

Poetry Series

Showkat Ahmad Wani

- poems -



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Showkat Ahmad Wani()

Showkat Ahmad Wani is a kashmir based writer and poet. Writes in english and urdu.He is well known for urdu nazm and blank verse.



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Experience

With hast I root my tongue out, close my lips
And darn the every gap of dripping truth;

I scratch my mind to wipe the sense of cruel
Against next brother's cry on son's tomb;

I crash my eyes to spot not rip of kind
Beneath the feet of might in bright of day;

I plug my ears to hear not cries of souls
From darkest cells of millions caged breaths;

I kill my sense to feel not bird's wail
On blazing nest and scorching dears to death;

I smash my news to read not streets of blood
Who bang the every door to share the hurt;

I break my pen to write not numbing heart
On sheets of time to end my tale with Me;

I end my stride to walk not door of house
That once was home of Shive and Parvati souls;

I feel now tomb inside my inner self
Where do I burry always kashmir hell;

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The Rose Of My Orchard

When gust does jiggle smiling rose in sleep
She dreams of heaven, hops in joyful head
And dreams in dream of blissful looks on her,
She plays a bride and waits for flying joy,
They bath her bright with holy stream of light
And make her more adorn than fairy's gem,
They dance, they sing, and sort her bliss to dual,
Her nature surfs with dance, and sings with song,
The heaven saves mercy, showers rainy bliss,
Her feeling calls her love to meet with souls
Her joy and wait adopt eternal law,
Eternal law of heaven, law of love;
The garden whiffs of rosy love of rose,
They fetch the feel of rosy rose for all;
Oh! Stormy wind with wings of Satan rage,
That runs, but after gentle breeze, to shake
The tree of joy, to poison soul of love,
To knock the rose awakes from sip of bliss,
The rose now drops that honey heaven dream,
And shroud her face for nightingale, for lawn;
They cry for mercy rosy rose and tread
They door to door to pray for rosy rose,
Her beauty goes with stormy wilder wind,
Her inner bride ejects for widow moan,
She looks as winter moon, a ghastly hut,
Her rocky looks and furrowed face are still,
And frosty heart that goes on sleep with fear,
She thinks of grave, the rose is hurt and dead;
But rose will bloom again to share the love,
Will rise she, put the sun to shame on rise,
And play with kids and sing with birds of morn,
Be rain to kiss the face of lawn in want,
Be hand to hand thy joy to parching heart.

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An Instruction

Ye teacher listen! Dear, before thee place
The seeds of scorn beneath the marshy green
Among the rows of chaos, and seal their minds
With faith of dark, and clarify them all
The freshly words of freshly pages of night
And teach them mock is best of rule to live,
Before thou right them all with talk of fake
And crop their heads with sown emotions deep,
And do thy best to lift the ugly flame
To sky to burn the beauty cruel to ash,
And shake them hard from trance of truth to fill
Their sight with fog of fib to fade the light.
I want to make them learn that truth is near
Oh! Near to reach and sweet to find when search.
Now take His book and take His pen, and wash
Thy mind, and dip thy heart to see thy soul,
Thy inner deep, and drink the flames from life,
And take thy trip to inner self and fly
To find the truth of truth beyond the books.

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We Need Not Thy Beams

We have in fists the countless flames and have
The furnaces great in chests and storms in eyes
And hills of fear in voice, with boiling air
In sighs and words of stink in tongue, and mind
That creates clouds of chaos to shower gloom,
We eat our hearts with soup of blood and bread
Of brains with drink of tears and pour the mouths
With cries of pain and jiggle belly hard
To digest gloom and bars for arms and poles
For legs to beat the rocks in rocky rooms,
We have our nests of thoughts on trees of qualm
And icy trust beneath the frozen heart
Our fate that burns among the vast chinars,
The waft that shocks the buds on grave new
And shares the scent of bleeding face of son,
We rise with wings of fire and set to rise
Again to burn the ice, to burn the self,
We rise to shake the cloudy face to feel
The taste of tears beneath the hedges of grief.
Oh sun! Thy light is stinking, beams are blade,
We need not light, we need not beams of death.

