

Poetry Series

# Tajalla Qureshi

## - poems -



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# Tajalla Qureshi()

Tajalla Qureshi, a radical international poet, columnist, fiction writer, researcher, interviewer, poetic instructor, translator, and editor from Pakistan. She is a graduated student of University of Lahore, did Bachelor of Science in English Language and Literature. She incredibly weaves, the dynamic aspects of feminine, their chastity, transparency, accuracy, magnificence, innocence in her writings. She admires; Greeks, Classics, Romantics, and Modern Poets in contemporary times. More particularly, she concocts a door to ancient writings, admirations, and engaging inspirations through her poeticality and musicality. She creates bridge between Classics, Romantics, Moderns, and Contemporary through her Phantasmagoric ability to read and write.

With addition to it, a masterful stroke, weaves introspective, devotional, and imaginative threads into rich tapestries that transport readers to mesmerizing realms. Her artistry transforms words into wonders, leaving an indelible mark on the literary landscape. Her unique voice, lyrical language, and profound insights have solidified her position as a leading literary figure in Pakistan and beyond. Her pen dances across the globe, crafting mesmerizing poems, thought-provoking columns, and soul-stirring creative pieces that resonate with readers worldwide.

Additionally, her poetic brilliance shines in over 100 national and international anthologies, journals, magazines, e-papers, and online platforms spanning Pakistan, the USA, Germany, Italy, Romania, Albania, Korea, China, Canada, Africa, Spain, Greece, the UK, Bangladesh, and India. Her research papers, lauded for their depth and originality, have been featured in prestigious academic journals. she embodies a rare synthesis of creativity, intellect, and passion. she is the Co-Founder and Co-Editor of The Wordsmith E-Magazine, Pakistan, a sanctuary where language breathes and artistry flourishes.

Beyond poetry, Tajalla is an international Interviewer, Associate Editor, and English Translator at Insight Magazine, United States, where her voice bridges cultures and continents. She has been interviewed by renowned literary figures such as Tamikio L. Dooley (USA) and Abigirl Phiri (Zimbabwe), further amplifying her presence on the global literary stage.

Furthermore, her creativity transcend frontiers—her poems have been translated into Chinese, Korean, Ukrainian, Italian, and Spanish, immortalizing her voice in the tongues of distant lands. Her literary journey has taken her to esteemed stages, from presenting poetry at the Pakistani Young Writers' Conference to delivering research papers at Kinnaird College for Women, Lahore, and an

international conference in Uzbekistan. Each appearance solidifies her reputation as a ascending fireball in the literary cosmos. She is not just a writer—she is a movement, an era, and a voice that echoes across time.

# A Rose In Ruins

The Deadly Hallows click  
Culprit the zenith of clips  
Disperse the potion of grips  
Even though the elf's skip

And the dark shadows shower  
the deadly spells to land the lower  
Slytherin switches extremely hover  
Around the fences of the faery chamber

The clout of barricades attempting to curse  
the magnificence and diligence of murmurs  
Under the depth of the other world, slowly furs  
Over there, the dementors dwell for years

And the terrible basilisk waits  
for the one drop of red blood to ruin the gates  
Unveil the dark magic trance on the mate  
Dwell down, words wound, bell bounds the fate

Yet, the only queen of the elder wand  
the rose petal that Lili sent, the hearth of Hagrid land  
the firmness in Severus' eyes, all over the beyond  
She, the divine emerald, believer of Expecto Patronum, glass from the pound

Pride of newness in the Muggle World,  
Eyes with fumes of fragrance whirled  
Divulging the diamond-like pearled  
High the heels, she the concerned

Ignition of redness in the pasture of action  
Holder of wand wisely won, the affection  
Centuries moan for redress of terrible motion  
She, raised as a rose often ruined in silly potion

Nevertheless, the protection protects  
the warmth, calmness, and stops mercilessness  
that affect  
She, blinks in the belief of Potter, James, and Albus,

the Spect

Even in the end, the heart seels the unrevealed kept.

Tajalla Qureshi

# A Magical Lapse Of Love

The morning bells in the soft ears for so longing,  
As it dwells in the heart for its belongings  
The more it bells, the more it mingles and attracts  
And swings in the middle for being reflect

Like a dress of lights and delights sent by Mavin  
Ella's love rings high, as the melodies whisper  
More than an ember of embrace slightly kisses her  
Eyes with sweet honey from hives of heal

Seems, she seats between an orchard of Lillies  
And reads the cozy letters of Young Mavin,  
Moving fingers from the first letter to the end one  
Pleasure is priceless and moments are in a bun

Mavin's fingers pour perfume on letters for her  
With love lights and a fusion of fireflies as flur  
Sending sensations of moonlight, as she strikes  
Ella's eyes, tinny chin, and red cheeks are in likes

A sweet love song is written here with inner charm  
And the fragrance of holiness hurries the warm  
As holdups for years to come and clasps the urge  
Mavin knows her eyes submerging the merge

Her heart profoundly shimmers the holy bouquet  
Softness of honey weaves through the red bucket  
Magical moves kindle the caves of darkness  
Mavin's verses are the divine gowns of sweetness

Letters of love lapses to adore the heavenly decor  
Speaking the silence to unveil the desires of pure  
Dove dances, Love bounces, and heart wholes  
Like a mild touch of cozy rose clasps with moles.

