

Poetry Series

**Wali Jamali**  
**- poems -**

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# Wali Jamali(1981)

# Beloved's Call

Sleeping on the river's bank,  
I heard of Mehar's glory,  
Bells aroused my consciousness,  
longing took its place,  
By God! fragrance of Mehar's love to me came,  
Let me go and see Mehar face to face.

Shah Abdul Latif

Wali Jamali

# Circle Of Denial

[Circle Of Denial]

Love survives the trace-less jolts,  
Of distrust, fear,  
And ravaging desirs.  
Yet, the circle of denial,  
Thrive at cost,  
Of feelings,  
And sombre thoughts.

Monster rages,  
Leaves smooth sailing ferries,  
In hulls.  
And the edifice,  
Of love crumbles apart,  
Within hailing distance,  
Of glory.

Wali Jamali

# Darkness

Tonight,  
darkness enveloped  
my whole existence.

I felt,  
being in a better position,  
and satisfied that nobody  
peeps into my perfect world of misery.

It as i, myself,  
would have been ignorant  
of the fissures drawn within me.

Wali Jamali

# 'Deprivation'

A long time ago  
I pledged to hand-over my body  
To waves of mighty river Indus.

I wished  
The river that blessed  
The body of a sage  
Shall embrace me.

Now  
When i want to die  
I have no pure place to jump into.

Where should i go?  
The river has dried up.  
How shall i be  
Able to take my last eternal bath.

Wali Jamali

## Distance.

The sea-shore  
was twenty steps away  
from the door-step of my house.

Last night,  
i found it one more step-away.

I sat upon the door,  
and followed up the reason.

The sea-shore  
was still lining-up  
the previous point.

It was  
my house which moved away.

Wali Jamali

# Eve

Eve,  
Wrapped in the wrong body,  
fights with the coincidences.

some times,  
She gets slaughtered in the sleep

some times,  
Axe falls on her  
accidentally.

some times,  
A wandering bullet  
consumes her breath.

some times,  
Stove-burst becomes a funeral pyre.

samiya wonders,  
why a young boy has never been consumed by co-incidences?  
what's in her body that charms the bullets, axe, stove-burst?

whiff of air whispers!  
'you are trapped in the wrong body.'

samiya wonders!  
'what's wrong with her own body? '

Wali Jamali

## Haiko - In Urdu / Hindi.

Aaj

Jab woh chand ki terh

Sir pe kharri thi.

Mein zameen per

Os ke nishan dhoondta raha.

Jab os ki galli sunsan parri thi.

By. Wali Jamali

Wali Jamali

## Her Love, Loves Her.

She concedes  
Her joy to morning breeze  
Her happiness knows no bounds.

She sprouts  
Like a blossoming petals  
Leans to the corridors of wind  
And whispers  
My love, loves me!

Wali Jamali

# I Have A Sister

Every Morning,  
When i open up my eyes  
Love-wrapped whispers greet me.

In the grim moments of the day  
The unseen power of her love guards me.  
She wards off all ominous un-cannies  
With her pitched supplications.

She bleeds in my love.  
She flies in my love.  
She blossoms in my love.

Lo and Behold! I have a sister.  
As sweet as a Raspberry.  
As gentle as morning breeze.  
The un-matched is her love for me  
And none equals to my Adi.

\*Adi: Sindhi substitute for sister.

Dedicated To Sweetest Shah Bano.

Wali Jamali

# I Know That

I know that i love you  
I know that you will desert me  
I know that print-marks on your neck will vanish.

But,  
I will be there  
Waiting for you  
Till monsoon comes  
To water the my daisies.

I know that  
Torrential rain will erase ploughed-lines  
And the marks of the bullocks.  
My fields will get watered-down  
Like your lips had before.

I know that  
Next season  
My un-kissed lips  
Will have a different taste  
And your neck  
Shall have no imprints of love.

But,  
You like a barren-field  
Will stay bare and un-touched  
To wait for caresses.

This time  
Monsoon may strike back

But,  
Not I.

Wali Jamali

## Life Is Calling.

The streets are empty,  
Dogs have migrated to near by town.  
The sons of adam have lost faith in this ghost -stricken city,  
Where blood has replaced water,  
The meat has been subdued by human flesh.  
Would they still have dared to live?  
Certainly not! Absolutely not!

It is now being announced that city has changed.  
Streets have given rise to the rose-buds.  
The bushes are long gone.  
Dogs have decided not to rip apart a thrown child.  
Man has sworn not to quench thirst with the blood.