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I Shall Never Die

I shall not die my dear! Don't call me dead
They try to part me, pull to fall from sky
To earth, and try to cut my wings with false
And bruise the every petal, cage the scent
Of flower bright, and stop this bird of firm
From wafting truth among the air of false,
They try to curb the curve of pen, the right,
And turn the ink of love to blood of hate,
They try to cut the branch and welt my nest
And fold my neck and throw my tongue away,
But dear! I shall not die, don't call me dead.
I live in hearts and still alive among
The skies, I walk on earth to cut the false
And scatter scent with wafting breeze.
I use the word of love to share the love
I use the word of truth to share the truth,
I still can write with pens in others hands,
I still can say with words on others tongue,
I still can stand with firm of others legs,
I still can be the voice of voiceless souls,
I still can hold the hand with others grasp
I still can think of good with others thought,
I still can share my own with others self.
Oh dear! I shall not die don't call me dead,
I rise with rising sun and gleam zenith,
To shine the darks beneath chinary leaf,
To melt the frosty face, to move the still
Of sight, to dry the teary cloth of moms,
I come with drops of rain to bath the earth
To bring the news of joy to deserted hearts,
I trod with stirring gust to touch the rose
In sleep, and kiss his face and kiss his eyes,
And kiss his scent and kiss his dance in joy.
You find me among words beneath the folds
Of mother's face as streams of grief that flows
From thousands pasts and through thousands of lawns,
Oh dear! I shall not die don't call me dead.

A Bolted Gate

He screams for bowl of rice at chained gate
With storms of flights in eyes and rows of years
In temper; HE has given progenies
And mate a word of taking grin of life
From smell of death and fist of sun from night
And saffron rose from marsh and take in eyes
An ocean fresh from striking fire to drink,
Their lips have never warmed crumb of bread,
For periods gate is shut, for time he screams,
The only gate he blows at, only cry
He cries, the only hope he aims and screams
With endless looks of hopes to hear his voice
For ages he stands, for ages he cries and waits
And carves faiths new at gate the old.

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Sonnet-1. I Ask The Every Puff And Dancing Leaf

I ask the every puff, and dancing leaf
And flower each, and glossily drop of dew
And hustling nightingale that takes relief
At song of joy is singing high with crew
And ask the bee for scatter honey drops
As foamy stars with touch of wing to fly,
I ask the lawn for yield the joy of crops
And ask for purpose to take joy to sky,
In single voice I get the answer right
The darkest horses run to shine the sun
And rocks fountain the bath for rose to bright
And owls which share the sight with each to fun,
That breeze with fragrance rich that speaks to lawn
The prophet last hath come to rise the dawn.
(BY: SHOWKAT AHMAD WANI)

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What Shall I Write

Again my pen awakes to write, but what?
And Nought! At door of grief shall write a word
Of joy, or write a spring on snowy house
And write chinary shade to scorching grove
Or heaven vale to genuine hell of gore,
Or gentle lamb to wildest beast in rash,
Or music sweet to yells of pain and scream
And gentle breeze to wind of winter wild,
Or word of trust to bitter aggression
And silent plot of choice to awful yard,
Or vivid flower lawn to store of bombs
And write the showy streets to pool of blood
And honey babe to face of Teddy Bear
And write a soothing touch to plug-in shock
And script of treaty to voice of gripe,
Or natural peace to forced calm of tongue
And factual worthy man to statesman,
Or poet to mystic great and mystic to poet,
Or write a live to dead and dead to live,
I need to write and write for every soul,
On numberless of subjects, quite of thoughts
And plenty words before the knock at door.
(BY: SHOWKAT AHMAD WANI)

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A Paused Bird (1)

A drowsy bird at naked branch of dull
And icy tree, and chums have taken trips
To destinies, not though by trust of wings
But chance of worthy winds and barred HE
By inward bird of perception, the dark
And grimy horses galloping the shade
Of evening deep to cages of night, and HE
Is still in stand and wait with thoughtful head
Is hidden into frozen wings of HIM,
My dear! Let ear, the owls of gloomy voice
May terminate thy breath and imps of night
May snatch thy soul and lift to hell thy will,
And pride may mix with starch of dust and eyes
Of vastly gaze may drop in depths, this form
Of early rise may grill in cage at last,
And stoutest steady heart may quiver fast
In shade of fear, let give thy hand of hope
In MINE, have journey joint and lift thy wings
To fly in sea of darkness, fall the wall of night
With sturdy wings and will in search of dawn.
(SHOWKAT AHMAD WANI)