Tajalla Qureshi

# A Sign Of Dignity

## un Signe De Dignitaire

Among the galaxies,  
there's a sign of his dignitary  
Under the ocean,  
above the motion, he revives the signatory

Sheens and shines,  
he mumbles for more in mine  
Mirth's and March,  
he communes with the holy and divine

More with the vibes  
of heart-to-heart for alive  
The story relishes the swollen eyes,

when he in blinks  
Blinks like a springy butterfly,  
fluttering like a flick

She enlases through  
the fusion of two hymns  
Hymns of Heightness,  
hymns of lightness

Swirls and entwine  
the heavenly ties  
Defeat the beautiful bubbles of lies

He then reflects,  
Reflection of the protective side  
Sides they collectively collide,  
with the holy find

Believe the blow,  
they muttered the mob  
The season of spring  
revives the slipping slot  
When the weather pearl

In a winning bliss knot

He, the rose's fragrance,  
she, the divine balance  
Glowing, blowing, and flowing over the gaze  
Ignite the aura of ignition  
and submission of the blaze

When the moon looks into the eyes,  
universe smiles  
Smiles with the sweet sensations of miles

Yah! The zealot zeal the zenith  
When the dimensions delicate  
the heavenly and heightened months

Round all the splendors of phlegmatic  
Loop the austere Amor in phonetics.

Tajalla Qureshi



# A Divine Fortress

Far away from fickleness and meagerness  
Right between the ocean of loveliness  
A Palace of Praise with a soulful grace  
Where the sun and moon are to embrace

Diamonds and rubies are the jewelry of the Palace  
Carpets are red to trace the envelopes  
Calmness and clearness cure the untainted spirits  
Language evokes and chokes purity and emotionality

Where hold is the hold of happiness and joy  
A garden of glitters pours the stream of delights  
Clouds of white riddle repeal the raw rides  
Free to move and swing in the lush tides

Live like an unrestricted soul, satisfied to be inborn  
When silence echoes ravishingly  
The intimacy adores by the pure roles  
Night whispers a holy song to inquire the holy door.

Tajalla Qureshi

# An Escape

The only mismatch I feel,  
that vulturous world of silly skulls  
they haunt and hurt, as an approach with dull  
they dismantle the eager eyes  
they are never in enchanting lies

I, the heap of delights unable to fit and fight  
the creepy cultures and spooky vultures,  
Trying to escape from the black sculptures  
Yet a thrust to whisper in the Valley of Holy Spirits  
where the crystal-clear castles have clearance

The weird wits ripple in the night  
and the lush green butterflies, sleep in a fight  
among the freaky flickers,  
passing through one seepage, unveil the kickers  
I eye upon the roads of soulful stickers

I, the holy sensation alluringly clips  
to the divine image of Blake's grip  
The glimpses of eternity envelope and eclipse  
Crunchy cones with a sword of holy lips  
Clasp the calmness to cover the ships

I desire to shift the shuffle and lift up the luster  
Live where I wish to live, Fuse where I flutter  
Where air speaks and water vanishes the weeps  
Yet, with an easiness in my heart, I warmly sleep.

Tajalla Qureshi

# A Floral Fragrance

You are a Fragrance embedded in my mind  
You are a Fragrance of an exceptional kind  
Fragrance of beautiful red roses  
Fragrance of cherry blossoms in poses  
Intensifying to the heaven  
Fragrance extended and embedded at eleven  
That is always fresh, pleasant,  
and cherished the fumes of his scent  
Yet, a sensation, an affection  
And musical memories of discussion  
Still imprinted and implanted  
Glint and softly granted

You are a Fragrance fused with zenith and Zeit  
Wrap with loveliness and yet too quiet  
Polishing an underdone art  
Bringing a light to the sensitive sight  
Pleasure, pain, struggle, and delight  
O' The lesson of all kinds  
Just like the embedded fragrance forever in my mind  
Invisibly color the uncolored  
And fade away the veiling blurred  
Sparkling eyes having visions inside  
Innocence offers ravishing rides  
O' The fragrance of generosity and humble  
Regards, Respect, and dignified dale make it a bubble  
A feeling of expressing is now double  
Fragrance of all styles  
Fragrance that touches the unheard miles  
Grooming the dimness into eager lights  
O' the Dazzlingly fragranced like a hearth  
Dispersal at the end of your breath.

