share.

Don't miss it out on your Lord-

His gracing you with reward

Wear smiles n' thank your God

Only then can you be your soul's guard.

SHAUKAT ALI

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