O' outsider! Do you still fear murders on the streets?  
Do you still fancy that thrown will not be ripped apart?  
Do you still see the doom of life.

Alas! niether you are willing to come to this world.  
Nor the deceased to get the rebirth.  
Where are you, the sons of adam?  
Life is calling you.

Wali Jamali

# Maa [we]

[Maa\* - We]

We, who carved,  
the picture of goddess  
on our wax heart  
have been granted pain to bless us.

[Wali Jamali: Translated from Balouchi]

\* Maa is a Balouchi word meaning 'We'.

Wali Jamali

## March Ahead.

March in the hot and cold (weather) ,  
There is no time to sit down.  
Lest, there should be a darkness.  
And you don't find the  
Foot-prints of your beloved.

Wali Jamali

# Mohabatun Main Shumaar Kaisa - Urdu Poetry

Mohabatun main shumaar kaisa?

- By. Shah Bano

Mohabatun main shumaar kaisa?

Yaqeen kaisa?

Gumaan kaisa?

Arooj kaisa?

Zawal kaisa?

Sawal kaisa?

Jawab kaisa?

Mohabatein tou mohabatein hain,

Mohabatun main hisaab kaisa?

Shah Bano is a young talented poetess. She has strong sense of observation and judgement. She likes to be seen in words. Her poetry is a vigorous evidence of her sensitivity. God bless her.

Wali Jamali

## Punur Janam\*

Picchli serdiyoon ki ek raat  
Neerag nay awaz laga-ee  
Mein wapas ja reha hoon  
Phir say lout aanay kay li-ay.

\*Inspired translation of Aabid Mazhar's Sindhi poem.

Wali Jamali

# Rebel Mind

I dreamt of a deity  
With so much stern-ness  
Having fared a long way  
Of the dreadful ride  
I reached to Him.

He ordered ' Bow!  
Lest you be not thrust into engulfing fire'.  
I stood firm  
Denied all the felonies of the divine say.

Hence,  
I was thrown to the hell of human sufferings  
To suffer endlessly  
Till the end of all.

Wali Jamali

# Renewal Of Pledge

You may have memories  
Of our last meeting at River Indus.  
standing on the west bank,  
I held your hand  
And kissed it softly.

You asked, ' how deep is your love? '  
I said, ' Not deeper than this sacred river! '  
You shouted, ' how this could be? '  
I nodded, ' yes, it's true.'

I have renewed  
My pledge of love with it.  
You know, it was there,  
Much before you.

Wali Jamali

# Ruined Heart

Love like things  
stretched haphazardly over the years  
receded into vicissitudes of life.

Grown like a plum fruit  
untouched  
untasted  
rotten into an ugly heap.

It told a different story  
of unfulfilled promises  
of love  
withered hopes  
and untouched heavens.

Like a marvellous anecdote  
of ancient ruins..

Wali Jamali

# Sach Ki Talash

Kal suboh  
Andhiyari basti k loug  
Suryavansh ki pooja kertay  
Bol parray.

Hum jo boltay hein.  
Sub jhoot hay.

Sach ka pata chaltay hi  
Tumhein bata dein gay.

Wali Jamali

# Shadow-Dancing

A swinging female dancer  
With divine gestures  
Leavesmarks on the sand dunes.

She touched -  
It felt like nothing.  
She moved -  
It tapped not.  
She swung-  
It produced no sound of whiff.

She was an opaque  
So marvellous  
So composed  
So ryhematic.  
Divinity - her display  
Silence - her clamour.

She,  
A shadow of a bruised  
Painfully crafting divisive lines  
To earth the cracks so wide open.

An attentive spectator murmured  
your are singing deity - a Nirtiki-  
Dancing like standing daffodils  
On the field front  
Like a profound shadow of insubstantial pageant.

Wali Jamali

# The Balacing Act

Last december,  
In a cold wintry night,  
I approached a girl.

A teenage girl,  
Red-lip(-ed) .  
Red cheek(-ed) .  
Brown hair(-ed) .  
Stood up and walked away with me.

Having touched her icy body,  
Smelling fragrance,  
And tasting the sweetness.  
I happily granted  
Her a baksheesh.

She smirked.  
And politely thanked.  
And inquired,  
How satisfying did you find this sister?

Making me hell-bound  
She trudged off the mud-yard briskly.

[ Wali Jamali ]

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