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Cascades Of Imagination

What ails thee? Poet! My dear When catch the sight
Of orchard garden, notice pale and sick
Thy dearest rose and petals hurt and ruined
Before of sinking into the grave and see
The nightingale, he croons the burial song
And breeze, that sprays the melancholic tears
And twigs, that sprout the fruits of despair deep
And honeybee, that drinks the flames of pain,
The hoary bumble-bee, that manages whole
Of burial preparations, dew, that now
Is not in wish for firstly beam of sun
But previously been vaporised by smacks
Of cheerful sorrow; scent has turned black
And sickly stench, the fruits are corpse and stink
That smells which propagates death for all,
And sparrows still recite the holy verse,
The lawn is shrouded as the snowy moon.
These moods with regrets transient have their worth
In creative eye to shake the creative mind,
My poet! May see my eye of reality deep,
And set to fall the tears of holy drop
And take thy steps to gloomy house to stare,
To forget made-up pain of creative yard,
Let see the face of mother, read the folds
For roads of curfew calm, she strays, she hunts
And hunts for son, for body parts, the strong
And steady legs, the solid arms, the eagle eyes,
The mind of wits, the boldest heart of lion,
The purest thoughtful mind and lips of pray.
She hunts and cries beneath the bunker shade,
My dear! Now catch her wings of darkest thoughts
And search the gloomy nights among her taut
And bushy hair that play the bars to form,
To size the oceans, size her drenched eyes,
To see her love, thee need to tear her heart,
To get the tide of hatred, guilt her foes,
Now! Read her like the page of holy script,
Where each her word has tale and more of worth
Than Chaucer, epic all above than great

Of Homer, arty more than Grecian urn,
Her mind shares sense among the sane
And heart, the room of mysticism, that drinks,
The faithful flames from faithless sea of beast,
The every poet but takes a single drop
Of inner eye from shoreless sea and all
The Miltons get the sight of eyes belong
To mother; every wisdom streams from feel,
The every darkest cry that catches souls
As ghost has race from streets of fear to shake
The nights of peace, to bruise the innocence,
Has spout from mother's fearful eyes to kill
The morn, to kill the day, to kill the noon,
To kill the every rage of time in fear,
The coyly peace of bride, the pause of tongue
In crackdown, show her minor parts of peace,
The hatred falls from devil's fall to last
Does firm in shade of biggest tree of lap,
And tugs of bond among true or false, of bond
Among the mystical and bodily,
Or weak and sturdy, friends and foes and all
These bonds but just the beam of passion deep
From mother star of love; my poet! Thee need
Not read the corners; need not drink the cloud
Of imaginations from fathoms of wind,
No need to dive to seek in eyes, or scratch
The minds of wit or sail the ship of search
Among the waves of heart to grab thy feel,
To bend thy pen at page, to be thee poet
To read her face is meant to read the world.

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A Letter To God

I never penned down my heart to Thou
As yield of guiltless screams in tattered fate,
And found reproach of storm for cries of pain
For warming love, a chilly loathing sting,
And found the thorny scars for wreath of rose;
Now! Heart this underneath the pen that speaks
I lost my treasure pride to rival known,
We met at every door of reason glare
And met in tranquil soul with barren land,
In words of modern rational books of cheat
And books of newly law, that gives her chance
To gleam under beast of choice among wilds,
He gave a word to fill my logic choices
The fruits of selfish tree, the boughs of spring
The words of cruelty, heart of beast in rage,
When asked great desire of numbing truth,
To forfeit smugly rusty crown of pride,
To make the Self dictator, keep the soul
On hang, then swore again to give the choice
And sovereignty of comfort, give the wand
With magic worth of living luxury,
And words of alchemy, and gave the pure
Ablution, got divorced the lamb to lion,
And asked nothing great in yield except
My life-less spirit at rest in idle hut,
With bolt the doors of thought I did agree.

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Mother's Philosophy

My son don't get thee out and not to throw
The words of plague at brother-wild at road,
Thy cry is powerless to shake his mind,
His shout finds thee when thee cry at curve,
Thy cry; shake my feel; his shout, my heart,
Thee! Be at home to lift thy hands of pray,
Remorse before Him, as thy ship of dreams
Not wrecks with twister raised by intrigues deep
Of made-up enemy, ship is sunk by fruits
Of deeds of own act that sojourn fixed
In darkest room of darkest heart of thought.

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My Dear Enemy

My dear! It says the truth of daily life
And gives the chance to know thy mind, thy deed
And speaks thy buried plot against virtue,
It lures thy bird of ruse under hamper
As boys in infant trap the lazy wings,
It draws a line around thy spite to edge
Thy brook of poison flows in chest and sight
And flows by yard to make the children bath,
It sheens to dry the every flower false
Of orchard false, and gallops breeze to share
The every puff of stink among the feels,
It strikes thy magic fruit to fall and bruise
Beneath the fallen trust of steady feet,
It makes thy hoary figures melt at rise,
Divulges the rocks beneath the flower beds,
And sweeps the dust of meekness over graves,
Now! Dear! Thy light is dim and breath is shut,
If want to be in custom run for long
Then take this tongue on hang to play thy flute.

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