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# Appeasing The Tell-Tale Of Black Rose

Glinting and glittering  
in the Eden's Heaven  
Deviated delight as the only  
Dancing Dale in eleven  
Height of blackness  
with the entire in its fragrance  
Aesthetically, tell-tale a round saga  
Glimpse of sensibility and sensitivity  
Swiftly charisma and cherishes the rarity  
Often rare and overhead care  
awaits the unveiling of obsession  
The soften sensation, the distinctive dimension  
Swings her even the blackness of nightmare  
with the protection of affection and all fair  
Rubies redeem for the melodious nector  
Blooms and grooms over endless sectors  
Black Rose that dances alone in the blackness  
yet, the interweb weaves the core brightness  
Intellect, the unimaginable selection, radiates  
the glimpses of her softness, Godly creates  
It has been seen the veins are fully joyous  
which the moonlight often sips to rejoice us  
It has been swung through the tornado of disaster  
Relishes the soft readers to magnify melody in her  
Slowly whisper in silence, the fragrance filters  
the melodies mingle, the clouds clip her  
Away from drafts, it was a heaven-like craft  
Yet, often the petals drop down because of hardness  
in the hearts, offensiveness in the eyes and  
ignorance in their lives  
But morning delights intertwine the soulful slides.

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# Aetheria

Winsome the aroma of feminine fluctuation  
the dynamic, the delightful, the divine creation  
Hairs like mountain hills, lips like pinktastic pills  
Eyes are the melodies of tenderness, sweetly fills  
Neck channels the chastity and ear ears the fancy  
She, the fragrance, the fumes of relishing romancy  
the embodiment of ignition, intimacy, Godly invades  
Often cherishes at the canvas, often-ravishes the glitter through she made  
She, where the daylight dims and brightens her ambiance  
She, where the starlight sings her phantasmic emergence  
and the whole universe bows before her aesthetics  
She, the driven delight, the legendary limelight beyond tricks  
Helen of Troy she is, where loveliness worships her beauty, her magnificence, her  
divinity  
She is Ben Okri's lamp and Rosemary's coloring Platte as a festivity  
She is Keat's nightingale, a generational muse  
Her warmth mild the heaviness into a fuse  
Her tenderness coerces the mannish motions  
Sign of praise and embrace with all its moonish emotion  
Her softness left the roses, behind the debate  
Spring often chases her longing fragrance in rate  
Where poets overdrink, where the compel clips  
Vigorous her engaging command where man slips.

Tajalla Qureshi

# Athena`s Apollo

Hovering over the sky, he often replies  
to the veracity of wisdom, she, Athena  
Cherish the preponderance of love at miles  
Apollo retains the luxurious arena

For up tides the cracking craves  
to the motion of murals  
That eagerly awakes the airwaves  
Ah! Athena smooches your heavenly pearls

Sometimes, green adores your heart  
and Apollo dances with mirth and March  
She, the Starfire encircles the melodious art  
An affection, a reflection, Apollo owns the starch

An Easel that holders hold in his lap  
and tell-tale the illustration of aesthetic lust  
Athena, the guardian, aware of traps  
As up heals and deals the intimate thrust

And as all that Athena went down  
before nightfall mate  
Roll up her furs that immensely round  
the peep out over fate

Hails that clasp Apollo's dignity and affinity  
Softly, Slightly, Athena retreats from the ravishing realms  
over the sea and sky, beyond divinity and infinity  
Entirely claims the light and delight of his dreams.

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# Aroma Of Delights

Footsteps like flower petals  
And the lily licks every metal  
A voice whispers like Hermit Thrush  
The dazzling dribbles rush and blush  
Faraway, in the divine posture  
Right there, the peaceable foster  
Murmurs the unheard beauty  
Deep between the sensational duty  
and there, above the Hut of Hearts  
showcases the lust for wine love  
that reveals a dwelling realm of dancing doves  
Their hearth on a ravishing robust tree  
beat the divine divinity to sense the free  
Sunrise sprinkles calamity and clarity  
The dazzling doves worship the sincerity  
Read the fume of fragrance with love and hug  
In the morning, with a warm coffee mug  
And each time melodies mumble around  
Green leaves glitter the glimpse as they found  
Right behind there's a wall of booklights  
Rainbow rushes over the roof at every fiery night  
Cozy cushions boost the butterflies to dream of bright  
Eyes of white, one on other, sweetly flip to clip  
Fingers once touch the lips and then slip  
Heaven-like aura raises the aroma of delights.

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